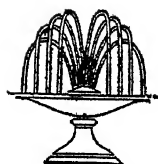


TIME RUNS OUT

by

HENRY J. TAYLOR



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TO FAY AND HARRY

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“*Funny Money*,” 1923

BADEN-BADEN is a lovely spot, and the Stephanie is the most restful hotel in the Black Forest. Leaving the United States unexpectedly, I had been busy in Berlin during the critical summer of 1939. It was now the end of August.

For months, Hitler had been pumping into German minds the myth of aggressive acts by Poles against defenceless Germans in Poland. Again Hitler was creating the illusionary thought that the people themselves were pressing their Leader for action. Once more he was exercising his fundamental technique: not appearing to lead the people into aggression but, instead, to be restraining them from obtaining justice—nearly exasperating them by his sublime patience.

All German newspapers were black with tales of Germans abused in Warsaw. Each day there were fresh stories of atrocities to German women and children in Danzig or of German soldiers killed in border skirmishes while refusing to fire because Hitler had not given the word.

How can they believe such rot, you asked yourself. But they did. “How long will our Leader keep his patience?” the headlines shouted. “When will our Leader say, ‘This is too much?’”

As always, Hitler put the country far out ahead of him. He hung back in the sham of peaceful intentions, innocent in the eyes of the Germans. When Hitler attacked, he did not look to them like the outrageous aggressor that he was. The German people cheered him as their saviour, the guardian of their homes, the High Priest of Self-defence.

By August 23 this campaign against Poland had reached a crescendo. Suddenly, news of the German-Russian Non-aggression Pact came over the Berlin radio. I was having coffee in my sitting-room with Kurt Brenner, who owned the Stephanie. Brenner was no Party man; he was the best of

what we think of as "good German." Yet he jumped to his feet, shouted his pent-up feelings: "Now we can take Poland and settle that score.

"Now we have nothing to fear from Stalin," he said. "What can England do to help Poland? This means peace. England must stand by. She cannot interfere. Look at the map! Look at the map!"

To Brenner's dismay, I took the next train out of Germany. By urgent telephone from Baden-Baden I booked passage on the *Nieuw Amsterdam* through the Deutsche Bank in Berlin. Brenner drove me to the station to catch the Rhinegold for Rotterdam. "Ribbentrop's sister says there will be no war with England," he kept repeating. "I know the English very well. How? Where can they fight us? We will take care of Poland easily. It will be a short war. You are foolish to leave."

But time was running out. The following day no one could board a German train without a military pass. My ticket was on the last open train out of Baden-Baden. Every steamship office in Europe closed its doors to new passengers. I was on the Atlantic when Hitler burst into Poland. The *Nieuw Amsterdam* docked in New York the morning England declared war.

Brenner closed the Stephanie.

I did not go to Germany and the north countries again for two years, not until the Finnish crisis and the Nazi retreat from Moscow in late 1941. But before 1939 Germany had supplied the most important experience of my life. It did so sixteen years earlier.

I was in Germany at the peak of the terrible currency inflation. That was in 1923. I saw this bewildering convulsion first hand, saw it unfold before my eyes, moved with the bewildered people, pressed myself against Berlin walls as police fired into hungry crowds. Night after night I turned in my bed and saw arson torches carried down Unter den Linden, saw the tongues of their flames lick the shadows under the trees. This was not theory; this was the effect economic matters can have on the lives and happiness, the safety and the future, of people. I saw the final helplessness of those who live and work who hope and look up at the stars, when economic forces are abused.

I was studying economics at the University of Virginia, and the impact of this experience in Germany jolted my whole attitude toward this work. For me, my studies lost any academic implication and became woven with life and death, safety, and all the basic standards of mankind. My interest in observing what made the world go round and my interest in economics blended then for all years to come.

Before entering the Department of Graduate Studies, I was in England for my 1923 summer vacation. I was playing golf at Sandwich with an American friend. In the locker-room we saw a cartoon in the London *Daily Mail*. It pictured a German pushing a wheelbarrow into a grocery store. The wheelbarrow was full of worthless marks. Any one studying the history of finance and its place in our modern world, as I was, would have looked at that cartoon a long time. I decided to go to Berlin, and I did.

These were very early days in post-war aviation, but I was anxious to fly. I flew from London to Brussels in the first British Imperial Airways flight on that new route. Until then this embryo system had run only between London and Paris. I had met the great war-time aviator, Captain Walter Hinchliffe, and I made this inaugural trip with him. "Stay out of French Goliath planes," he told me. "They are no good." I had to take one at Brussels. The pilot cracked me up at Rotterdam. Hinchliffe was right, but I never had a chance to tell him so. He was lost at sea in one of the early attempts to fly the Atlantic from east to west.

My American friend's father, through his coal interests, knew Hugo Stinnes, the German Midas, the greatest industrialist in Europe. By cable he put me in touch with this strange German at the Esplanade Hotel in Berlin.

Stinnes owned the Esplanade, lived and worked there. Previously he had lived at the Adlon, tried to buy it, but the Adlons wouldn't sell. His office was on the third floor, hardly more than an ordinary suite. From this small cubicle of fussy telephones and obeisant secretaries, this mysterious Croesus controlled his patch-quilt of vital properties. Through the fabulous Stinnes Privat Konzern, one thin hand directed steel works, electrical machinery plants, steamship lines, automobile factories, coal and iron mines, forests,

pulp mills, newspapers. The other thin hand sealed a thousand lips with the threat of blacklist throughout the German world.

Stinnes, called "The Assyrian" by enemies and "Der Principal" by sycophant associates, had capitalized inflation. Acting with ruthless energy, he had, in four years, hammered out a glittering fortune of a hundred million dollars. He sat on the board of sixty corporations at the time I saw him in 1923, and employed 700,000 labourers in his scattered companies. Stinnes was then fifty-three years old.

The managers of only a few of these knew Der Principal by sight. But all Europe knew that Stinnes' power extended through every facet of Germany's banking system; shaped the German Government's policy in the four corners of the world through control of the Foreign Office, influenced the home front through his mighty newspaper *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*.

Stinnes was not an attractive man. He had a bullet-shaped head, close-cropped hair, a black spade beard, impatient dark eyes, shaggy eyebrows. He was a little man, swarthy and very quiet. Sitting, he kept his hands in his pockets. He looked as though somebody else had put him in his chair. And when he stood up, it seemed strange to see him move.

The big trick in Stinnes' bag was that he knew the mark must fall. The "Inflation King" inherited a moderate-sized coal and steel interest from his father. He sold marks abroad, converted them into gold, left this gold outside Germany. Stretching his firm's credit as far as he could, he made commitments in marks, contracting debts all over Germany. This is an oversimplification, of course, but it was Stinnes' basic formula.

Stinnes met these obligations, when due, by reconvertng trinkets of his foreign gold into the tobogganing mark. He and his associates got the properties. Their workmen got worthless marks.

"You have come to Germany at a fundamental time," Stinnes told me. "This is not economics. This is the reorientation of the currency world to its only possible successor, the commodity-exchange world." We were

sitting in his office. He turned his eyes to the window, seemed distracted by his own thoughts as he looked out on the fountained court below. "The world cannot pay its debts. Its currencies are pegged on an artificial plateau, as though the act of winning a war made it possible for the victors to establish the value of money. This is, in operation, a basic fallacy. If the defeated country is an industrial nation, such as Germany, it is she who establishes the value of money by delivering her goods to the world through the back door. She does not keep her factories closed because her money is no good.

"She starts her factories, offers goods in exchange for what she needs. She presses her exports vigorously, forgoes by necessity the advantages of her competitors' currency-exchange system, which operates on a higher plateau. As this operation continues, tensions accumulate against the currency plateau, undermining not only the currency of the basic area, such as the Sterling Bloc, but also such 'value' as remains in the currency of the bartering country itself.

"This is the fundamental background of devaluation. And devaluation is the antecedent of repudiation. Germany will never pay her debts. In fact, the world's debts are so immense that the whole system of currency value in international trade may not survive. Its only possible successor in the breakdown is the commodity-exchange world of the future."

Here was the earliest description I ever had of international piracy. How innocent it sounded coming from the pale lips of a man who was at that very moment hurling cheap German goods through all the trade routes of the seven seas. He had just made the first important barter arrangement with Brazil.

He stood up, this sharp little German. He walked over to the windows, his fingers toying with the knotted cord. "Barter is a step backward," he said. "It is extravagant and very unwieldy. It stimulates great social and political changes, seldom in the direction of orderliness. It fosters the need for control of distant geographic areas, and thereby prods toward wars. The world can have no peace without freely exchanging goods, because world employment

cannot be maintained on any other basis. Yet, you cannot have free exchange without the international stabilization of money.

"In this age of complex production, stabilization cannot be obtained by law. No group of countries can 'stabilize' their currencies, one with the others, simply by a declaration. It is not a matter of intention. It is a matter of the world's demand on the low-cost country for what that country produces as related to the country's demand on the world for what it must buy. I see no circumstances in the supply areas and the demand areas of this earth which make stabilization possible. And countries which are elbowing their way in the world never want it. Germany will never want it. I see no peace."

Surely, Stinnes could not have known how prophetically he spoke. Possibly he only believed he was supplying a student with a thesis. But Stinnes knew Germany.

Financing her war by loans, Germany had issued nearly a hundred billion marks at the time of the Armistice. On a pre-war exchange basis of 40 cents, this was forty billion dollars. Then the People's Commissaries Government gave the loans another big boost. The value of the mark was falling steadily. And, incredible as it seems, much of its ultimate fall was deliberate.

This German scheme was the most vicious single programme in all the history of modern exchange. It has been buried in the popular thought, fostered by the Germans, that things were so bad in Germany after the war that naturally her currency suffered; that as things grew worse and worse, Germany's currency, of course, grew "worse and worse." This is such an oversimplification that the conclusion is utterly false. It entirely omits the Germans' own purpose. It overlooks their guilt in this to the world. Once more it lets the Germans off. It whitewashes again these masters of dark forces.

Based on a bad condition, the German leaders then deliberately made worthless scraps of paper out of their own currency. They did this at the sacrifice of the poor in their land and to the everlasting loss of every nation who trusted them after World War I. Not a single rich man in Germany lost his place in affairs through the German inflation.

There was no humour for the people in the cartoon of the German pushing the wheelbarrow into the grocery store.

Standing behind a balustrade in Berlin one day that August, I saw the "Green Police," as they were then called, roar down the Unter den Linden and march into the Reichsbank to protect it. They shattered the glass in its front windows with the butts of their riot guns and stood guard with a bead drawn on the milling crowd. I saw them shoot—short little stabs from their ugly barrels. I heard the crowd roar in pain and anger as the horse soldiers charged in. I saw a dead man I shall never forget.

Stinnes told me that evening he thought, "It was a mistake to break those windows." He said it "only excited the people." That's what the incident meant to the greatest industrialist in Germany.

I saw food lines form for blocks and blocks ; bread lines which never got shorter, because the stations would close. I saw tragic women on the streets, lured actually in packs to a man whose clothes told them he had money. I saw these wretched women pressing in a circle for preference in front of the Adlon Hotel ; actually claw at one another. I have seen many things since, in nearly every part of the world ; the sight of these poor, snarling women remains the sharpest scene of human tragedy I ever experienced.

But German industry was very busy. Nineteen twenty-three was a banner year for German production. That's a matter of record, although the Germans never refer to it. The totally unscrupulous Dr. Rudolf Havenstein, mentor and economic idol of his successor, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, was president of the Reichsbank. Reparations to the Allies meant that Germans would have to pay, at least in part, for Germany's attack on mankind. With a debased currency, German industry could throw its products on the world at low prices, plead inability to pay. With reparations, Germany would have to work twenty years to account for the loss and misery her greeds had caused. If she pushed her currency over the brink, she would not have to pay at all. She just had to say, "Take my paper." She could capture the world markets with cheap goods instead.

Stinnes saw this way out for Germany in 1923, feathered his nest at the same time. So did Fritz Thyssen. So did

Felix Deutsche, chairman of the great A.E.G.—Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft—the world-wide electrical trust. So did the most successful fifth columnist of them all, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht.

Schacht was and is a vain man. I think he is one of the vainest men I ever met. And he is a very important Nazi. But he restricts this role to Berlin. Abroad he is the servant of democracy, opposed to his own country's course, whatever it may be. And, unquestionably, he is the greatest "resigner in protest" in modern managerial history. He does it for foreign consumption. It has always paid Germany well and never cost Schacht anything.

Schacht got under way as director of the "National Bank," which combined with the powerful Darmstädter Bank just before World War I. In that war he ran all the banks in occupied Belgium for the German Government. He got rich doing it.

After the war, Schacht blossomed out as a founder of the Democratic party. In effect, this party became the Socialist Democrat—the "Socialist" in the National Socialist German Labour party, which is the official title of the Nazi party. Schacht resigned. He went on one of his pilgrimages to France, England, and the United States. He agreed with every important banker in these countries who couldn't stomach what was going on in Hitler's party. Hadn't he resigned?

He sang a lullaby of crack-up at home. The German people would not stand for Hitler very long. This windbag would not stay in very long if he got in, whispered Schacht as he paced the floors of important offices in Paris, London, New York, and Washington.

There was mild surprise over the first thing that happened to Schacht when Hitler rose to power in 1933. Hitler made him president of the Reichsbank. In 1934 he had a similar blow from the hands of the Nazis. In addition to his presidency of the Reichsbank, Hitler made him Minister of National Economy.

But Schacht was jealous of Goering's move into this field. Goering took over the country's economic administration in 1936. He simply pressed Schacht out. Not being able to work with Goering because Goering did not

want him to be able to do so, Schacht had to resign the presidency of the Reichbank. In September 1936 Goering announced the Second Four Year Plan—Goering's Second Four Year Plan. The plan went in on January 1, 1937, and Schacht went out as Minister of Economy. He "resigned." But he didn't let go of Hitler and the Nazis. Schacht hung on to Hitler as he had from the beginning and as he does to-day. He spent ten days with Hitler at Berchtesgaden in January 1937, and then started out again to travel abroad. That year I saw him in Buenos Aires.

Schacht was basking on the roof garden of the Alvear Palace Hotel.

"The political situation in Germany is tense," he told me.

Schacht hated Goering. He did then and he does now. And, believe me, Goering hates him. Schacht had to indulge in a little bit of fancy double shuffling to revamp this situation for himself and for Hitler. But that wasn't hard for Schacht, or for his Boss.

Nobody abroad liked Hitler. Nobody would trust Hitler's friend. Presto! Schacht was Hitler's enemy again. Goering is "better regarded" abroad than any other Nazi. Presto! Schacht was Goering's friend. Then and there this man condemned Hitler and praised "moderate" Goering to every important banker he whispered to in Europe and America. He did it because it was the only possible way to get Germany's story across. It was the fairy tale of a weak, divided Germany. Trouble between the generals and this former corporal, Hitler; trouble with raw materials; trouble with food. Schacht whispered the legend of a Germany that was "bluffing"; a Germany that was licked before she started. Schacht told a story of a Germany that could not and would not go to war. He softened up Germany's enemies. He said what every one wanted to hear. He was the most important, and the best, fifth columnist Hitler ever had.

By the time Schacht returned to Germany, Hitler had invaded Austria, a tidy little steal which Schacht described to Montagu Norman, a governor of the Bank of England as "base confiscation." *Anschluss*, yes; but invasion, no. Nevertheless, in the mechanized wake of Hitler, Schacht

accompanied Ribbentrop to Vienna. A huge crowd waited outside Austria's Foreign Office when these two soft-spoken hirelings entered. They went to the mellow old room where Metternich sat nearly a century ago and where Ribbentrop was to assume the seals of office for Germany. It was an orderly little ceremony. Ribbentrop took Metternich's globe home to Berlin as a souvenir, and Schacht made a speech. "The road of the Niebelungs is now open to the east," he said.

I last saw "Goering's friend" Schacht in Berlin in November 1941, a few weeks before we declared war. He had married again some time before; Hitler had come to the wedding. Yet, when I saw Schacht in November, and interestingly enough it was on Armistice Day, he was coasting along as he always did with every foreigner. I guess it was force of habit.

"The political situation here is tense," Schacht said.

I did exactly what you would have done. I looked at this Nazi and laughed.

But in 1923, in my innocence, I simply could not understand why the men of large interests whom I saw were not frantic, torn by despair, utterly broken by the horror in Berlin. Not at all. It took me nearly a month to realize that the German industrialists and the top clique in the Government were not worried about Germany. They knew what was going on. They knew their own future, and Germany's as well.

This little band of high-placed racketeers were discounting fantastically large bills of exchange at the Central Bank, repaying them as the mark fell under the impact of the federal printing presses, state printing presses, and the printing presses of the municipalities as well. In Berlin I was getting five million marks for one American dollar.

Germany was washing out her own currency, bleeding her people of their life savings, their safety. Except through the medium of another war against the world, she was costing them their destiny. In one fell swoop she did three things: got out of paying, kept her industry, and regained her markets. Those were the three things she wanted to do.

I went all over Germany, to the shipyards in Hamburg, the machine-tool plants in Munich, to the dye works at

Nuremberg and the porcelain factories at Dresden, to the great steel properties in the Ruhr.

The great distortions of economics were breaking out in all directions, whirling the lives and sanity, the health and freedom, of countless men and women in Germany. I went to Italy, where Mussolini only nine months earlier had led a pleasant and peaceful people on what was for them the most unnatural course in modern history.

"At least the Italian trains are now running on time," they said around the Excelsior Hotel.

Stories were being told about this Great Man. How when he occupied the Palazzo Chigi and abandoned the old Foreign Office opposite the Quirinal he had been told it would take thirty days to transfer the files. "Nonsense," was Mussolini's answer, "I want to occupy the Palazzo tomorrow morning at eight o'clock. I will give you 1500 trucks and an army of men. It must be done at once."

"He is doing big things for the country," said the unconscious appeasers of totalitarianism in Rome.

I went to Switzerland, where business was unsteady and eyes were turned on Germany and on the French and Belgian armies occupying the Ruhr. I encountered the indifference of Belgium and France, although there were prominent signs in all Berlin shops and hotels: "The French and the Belgians Will Not Be Served Here."

Surely the flames of such fires in Germany would not burn out until they consumed themselves in another war. What evil schemer could not exploit these people as Stinnes had exploited their mark? The next year Hitler wrote *Mein Kampf*.

Leopards in the Paris Sunshine, 1928

"APRIL IN PARIS." Vernon Duke had not yet written the song in 1928, but Paris looked like the lyrics when I arrived there that spring. I had gone abroad in March, spent as much time as I could in London, then crossed to France.

The city was at the very top of its form. I was glad to be there. Paris smiled and bowed under the fresh leaves of green trees, seemed to say all was well with the world. The races at Longchamp were the best attended in a decade. Montmartre was livelier than ever. Tours to the battlefields—Château Thierry, Reims, Chemin des Dames, Hill 108—seemed like the expeditions from Cairo to the Pyramids and the Sphinx : great but final tokens of a time forever past.

Already the Germans had camouflaged their guilt in the Kaiser's war. Those endless white crosses in Flanders fields. The Germans said these were the greed of a single man—the Kaiser. Just the Kaiser and his Prussian crowd. Not the German people. Five million Germans had died by mistake, or at least with the thought of self-defence. They hadn't died to get anything they themselves wanted, such as ugly, aggressive nations sometimes do. Oh no. Somehow the Kaiser had come along, rattling his sword, and five million men bled through four years just because he told them to. These poor Germans. Such bad leaders but such nice beer-drinking, music-loving people. They never liked the Prussians any better than we did ; anybody ought to know that. These poor, misunderstood people. What a pity ; what a pity. Such was the chatter around the Ritz Bar, where the gathered Americans' generosity of mind and pocket was at least legendary if not downright fabulous. But such was not the guileless atmosphere all over town in

the spring of 1928. Certainly not in the French Foreign Office. For on that spring morning the Dawes Plan was just falling apart.

As the warm sun shone through the tall windows where Raymond Poincaré and Paul Claudel sat, and while the comfortable Kaiser safely chopped his wood at Doorn, the good Germans made the last of their countless demands for revision. The Germans were scuttling the Dawes Plan, as they had intended to from the first. And who should be in the forefront of the operation, ensconced at the Hotel Crillon, but Fritz Thyssen, "mystery man" (Germany always has one—Stinnes, Thyssen, Schacht, *et al.*), great steel king, great "philanthropist," family man, gentle little wizard of the Nazi money bags.

I did not find Thyssen so gentle in Paris that spring. I really didn't find him much of a philanthropist either. I don't know anybody else who did. From what I saw of him, his later attempts to make himself appear as a well-meaning, if misguided, dear German sound a little silly—and they sound awfully familiar. They sound like Dr. Hjalmar Schacht. Thyssen had the same streak of limited honesty which runs all through these men; the same strange and cruel disregard for any individual's right of self-determination.

Thyssen was as ruthless if not so able as his father. Actually, he was fully as ruthless as Stinnes. He just had more standing, and smiled more often. He had better manners, and the English liked him better. But his was the same old story: a German against the world.

On that bright Paris day, five years had passed since Hitler's "beer-hall" *putsch* of November 9, 1923. Thyssen, I don't believe, had backed him yet. If so, that must have been because he didn't know Hitler, for from the very beginning Hitler couldn't have been better cut from Thyssen's pattern. Thyssen certainly wanted Hitler as much, if not more, than Hitler wanted Thyssen. It was a perfect German set-up.

Thyssen was even then, in 1928, dangling with the idea of a "corporative system" of economy, described in the impossible German name of *Standische Wirtschaftsordnung*. As far as I could gather in my several discussions with Thyssen,

he had this all tied in with what later became known as the German *Herrenvolk*, or élite-man, theory. This was true at least to the extent that Thyssen visualized every German doing, by corporate state direction, only what the administrators thought he could do best. Thyssen had a long and tedious system worked out : dual processes of training and elimination by which, from childhood, each German would be steered into his most efficient service for the state ; trained for this place and no other as he grew older ; take his minute place among the myriad parts of the machine ; and live his daily life in this functional way. I assume that eventually the man was to be permitted to die. This was Thyssen's idea of the *Herrenvolk* principle in action. German men were better. Germany, co-ordinated in respect to each man's talents, was best. This way, Germany would be unbeatable.

The whole thing would sound visionary if it wasn't deep in the consciousness of a powerful nation. But there it is, and to-day the result is being acted out on the world stage for all to see. Better democratic minds cannot accommodate the thought of this national psychology. Instinctively, we regard it as window dressing instead of the profound pagan force which it is. This is why we underestimate the solidarity of the German people. We simply don't think the way they do. We cannot imagine that they are actually living and performing in their own Wagnerian world. Germany is Valhalla. Bayreuth is the capital.

It is not new. It goes back to the earliest days of the Teutonic Knights. The Nazis did not create a new national spirit. They harnessed an old one, based on " race."

German national thought originates in primitive German mythology and folklore. It is utterly fatalistic. It is their agreeable feeling that some force even more powerful than the gods drives Germans to an epic destiny.

This is fundamentally a racial concept.

The Germans, fathers and sons, believe their race is inherently superior to every other race and that the German is the superior of all other people. Remember, this is a *racial* concept, not their estimate of Germany as a country.

They believe the German race-nation has an inherent

right to mastery. That's why they believe in mastery. And they naturally conclude that it is in the interests of lesser units to be dominated by Germans.

They are literally in love with the thought of a German world.

This is what we call Germany's threat to the world. Nazis preach racialism, pass the baton, and die. Without this doctrine of German racialism, the German people might have some restraint within themselves. But with it they have neither restraint nor conscience. They are and will remain a pagan force afoot in the world until we stop them dead in their tracks. Make no mistake about that.

This has always been true of the Germans. I saw it again as I stood in Paris in 1928. I had written a paper for one of our American economic societies discussing Stinnes' anti-social approach to Germany's rehabilitation. I showed it to Thyssen.

"You have done him a great injustice," Thyssen said. "Hugo Stinnes was before his time. People must learn to follow the best men. People must suffer in order to be willing to do this. One day the world will discover that the German people can suffer more, with better results, than any race in the history of man. Then men will emerge who can give nations their destiny."

"What kind of men?" I asked him, very mildly.

"Men who can rule," he said.

Thyssen knew how violently all interest in Great Britain and the United States reacted against this whole conception of the place of man in the world, this whole guinea-pig idea of pushing people around for some national aggrandizement. He knew as well as any one that the German approach to life was simply a throwback to feudal principles, a tangent off the older racket of the "Divine Right of Kings."

The whole thing was sheer, unadulterated opportunism. But Thyssen and the others made it sound like destiny. They knew this "*Ich und Gott*" business was unnatural in free countries but that it was inherent in the German spirit. It would work in Germany because of the peculiar temperament of the German people toward regimentation. And Thyssen was interested only in Germany. If it clicked there

that was enough. In time, Germany would be top dog in a world of force.

The economic banditry available to Germany as a result of the willingness of the German people to accept what I might call an *Economy of Coercion* could pave the way for easy aggression against all nations where the interests of the people were prosperity and social reform. The unguarded, hopeful people of the distracted world, the meek of the earth, would be a pushover for a race like the Germans. To hell with the meek of the earth anyway!

The top Germans realized that, where citizens will sacrifice all to-day for the promise "to-morrow" of national aggrandizement and a "higher dignity" in life, the economic limitations which arise in the democracies from each citizen's freedom to give or to withhold his work or his savings, his income or his services—or even his life—do not apply. They saw a big future for Germany in totalitarianism. There might not be anything in it for the people. The anvil doesn't gain much from the hammer. But it would be the best thing for all concerned.

Whereupon Thyssen, Schacht, *et al.* sabotaged the new Young Plan while the crickets chirped in the Bois. I sat there in Paris and saw them do it.

Under the terms of the Dawes Plan, Germany had a right to ask for limited revisions after a certain period. They could ask for these in 1928. That's what the German leopards were doing in Paris. And the sunshine certainly had not faded their spots.

Thyssen and the rest were not asking for revisions. They were calling for them; calling with approximately the subtleness and restraint of hog-callers contesting at the Arkansas State Fair.

How eagerly and "faithfully" in 1923 these same men accepted these obligations when they pleaded for, and received, the foreign gold credit of nearly a billion marks in order to secure a gold basis (other people's gold) for their new gold mark in place of their worthless paper!

Now, in Paris, they were scuttling the revisions before they were revised. But even that was not enough. The Germans' whittling-down and slipping-out process was only one side of their scheme. It was only the negative side. The

positive side was to set in motion at home, underground and through the back door, all these "big future" ideas of the corporative system, the gentle *Standische Wirtschaftsordnung*, by which no man was created equal and government was of the clique, by the clique, and for the clique.

Let a busy left hand get rid of the Dawes obligations under the pretext of revision into the Young Plan ; emaciate the Young Plan before it got started. Let a busy right hand back Hitler.

Fritz Thyssen *et al.* stand committed on the record. Thyssen's own memoirs, written years afterward, should be enough. "I financed the National Socialist Party for a single, definite reason," he wrote. "I financed it because I believed that the Young Plan spelled catastrophe for Germany." The "catastrophe" it spelled was to hold Germany responsible in the community of nations. It spelled a limit on Germany's freedom to descend on the world again with all the brute force of pagan conquest. It made her take at least a part of her share for the post-war debacle she herself had created as a result of her own special brand of national greed.

Twelve years later, in 1940, Germany was demanding and getting from France alone more in damages *each year* than Germany paid France in reparations throughout seven years.

The long view was Germany's 1928 secret : to win World War I, after all, by fighting again with a new man, a new appeal, and a new generation.

This principle has been fundamental in Germany ever since her first defeat. Every move the Germans have made, every step they have taken in the broader area of policy in the intervening years, has always contained this basic conception of Germany's destiny. How to live through the storm, weakening others, until she could rise again to take up the fight where she left off. "One day the world will discover that the German people can suffer more, *with better results*, than any race in the history of man," Thyssen had told me in the Paris sunshine. I could not understand it then as I do now. But Thyssen understood it, and so did the Germans. An intelligent matter to him ; second nature to them ; unthinkable to the free people of the earth.

At the same moment, Mussolini was throwing his weight around in Rome in a big way—in the same way.

Of course, Mussolini was "The Great Man," and you will remember that the house painter with the little moustache in Germany was only Mussolini's stooge. And what a ridiculously inadequate stooge he was, waltzing around Germany bareheaded in his belted trench coat and taking the fake fascist salute from a lot of heavy-stomached Germans in imitation soldier suits. At least, Mussolini had originality. Or anyway, that's how it looked. But the fact is that Mussolini did not have originality. Germans, including Thyssen himself, on trips to Rome, had outlined to Mussolini the principles of the gentle *Standische Wirtschaftsordnung*. Fritz Thyssen *et al.* were literally as busy as Italian fleas.

Mussolini had just called a new election of the Italian Parliament, coincident with which he changed its name in the summer of 1928. He summed up the German plan in his selection of its new title and conformed to the idea which was certainly becoming too familiar to me by then. Mussolini designated it the "Corporative Parliament."

In introducing this 1928 election law, passed without debate, Mussolini stood panting on the rostrum and, at the top of his voice, sounded the keynote of the German boys in the back room. He said: "The problem of government will never be solved by introducing it to the illusionary wishes of the masses. Rather, it is solved by the proper selection of the ruling spirits." This was not originality. For anybody who had visited with Stinnes as early as 1923, and had seen the continuity of German conception ever since, this speech was just an echo.

But one hundred million people lived in Germany and Italy in 1928.

And for the first time in history, the children were organized into the war idea—the generation that is fighting in Europe to-day. The light feet of the Balilla kids were marching. Their "Decalogue of the Young Fascist" was published all over Europe. It did not create a ripple. It was buried deep in the *Soir* when I read it in the Paris sunshine. Five of its commandments were:

1. The Fascist should not believe in perpetual peace.
2. Days in prison are always merited.
3. A musket and the ammunition belt are not entrusted to be worn at ease but to be preserved for time of war.
4. Mussolini is always right.
5. One thing should be dear to thee above all—the life of the *Duce*.

One of the most popular slogans Mussolini created was the vivifying roar : “The man does not live who can kill me.” He didn’t know enough about Hitler in 1928.

Berlin : August 1939

I DID NOT SEE Thyssen again until August 1939.

I had come over from the United States directly to Germany, arriving in Berlin from Bremerhaven. I stayed there until the middle of that fateful month. Then I flew to Copenhagen. The Danes were nervous, but reasonably hopeful. They reflected the German view. "The English will not die for Danzig," they said.

I flew from Copenhagen to Stockholm. The larger interests in Sweden were fearful of war at any moment. They knew Hitler and they respected the British far more than did the Danes. They saw the world picture.

In flying back from Sweden, I managed to fly along the Polish-German border from Poland's port of Gdynia to Wielen. Fighter and bomber planes were being concentrated. They were coming in route formation, each plane on its own individual flight rather than by squadrons. Squadrons would be noticeable as they crossed Germany and would be easy to count. First I saw a half-dozen bombers scattered in the air, winging from different points of the compass. Later I saw single combat ships and troop transports spread out over a great distance, innocent dots in the hazy sky. The war birds were migrating fast.

On my return to Berlin, I headed west across Germany by automobile. I drove a German car to the Rhineland border and then drove two hundred miles down through the fortifications of Hitler's West Wall. That's how I got to Baden-Baden on August 23. Germany was ready in the west. I knew time was running out.

The day before I left on this automobile drive, Thyssen came to the director's office in one of the great Berlin banks. I was there discussing some figures on the German economy when Thyssen was announced to the director. He came in smiling and suave. We met for the first time since Paris.

Thyssen did not seem to like the idea that any American should be working on economic material in Berlin in those critical days. But it was none of Thyssen's affair, and there was very little he could do about it.

I was astounded by what the Germans had done. Hitler's First Four Year Plan—1933 to 1937—had been dedicated to the production-goods industries. That I already knew. But I did not know that as one result of this, Germany's rearmament programme had actually reached its peak in 1937. This is to say that their heavy equipment had been ready for two years before war, a full year before Munich. Airplanes and certain substitute materials had been made in volume since then, but the tonnage phase of Germany's rearmament was definitely and positively behind her by 1937. By making certain deductions and cross-checks which the German economists could not conceal, I saw this plainly.

Hitler spent eighteen billion reichsmarks annually for armaments in this period—seventy-two billion through 1937. Of course, to measure this in dollars, you have to forget the banking-exchange ratio. You must translate the *production value* of the reichsmark in Germany into the production value of a dollar in the United States. That was hard to figure. What did the Nazis produce in Germany for their mark compared to what we produced here for our dollar? Taking the equivalent man-hour costs, commodity prices, and resource liquidation, one reichsmark represented a parity production value of *at least one dollar*. Hitler actually built up the U.S. equivalent of seventy-two billion dollars of armaments! That was the size of Hitler's "bluff."

The word saw Germany's national debt increase three-fold. But in what I have termed Germany's "Economy of Coercion" this was unimportant. Taxation did not matter, and welfare meant the "welfare" of the State. Germany's national debt, as an internal debt payable in her restricted fiat currency within the country, affected her methods of financing but not the wheels of her industry.

The Nazi leadership exacted a prior claim on the hearts and minds and bodies, the possessions and the faith, of every man, woman, and child in Germany.

The result? Political slavery—but the war power of production nevertheless.

From the time Hitler came into power, on January 30, 1933, to 1937, the output of production goods increased 172 per cent while consumption-goods output increased only 39 per cent.

These are shocking figures when you consider what they reveal in terms of the standard of living in Germany. Imagine the billions of man-hours of labour represented in this production without any real increase in the people's acquisition of personal possessions, the comforts and the conveniences of life.

It is this increase in individual productivity, brought about by the conversion of money to physical assets, with its consequent absorption of the full working population into active production, which brought about the necessity for the Second Four Year Plan.

The expansion of heavy goods production created increased consumer purchasing power, not at all because of higher average earnings of those employed but because the whole population was earning.

This led to shortages of certain consumption goods and deficiencies in the output of agricultural goods, and it increased the need for imported raw materials of all sorts.

The Sisyphean labour was catching up with itself.

A Second Four Year Plan—Goering's plan—was necessary. But it is better described as the second phase of an eight-year programme.

Although it had concomitant military objectives (for everything that was done in the German economy had this always in mind), the Second Four Year Plan was basically a change in the objectives of German effort, dating from the first of January 1937.

Enter Goering; exit Schacht.

Goering's plan was dedicated: one, to increasing the output of the consumption-goods industries and farming; two, to freezing farm and industrial prices, rents, service fees, and interest rates; three, to making Germany more independent of all essential raw materials.

Thus began Goering's aim for low-cost automobiles,

household appliances, the home-electrification plans, the intensification of soil-fertility technique, detailed price control, and the immense *ersatz* programme of manufactured substitutes (such as 800,000 bales of artificial cotton in 1938).

The Nazi laboratories and plants went all-out for the development of new products, such as staple fibre, magnesium and aluminium alloys, plastics, artificial rubber, Diesel oil from coal, textiles from wood pulp, wool from skim milk, and a bewildering variety of other materials. The basic idea was that they be manufactured by capital equipment instead of obtaining them from limited natural resources or imports.

German engineers, scientists, and economists saw in this *ersatz* development a second industrial revolution. It had, they said, the implications in which to rival the transformation effected by the coming of the power age 150 years ago. It sounded to me in Berlin as though they were relabelling the industrial revolution, calling it the "machine revolution," and reserving the "industrial revolution" for the Third Reich period of to-day and the future.

But their *ersatz* programme did not propose to make Germany completely self-sufficient, for an autarchic Germany could contemplate no foreign trade. On the contrary, the Nazis pressed Germany's exports, for they needed to increase her imports.

These imports came from the world markets. But this was slim thread for any talk of recovering her colonies. The German leaders protested that forty-six million English rule forty million square kilometres, while eighty-five million Germans rule only one-half million square kilometres. But the fact is that before World War I, Germany never drew as much as 2 per cent of her raw materials from her colonies.

Again, this chatter was nothing but a Hitler herring. Walther Funk, president of the Reichsbank, actually admitted to me in Berlin that Germany always had an unfavourable exchange with her colonies. From 1894 through 1913 she spent 1,002,000,000 marks in her colonial empire, exclusive of defence. In the same period the total German trade with her colonies was 972,000,000 marks. And, in-

cidentally, there were more Germans living in the city of London in July 1914 than in all the German colonies of the world put together.

Even Germany's squeals about being overcrowded were the same old game of putting a good face on a bad purpose. They simply didn't hold water. Germany's population did not vary as much as two million from 1933 to 1937. In fact, her mean annual population growth had been only .57 per cent, or 368,000 persons per year, as compared to the estimated world's average increase of 1.37 per cent. Actually the whole conception of being overcrowded, which Germany built up in the eyes of the world, was fallacious on a comparative basis. Her population was and is only 362 persons per square mile, compared to 707 in Belgium, 673 in Holland; and 488 in Great Britain.

But it was plain that Germany's agriculture had suffered at the hands of her industrial war preparations. I found only a 7 per cent increase in agricultural production between 1933 and 1936.

Furthermore, the reduction of fodder imports in 1936 had created an undersupply of animal products. Farmers were unable to sustain livestock with plant protein, bran, or yeast or with animal protein alone, and, therefore, the livestock were fed mixtures of natural products and synthetic proteins, such as urea and amino acids. These were derived from the air in the immense Leuna Works—which also produced most of the nitrogen for fertilizer and explosives.

But incomes were rising, and the consumption of food-stuffs was increasing, and science couldn't fill the gap. There were shortages of meat and butter in many parts of Germany.

These shortages were specific and were mostly in large cities. But they received great notice in English and American newspapers and stimulated a flood of inaccurate statements that helped lull the world to sleep. These were the days for forecasts that Germany was facing starvation—including the naïve account, often revived, that dogs were being slaughtered to save food for humans. These and subsequent reports made a lasting—and erroneous—impression on a world that did not want war anyway. They

contributed an appropriate background for every sort of hopeful miscalculation.

Alexander Kirk, the United States chargé d'affaires, chief of the American embassy in Berlin in the absence of an ambassador, did a man-size job at this point, and he certainly served his country. He kept telling President Roosevelt that this powerful Nazi movement toward war, this co-ordinated economic striking force to support Germany's military machine, was in the making. And Mr. Roosevelt, wisely, believed him. The President in turn took a consistently gloomy and alarmed attitude toward Germany's intentions, warned of this great and evil programme in the making, cautioned against the power of the German threat. "Hitler couldn't fight a real war," the voices answered. "The people aren't behind Hitler;" "the *ersatz* rubber broke down on the march into Austria;" "if Hitler said fight, the generals would throw him out and take over," etc., etc. But the President knew what he was talking about. He knew what was really happening in Germany and, more important, he was willing to recognize the truth in the bad news when he heard it.

"Germany has no gold," said the voices. The President knew about this too. He saw an increase of 250 per cent in the note circulation of the Reichsbank accompanied by an increase of 280 per cent in its bills of exchange. Suicide in a laissez-faire economy. But in an Economy of Coercion, which means the people must spend within the state, the currency issue had no limiting influence on the nation's productivity.

For although gold is the commodity by which every paper currency is *measured* outside each country, and although gold has many beneficent influences in any economy, money is not made "real" by a gold supply.

I imagine that the misconceptions surrounding this fact arise from slighting the fundamental that the use of gold as money was effective in the first place because gold was in demand for consumption. Gold did not come into circulation as a "medium of exchange" but as a commodity itself. The earliest requirement of anything used as money was that it have value within itself. The controlling fact was that gold was actually consumed, after it had

passed through endless hands, by the person who wanted to use it or hoard it.

Thus, gold circulated on the thought that it gave money a so-called intrinsic value. Paradoxically enough, the reverse became true—one of the most curious phenomena in all history. Because a demand sprang up for gold as “money,” the equation did a somersault. The employment of gold as money became of itself the chief item in giving the metal its value.

Then, further, when currency was issued “against gold,” another economic acrobat joined the monetary pyramid. For currency is still another matter. It is the promise of a government to pay so many dollars, pounds, or marks. But currency is itself that many dollars, pounds, or marks, and there is nothing to pay it with except dollars, pounds, or marks. Actually, there is nothing to pay money with except money.

It is the use of money which determines money's value ; money is worth whatever it will buy. Whatever is bought *establishes its value*. Money is purchasing power, and the President saw that the Germans were buying a lot with their “worthless” money—a great, ugly fact.

He saw more than inflation, far more, in the German programme. He did not accept Schacht's insidious picture that Germany was licked before she started. He rejected the false thesis that the problem was how to bolster Germany's economy in some way that would cushion the world against Germany's “impending economic collapse.” He was as cold as a clam to the Hudson-Wohlthat conversations in London in 1939, looking toward a British loan to Germany. Instead, the President's viewpoint concerned itself with the ability of free people to defeat in war a tremendously powerful and co-ordinated phalanx of gangsters on the march.

The world as a whole simply did not recognize the supporting power which Germany's economy could give Hitler's mad lust for conquest.

It did not realize that under Hitler's Economy of Coercion there could be no such thing as ownership of property or sanctity of thought, speech, or religion. It did not realize there could be no such thing as peace for any one.

It missed the absolute fundamental of the German method: *confiscation, inherent in the system itself.*

The whole German people went to work in the Third Reich—that the world saw. There was no unemployment. Yes, but German people went to work only to lose life itself. “*Blut und Ehre*”—“Blood and Honour.” This prime slogan of the Third Reich gave the warning which the outside world did not hear.

Democratic minds, having more faith in mankind, miscalculated.

They overestimated the German people's interest in their individual life—their own freedom.

This freedom was embezzled to usurp the benefits of a capital economy.

The corporative system, our old friend the *Standische Wirtschaftsordnung*, was employed to usurp the untended hopes of the emancipated world. Thus the irony and the tragedy of the free world's miscalculation—the towering miscalculation of modern times.

“We Must Refuse You Transit . . .”

THE WORLD was spinning very rapidly in the fall of 1941, and I went to Europe again. I went over for the North American Newspaper Alliance, which is owned by the *New York Times*, the *Chicago Daily News*, and fifty other American newspapers.

I was to go a long way—from New York to Finland and down through the continent—Sweden, Germany, Switzerland, France, Spain, Gibraltar, Portugal.

The plan was put before the Finnish Government in Helsinki, through Hjalmar J. Procopé, the Finnish Minister in Washington. The Finnish Government replied promptly and enthusiastically, issued the visa at once, and set up an estimated time for my arrival. That much was done.

Next I saw His Excellency Juan de Cárdenas, the Spanish Ambassador, an old friend. He told me many of the difficulties surrounding travel in Spain. We were sitting at lunch at the embassy. He had just received a letter from Señora Cárdenas in Madrid, telling him further of the food situation in their unique and unhappy land. He was very sad. “It is so easy to get misimpressions,” he said. “You will see much in Spain you do not like. Much in Spain comes as a shock to an American. But you must remember we have been through terrible things. We stand threatened as a possible battleground again. Our people are hungry. Prices are rising.” No one knew Spain’s problems better than this friend.

“I know you will be fair to Spain,” he told me, “and I will do what I can to help you.” Cárdenas did. He cabled the Foreign Minister in Madrid, Ramon Serrano Suñer, cleared my visa, and bid me good luck. The Marques de Valparaiso y del Mérito was at the embassy. He planned to leave for Madrid soon, and we arranged to meet in Spain whenever I might arrive. The marquess is a grandee

of Spain, Knight of the Order of Santiago, a delightful and charming Spaniard who has immense lands near Córdoba. "We'll go boar-shooting," he said as I left the embassy. But it did not work out that way.

With the special visa from Spain stamped in my passport, the Portuguese Government issued me a Portuguese visa on the spot in Washington. In every other case, under the regulations of all European governments except England, the visa had to be granted by the Foreign Offices abroad, and the authority to issue it communicated to their Washington embassies.

Grover Whalen helped me with the French. Because of France's elaborate participation in the 1939-40 World's Fair, he knew French Ambassador Gaston Henri-Haye very well. He asked the ambassador to go to bat for my visa in the middle of a series of front-page attacks on the French embassy in Washington by the New York *Herald Tribune*. The atmosphere made the chances for any visa look dim. As a favour to Whalen, Henri-Haye sponsored it, however, and after some delay, in which every one concerned despaired of Vichy's approval, the authority came through. I was set to go to France.

I needed a Swiss visa. Monsieur Marc Peter, for years the Swiss minister in Washington and dean of the diplomatic corps there until he retired, had been my host in Switzerland in earlier days. His son, Marc, was in my class in college. Marc and his father produced the Swiss visa from Berne within a week. This cleared the fifth country.

That left Sweden and Germany. The Swedish visa was no problem. I was to make the trip with Prince Charles of Sweden. We were to go over in the clipper and on up through the continent together as far as Stockholm. He had been visiting the President at Hyde Park and had then gone to the Pacific Coast, returning east in time for our clipper.

He was a good friend and a marvellous companion. At thirty-five he had travelled the world something as Prince David had for the British. Prince Carl Gustav Oscar Frederick Christian of Sweden, to use his formal name, although he is known to every one in Sweden as Charles, toured North China with Generalissimo and Madame

Chiang Kai-shek several years ago, then left them to visit all parts of the Orient. He had visited India, Africa, and South America in the interests of Sweden, and had been in the United States several times.

The war had struck his family from every direction. His sister Martha, the Crown Princess of Norway, sought refuge in America when the Germans overran her country. Nazis occupy the country of his uncle, King Christian of Denmark. His other sister, Astrid, killed in a tragic automobile accident, was Queen of the Belgians.

"When we get to Stockholm, you'll need fur breeches," Charles would say. But it wasn't as easy as all that. I could get the fur breeches at Abercrombie & Fitch in New York. But I couldn't get the German visa in Washington to pass through Germany. And that was the only way to get to Finland.

The Germans were dangling me on the end of a limb about this visa. And the situation in Finland was tightening up fast. Without the German visa I could not go farther than Switzerland. And most important of all, of course, I couldn't get into Germany. The German visa at best would not include the right to leave Germany once I entered; nor to come back through there when I tried to get home. But I simply had to figure that first things come first, get into Germany, and take the next step from there.

I went to the German embassy in Washington time and again in September. I knew the Germans were stalling. Cables kept coming back from Berlin to the German embassy which did not say yes and did not say no. The weeks were passing. The Germans knew my clipper date was October 4.

Each day or so, Baron von Strempele would notify me that he and Herr Hans Thomsen, the German minister and chargé d'affaires in Washington, felt sure that in view of the fact I now had all the other countries' visas, Germany would grant the necessary authority. "We should hear shortly now," he would say. On another day: "We are reasonable people. We do not object to Americans. We are not at war with the United States." Once, von Strempele's tongue slipped. "We have not yet declared war," he said. The general idea was that my visa would "come

through any time now." By necessity, the whole project depended on the Germans' action, and they knew it in Berlin.

The Nazis also knew my clipper date could not be postponed. On October 1, von Strempel telephoned me that he had received a preliminary telegram from Berlin and that I should have my visa on Friday the third, the day before I was to fly. He said he would telephone me Friday noon. He did.

At twelve o'clock my phone rang. It was von Strempel. "Berlin raises some question at the Foreign Office about the advisability of your going to Finland," he said. "We must refuse you transit through Germany."

I decided to leave the next morning anyway and take my chances. It was now October 3, and if I didn't board that clipper, there was no chance to take. I would have to start and then work out something, or nothing, as best I could. That was about the size of it. I remembered that Hilmer Lundbeck had remarked once about a high-altitude diplomatic-mail plane having crossed the North Sea between England and Sweden. I started out at three o'clock that afternoon to find somebody who knew something about such a trip having been made. But nobody knew anything about it. Neither Lord Halifax, the British ambassador, nor Mr. Göesta Böstrom, the Swedish minister in Washington, had the facts. But this much was evident by five o'clock: some time or other a British plane had made this trip from England across the North Sea and across enemy territory to Sweden. That was sure. The British Intelligence could not add anything to that. So I planned to go to England.

Before war ruled out German validations entirely, no United States passport valid for Germany could also be valid for England. Our passport regulations prohibited the right to visit both belligerent countries. You might get a passport for one or you might get it for the other, but you could not go to both. Furthermore, if your passport was valid for Germany, the British would not visa it, and, reversely, if valid for England, the Germans would not issue a German visa. Of course, mine had been issued with the right to go to Germany. And now I needed to get to England.

That evening Mrs. Ruth B. Shipley, famous chief of the Passport Division in the State Department, took the necessary steps. My permission to go to Germany was killed by crossing it out in my passport, and permission to go to England was stamped in the same passport. Sir Gerald Campbell's office in New York came through with Britain's visa that night and, although I didn't know where I was going, I was on my way.

I took off from La Guardia Airport in the morning.

As the door of the Atlantic clipper banged closed, Minister Procopé in Washington notified the President of Finland that, in any case, I was making the start. I was on my way, although neither I nor any one else knew how I was going to get there.

At eleven o'clock the ship lifted off the bay, started across the Atlantic.

Until I dropped down in the seat beside him, Prince Charles did not have the last-minute news that the Germans had shut me off from our trip through the continent.

"How do you feel about an American going through Germany now, with things the way they are?" he asked. "Are you worried?"

"That's one worry the Germans just fixed," I said. Then I told Charles the news.

We reached Bermuda that afternoon. One of the star-board engines had gone dead, and the clipper was held over a day for repairs. I took Charles over to see Lakin and Louise Baldrige at their lovely home, Burnt House, across from Darnell's Island. We had dinner, spent the night with them, slept late the next day.

We took off at five o'clock, Sunday afternoon. The shades were pulled to shield the defence work we were to fly over.

This would be a two-thousand-mile hop to the Azores. The stewards set tables for dinner: light little plastic affairs, with a neat white cloth, aluminium knives and forks, featherweight plates, cups, and saucers. We finished dinner and settled into the run. Seven uppers and lowers had been turned down, very long berths with good mattresses, a window looking out on the sea.

It was a magnificent night. There wasn't a cloud. The ocean was unbelievably calm from our height. The light of a full moon filtered through the sky to settle on the water. The great plane was steady, only the motion and feeling of power you have in a streamlined train. The sky above and the sea below blended into a circle of dull blue, so that there was no horizon, no break in this union of these ageless elements. You felt as though you had entered the world of time and space itself, beyond all mortal life except your own.

By midnight I had turned out my light to sleep. But I did not sleep long. I felt someone tugging at me. It was the steward. I heard him saying, "Will you please get up and dress? I need this berth!" I looked at my watch. It was three-thirty in the morning, and I did not understand why the steward or any one else would need my berth more than I did at that hour. But I got out. That was all he really wanted. It seemed to me the plane was all right. We were flying on all four motors. We had been flying a very long time, nearly eleven hours. There was no fog. The sea was still and smooth. I couldn't figure we were in for a crash. We weren't. We were turning back to Bermuda.

Halfway across the Atlantic the wireless operator had been notified from the Azores that there were five-foot swells in the small harbour at Horta. A clipper cannot land safely in that treacherous area whenever the waves are more than two feet high. So our ship made a great circle in the middle of the ocean and started back to Bermuda.

We ended our flight at dawn. Here we were again in Hamilton Harbour. The terrace light still twinkled in front of Burnt House. We anchored offshore, and a little crash boat took us to the Belmont Hotel dock. It was too early to confide in the unsuspecting Baldridges that, like "The Man Who Came to Dinner," Charles and I were still with them. But we lost no time moving back into Burnt House as soon as the Baldridges were awake. "Welcome, welcome," said Lakin in his innocence. "Stay right here all day."

We spent the night at Burnt House, because the clipper did not go that afternoon,

The next day we bid farewell to the Baldridges again and packed our things. We tipped the servants, patted the dogs, sent some cables, and went to the clipper dock on the island. And the clipper promptly flew away without us. The waves were still up at Horta. At the last minute, the control office in New York ordered the plane to skip Horta and fly direct to Lisbon, 3100 miles away. This non-stop flight meant carrying only mail and gasoline. No passengers. Back Charles and I went to Burnt House. There in the glory of marvellous hospitality we settled down for sure. We settled down until the middle of the week. The Baldridges never batted an eye. "These are the most wonderful people I ever saw," said Charles.

The next clipper was due in from New York on Thursday. It came in right on time. At four o'clock Thursday we said good-bye. Off to the dock—and Europe. Promises to cable. Promises to write. At five o'clock the plane flew off without a passenger, and we were back in the Baldridges' bar. The waves were still up in Horta. A second lot of mail was flying solo to Portugal.

Charles telephoned Sumner Welles and Ray Atherton, who could do practically nothing about the waves and somehow had the impression that by now Charles was in Sweden. "I don't think you two even plan on going to Sweden," Lakin said, which was the only really bitter thing he said during our entire occupation.

We left Friday night. The Atlantic clipper came in that afternoon, and we went aboard after dinner. It was a tough run down the harbour to get off. A bad cross wind. Launches had been stationed to set a lane of guide lights down our course, stretching a couple of miles in the sheltered water. We made several tries at it, but she wouldn't lift. A larger launch rode at anchor near the end of the run. Each time we reached this point the launch crew shot a rocket, a brilliant white flare that lit the water like day, lit the sky and the colourful hills on all sides. Our pilot had full vision when he needed it most.

By eleven-fifteen we were in the air, and it was rough. The clipper was bucking a head wind now, climbing into an overcast sky, headed for mid-Atlantic. The clouds were gray and ugly. There wasn't a break through to the stars

above. We came down low, close on the angry, frothing waves. The propellers seemed to hit blasts of heavy air, tear through them, something like horses running up a hill. Tossing hard in close quarters is an eerie feeling when you are in the blackness over the sea.

By daylight we were in a heavy fog. It kept up until early afternoon, when we sighted the Azores, black curls of rock frothed at the base by the white line of the sea, like the folds of a petticoat.

At Horta, the plane was loaded with Portuguese going to the mainland. Within an hour we were off through the narrow breakwaters and into the air. A thousand miles to Lisbon. We were halfway there by the time darkness fell.

At eight fifty-five I sighted a light off on the port side. It was the first light of Europe. Cape Roca lighthouse, the lighthouse of Lisbon, the most westerly beacon on the continent.

Many strange things were behind that light : misery and hunger ; the hopes and fears of two hundred and fifty million people ; the armies of a diabolic man and the deadening pall of Nazism ; the schemes of freebooters and parasites who live on the misery of others ; the pomp of glorified thieves ; the oppression of the weak and the annihilation of the dignity of man ; the curse of tyranny and the tragedy of appeasement ; the sorrow of old women and the death of young boys ; the machine age run afoul in a lubricant of blood and pagan witchcraft.

Here on this continent were the shadows of the cities and the countryside I had loved well : the hedges on the roads in France ; the lakes of northern Sweden ; Como and the Villa d'Este ; Interlaken and the Matterhorn. Here were the shadows of Paris and Brussels and The Hague. Here were the restaurants of Copenhagen and the cloudless skies over Naples, the little Swiss chalet where once I stayed so long. Here were the beaches at Dunkirk and the bay at Monte Carlo, Flanders fields, and the coal mines of Poland, the police station in Essen and the pretty girl who sang so well that night in Budapest.

Here were Berchtesgaden and Munich, Sedan and the Maginot Line, the French fleet and Smolensk. Here were

patience and fortitude for this final test. But once there, you are in a lovely spot. The wooded hills, dotted with bright Mediterranean-type houses, form a punch bowl down to the sea. The beach is marvellous ; gay cabañas and colourful umbrellas in the clean white sand. The Palacio, a resort hotel, is the centre of this setting. And the Palacio is considered the spy headquarters of the Old World by those who discuss such matters at the top of their voices in the bars and *boîtes* of Europe.

Here, you are told, are the beautiful courtesans who ensnare the unsuspecting, the *agents provocateurs* who know your business and your luggage better than you do yourself. Well, the spies I saw in Lisbon were not too beautiful, not nearly so beautiful or so clever as all that. Their pay is small, and very irregular. Fun is fun, but small pay is awfully hard on any woman's wardrobe.

These boys and girls, especially the ones from the Balkans, have a hard time. They suffer from an inferiority complex because they know that the really valuable information—the vital knowledge of programmes and policies—reaches enemy governments more often through other channels than through the ladies and gentlemen of the spy ring. In tedious ways they accumulate bushels of useless data for every valuable grain of information, and then, if by any chance they get something important, their superior takes credit for it himself.

The majority of these E. Phillips Oppenheim characters are looking for new connections at better pay, and you frequently find that instead of spying on you they are merchandising their espionage talents to you on the off-chance they may be lining up a new employer. It is wise for them to do this quickly, or someone else may beat them to it. Hence, their air of excessive busyness when you arrive at your Lisbon hotel. Most of the flirting done at the gambling tables and in the Wonder-Bar at the Estoril Casino has this purpose. But it is a hard job for Lisbon spies to locate new employers, and the formula of try-and-try-again has resulted in a certain lackadaisicalness which dilutes the glamour considerably.

So much for the general run ; not so the top ones. These people all have a position, and they can be very persistent.

Sometimes they can be very tough. They are generally in charge of some "Culture Institute"—such as sprout all over Europe—officials in vague transportation or communications companies, or business men "interested in oil or something." I have particularly in mind the manager of a touring opera star. The apparent job is called their "cover." They never lose it. Men or women, they are always very active in the job they are supposed to be holding. But women have never worked out well in the higher branches of this calling. The best of them are all right up to a point, and then the menfolk take over. I assume this is because sex generally rears its inquisitive head somewhere in the lady's transaction, and that can lend a certain instability to the situation, which works both ways.

Our legation is in the centre of Lisbon. Our Minister to Portugal, able Judge Bert Fish, followed Herbert C. Pell at this post. The judge has made a hit with the Portuguese by doing just what Ambassador Winant does in London : simply being himself.

One of the first persons I was to see in Lisbon was Nicolás Franco, Spain's Ambassador to Portugal, the brother and *alter ego* of the generalissimo. I called at Franco's magnificent embassy, and the Marques de Viana, the naval attaché, interpreted for our first meeting. I saw both of them many times afterward, in Lisbon and in Madrid, and Nicolás Franco consistently stated the Iberian Peninsula problem in terms of the possibility of an Anglo-American seizure of the Azores or the Canaries. His position was that the Nazis would occupy the peninsula at once if we ever found it necessary to use the Iceland formula and move into these bases. Otherwise, he said, he did not think Hitler would come in. Franco admitted this was an oversimplification, but he made this point and stuck to it.

On the other hand, there was a general feeling that if Hitler came into Portugal for other reasons, which left our own excellent relations with Portugal undisturbed, Prime Minister António Salazar would fly to the Azores and conduct his Government from there under our protection, as so many other governments in exile are being conducted from London.

Portugal is an ally of Great Britain to-day. Portugal is not only England's ally, she is also England's oldest ally.

Sir Ronald Hugh Campbell, the British Ambassador to Portugal, told me this is the oldest alliance in the world. It is 794 years old. For nearly eight centuries, Sir Ronald pointed out, Great Britain and Portugal have maintained nine successive treaties.

An unwritten pact in 1147 between two feudal nations culminated in a fuller alliance which helped defeat Napoleon. A band of English knights, on their way to the Crusades in Palestine, helped the Portuguese knights to expel the infidel Moors from this very city of Lisbon. At the same time, they aided one of the Portuguese knights, Alphonso, in setting himself up as the first King of Portugal.

In their first written pact, drawn up in London in 1373, Portugal and England agreed "to maintain each other mutually by land and sea." This did not work so well. The Portuguese did not fight with the English against Spain, and the English in turn overran a large part of Portugal. But they both got back on the green pasture of the reservation in the subsequent Treaty of Windsor in 1386. Certainly they have stayed there ever since.

The parade of later covenants was continuous—1642, 1654, 1660, 1703, 1904—and Portugal remained England's ally throughout Britain's rise into a top maritime power. The present treaty dates from 1914, and under it Portugal stuck by England in World War I. This little country assumed an important part in the fighting in Africa and sent an expeditionary force of 40,000 men to the Western Front.

Charles and I dined several nights at the Casa Verde.

For every one who has seen this ultra-modern little villa in Estoril, untold thousands of British soldiers in the Nazi prison camps know and bless its address. Every week sacks with thousands of letters, going between these men and their relatives, arrive at Casa Verde.

This amazing little amateur post-office is the product of the initiative and energy of Mrs. Ian Douglas Campbell.

It has made her one of the most highly regarded women in Europe. Louise Campbell, a beautiful woman, is an American. She is the daughter of Wall Street's late Henry Clews.

Her British husband, a captain in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was captured at the time France fell. Her husband wrote her from his prison camp, known only as Camp Offlag 7CH. In his letter to their London home he asked her to mail him a suit of woollen underwear. It was a bitter German winter. When she sent it, she asked what else she could supply. And in a postscript to this first letter, Mrs. Campbell asked whether any of her husband's friends would like to have her get something for them. Would they! They wanted a rubber sponge, an earphone, a pipe. They wanted special books. Could she send *Making an Etching*, by Levon West? Could she get a particular phonograph record? Was it possible to find a certain-sized mouthpiece for a clarinet?

She found these things and she sent them.

Word spread like wildfire among the British prisoners in Germany that an angel was alive. If you wrote her, you would get the special thing you needed and longed for most in the world. It might take time, but you would get it. Write to Mrs. Ian Campbell.

Like Oren Root, Jr., and the Willkie petitions that began with his postal card, Mrs. Campbell found herself snowed under. She gave up everything to attend to these requests. She got her London friends to help her. But still she couldn't keep up. Louise Campbell was receiving as many as five hundred letters a day.

Mrs. Campbell had never been in Portugal in her life, but she moved to Lisbon. There she could handle her mail to and from the continent on the continent itself. She leased the Casa Verde.

Still it grew. The Portuguese Government gave her the use of an old palace in Lisbon. And, while Charles and I were there, Portugal's Congress gave her the medal of the order *Humanidade e Filantropia*.

Humanity and Philanthropy! What irony that there could be such an order in this Europe. What a pinprick of light on this dark canvas. What is the canvas? What are

the values in Europe and what is happening to them? Is disintegration really sapping the deepest roots of civilization or is it that we who live in each of history's troubled times see our day as the end of the world?

At these turning points in history, the rebuke to earlier miscalculation is small comfort. To-day is certainly not the end of the world. But it may be the end of the good world.

This is a different war for a different world. Rather than rely on the past, we should be warned by it. The only hope for our statesmen, our generals, our churchmen and our teachers—the only hope for our free people—is to grasp the full proportions of our day. This is the day of the first half of the twentieth century. It will be marked forever in the annals of time.

At a date when the present policy-makers of Europe were just learning to spell, Europe was experiencing the greatest intellectual crisis of several hundred years. It has always seemed to me that certain favourable influences at that time might have brought these late nineteenth and early twentieth-century leaders into the ways of peace.

But, except for the meek of the earth, a negative philosophy had begun to dwarf the minds of men and sap their faith in the eternal truths. In the name of a thousand and one distractions, these low-altitude men—neither earthy nor lofty—diluted integrity, knowledge, justice, morality, and God.

During the years of indifference and doubt which comprised the opening decade of the present century, these small managers' minds in Europe created handmaids of materialism out of politics, science, invention, and education. If a continuous procession of nonentities results in stagnation, as it certainly did in France and may have in England, a quick success of eager men with their barbaric ideas and pagan plans can cause even free men to doubt the cogency of freedom itself.

For one of the prongs of this movement abroad is that even the democratic nations feel themselves being crushed by the weight of their own traditional truths and by the results of their own past errors. We are losing faith in our

own system while we battle the system of our mortal enemy.

Democratic institutions and methods which only a few years ago were so suitable to us are now in a state of collapse, operating irregularly and with difficulty, as a result of pressing needs they cannot fulfil and of vague dissatisfactions which are undefined. The days of peaceful and satisfied existence have not only gone, they have been abandoned as irrelevant to life. The world is sick at heart.

To my mind, this started with the disintegration of the family.

A man is not an isolated being ; his life is spent within the framework of a system, and the core of this system is the family. But he lives not as a member of the family in which he was brought up. He lives as a member of a family which he himself constituted. This is his family. The family is, in the nature of things, the origin of life and the root of moral values and as it goes, so goes the tempo of the nation. So goes the tempo of life itself.

In this era after 1900, whether by inventions or by the reoccurrence of a nervous restlessness such as the medieval phenomenon known in Europe as the "dancing madness," the congelation within the family changed. Family ties were loosened, the authority of parents and the respect of children dwindled. The fabric of family life lost its woof and warp. The family in the early days of our century somehow lost weight as the centre of gravity in the nation.

When the first World War broke out, a spiritual ponderation set in even among thoughtful people, causing them to test their lifelong convictions, and even the existence of God, against the death and destruction which they saw taking place. Fundamental concepts were badly shaken within nations, although these concepts withstood this war. Loyalty to one's country, the sanctity of religion, the basic ideas of humanity, virtue, and decency were not lost—but *they became a problem.*

The economic crisis, and then the depression which ravaged Europe, sweeping with it the bread and safety of the meek of the earth, gave the problem a fertility and a

mobility such as the world had never known. Europe and the world were stirred in this economic onslaught by distinct and opposing currents which began to make themselves felt in the vacuum of despair.

On one side there was the confusion marking individualism, freedom, and the parliamentary system in which the inaction and incapacity of France, England, and the United States to function effectively appeared evident.

On the other side, the instinct of self-preservation awakened violent co-operation in favour of nationalism and anti-individualism in Germany and Japan.

And to-day the opportunism of this new onslaught, possessing a momentum and intensity hitherto undreamed of and threatening to engulf mankind in a co-ordinated barbarism, gives a new force to the problem. It reveals all Nazi minds, in whatever country they may be, as enemies of civilization itself.

As for democracy, one of the twentieth century's greatest fallacies was that English parliamentarianism and American democracy were suitable to the continent of Europe. With the exception of Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries, such as Finland, where unique conditions allowed democracies to work, the unhappy truth is that parliamentary democracy elsewhere on the continent was a dismal failure.

Politicians mouthed the words "sovereignty of the people," and the voters were pleased by these continuous implications of their own influence. But they did not equip themselves with good government. Parliamentarianism was not able to supply the people with anything. Their governments could safeguard nothing. Whether the people were "sovereign" or not, the parliamentary system wallowed in the quagmire of expediency.

The meek of the continent have learned through experience that it is not safe to erect there, on the idea of liberty, a system which cannot properly guarantee either their individual and collective liberties or their lives. To what extent this dreadful experience of the twentieth century has dissipated all continental hope in democracy is evident to any one who has been there as lately as I have.

Certainly, we can expect no support on the continent for the democratic idea as such.

In this war, time does not press the meek into democracy. It does not even press them into the fever of communism. It presses them only into the waiting arms of the Nazis.

Bristol Blitz

CHARLES and I stayed in Estoril until the weather released the international plane to Berlin. This was the plane we had originally planned to take together. We shook hands at Cintra Airport, said good-bye, to meet in Stockholm soon, or maybe not until after the war. Charles promised to speak to King Gustav of Sweden about my predicament as soon as he reached home.

From the same field, at dawn the next morning, I set off for England to find out how I could get across the North Sea.

I had telegraphed Ronald Tree, an old friend in London, adviser to the American Division in Brendan Bracken's Ministry of Information. He had wired back, breaking through a natural bottleneck by extending me first priority on the next London plane out of Lisbon.

Only first priorities count on this English plane. There are always hundreds of applications for passage on one grade or another of priorities and, because of the congestion, long periods occur when only first priorities can make the trip. This can mean a delay of two or three weeks or a month in Lisbon between the United States and England; you never can tell. The passenger load is small, five or six passengers, because of the gasoline and mail load. It takes a lot of gasoline to make this flight because, by the route the British fly, you are no nearer London when you get to Lisbon than Kansas City is to New York.

The plane flies twelve hundred miles, for it swings far out to sea and makes a great circle to approach England through the safer area in the west.

At Cintra Airport the British ship nestles with the Nazis' ugly Lufthansa Junkers, their black swastika glaring from a red square on the rudder, the Italian ships of the Littori Line, the bright little ships of Portugal's Iberia Airways,

and the standard Douglasses operated into Spain and Morocco by Trafico-Aereo-Espanol.

This unfriendly conglomeration of planes and pilots is an interesting sight, but it is not rare. It happens every morning. This is a neutral port, and that's that. The flying offices are all in the same building, although someone apparently was subtle enough to put the Germans and Italians on one side of the corridor and the rest on the other.

The British plane is a camouflaged Douglas DC-3, with about half the seats taken out to save weight for gas and mail. The ship carries no guns, because it lands on this neutral port. It is the same model our American airlines use, but painted a dull brown, with green and blue splotches. If you look closely into this camouflage on the starboard wing you see a small map of the Netherlands, for the crew is Dutch. And in the centre of this map is a small white V for Victory.

This is one of the planes these men took off the fields at Rotterdam and Amsterdam and flew to England the morning the Germans burst into Holland. They have been flying with the British ever since. But the man who was their chief, Arthur Plesman, president of the great Dutch K.L.M. Airlines, the fourth largest air transport system in the world, is held in solitary confinement by the Nazis.

No one has been able to penetrate the secrecy of his imprisonment. His friends throughout Europe have been utterly unable to unravel even the reasons for his confinement. Plesman knew Goering well, and his relatives have made every appeal to the Number Two Nazi. They have even appealed to Hitler in the name of earlier friendship. All any one knows is that Plesman took a trip to Germany, has been in solitary confinement in a prison near Hanover for nearly a year, and is still alive. Hitler once promised to do something about it. He never did.

I took-off for England at seven-thirty in the morning. It was raining hard. The ground conditions were not good when we got up the Portuguese coast, and we had to skip Oporto, where we were supposed to stop for gas. We would have to fly non-stop. We passed over Oporto and started out to sea. There was a high wind and the clouds were torn

and shapeless, scattered like the wreckage behind a retreating army.

Early in the afternoon the pilot told me to look below. I saw nothing but the rolling ocean. "That," said the smiling Dutchman, "is where the *Bismarck* went down." We were four hundred miles off the coast of France.

Some hours later an R.A.F. fighter escort picked us up. Frail plastic shutters were fitted and locked into the windows to black them out so that we could not see England from the air. We flew for eight hours on this flight and landed at Bristol, across the bay from Cardiff, Wales.

The military field was full of Spitfires and Hurricanes poised on the line. Mechanics turned the propellers over every few minutes. The pilots, harnessed in their parachutes, hovered near their planes, young pilots of the Fighter Command. It is amazing to see these ships take to the air like a shot at the first touch of a signal.

Landing in the arms of the customs, I paid duty on my Luckies all over again. This thing of carrying American cigarettes was getting to be a pretty expensive proposition. It cost me sixteen dollars this time. Then the review by the Security Officers in a little room off the waiting-room. This is the British Intelligence crowd; very able, very wise. They know all about every man whosteps off that plane long before he gets to Bristol. A major sits flanked by two junior officers and a stenographer. They take each passenger's passport one by one and look through it carefully. The passport itself is always all right. What they want to find out is whether it was issued to the man who carries it. Countries doctor other countries' passports to suit their own espionage agents.

Politely and quietly, these experienced men ask you questions that sound casual. It's simple, and you have a good cup of tea together afterward, if you know the answers. It's curtains if you don't.

The Nazis try any number of ways to get into England: by dropping men from single reconnaissance planes flying over at night; more often by landing from small boats, sent across the Channel from Occupied France. The man, the "plant," is dressed in British-cut clothes, carries a forged National Registration card, such as every British

citizen must have with him at all times, speaks perfect English, and knows the country as well as any Britisher. The chances are a hundred to one that he has previously lived there a long time. He carries plenty of English currency, sometimes several thousand pounds.

The operative hits at once for the nearest Nazi "control," the hangout of the man he is to contact on the ground. He is generally a stranger to the control. But he never pops in unexpectedly, for the motto is to beware of a "switch." His first step is to get a job. He can't afford to be unemployed around England. He wants the initial job to be innocuous, something not in war work, something that doesn't take too much time and that anybody can line up in a hurry. This first cover is important, and it has to be immediate. Then he starts to build. His job gives him background to do this ; to meet and gain the confidence of honest associates who will vouch for him when he goes for the job he is really after. That's the way he gets settled. Fancy little wirelasses at the control and such things as classified ads in the British newspapers that reach Germany, via the Lisbon plane, take care of the rest.

For induction through a port of entry the Nazis favour straight out-and-out forged passports, done from start to finish in their own engraving shops. But they don't favour Bristol. It is too hard to get aboard the Lisbon plane. But you never know. This is war, and they have certainly seen war where I landed that day.

For Bristol is a *Blitz* city. The British make a wide distinction between a raid and a blitz. A raid is a miscellaneous proposition involving a dozen or more planes, any number that does not saturate the air defence ; flying high, generally not very stubborn when the fighters go up to get them ; bombs dropped, of course, and sometimes a good deal of damage, but nothing the people are not used to, nothing in relation to their indescribable morale. Of course, this means an average raid. Heavy raids are bad, and incendiary bombs are a big feature.

But a blitz is something different. A blitz is when the enemy has saturated the air defence over a concentrated objective. A blitz is when an armada of four or five hundred planes come over. Great four-engined Focke-Wulfs and

Junkers, Stuka dive bombers, flying low—sometimes hardly over the house tops—dropping high-explosive bombs, detonation land mines, clusters of dynamite in “Molotov breadbaskets,” great black globes of steel the size of a buoy in the sea—hours on hours at a time. That is what happened at Bristol. This is not the raid, and no number of repeated raids represents the same thing. This is Bristol, Coventry, Plymouth, and parts of London. This is all life smashed and torn, all walls and every upright thing crushed into a strange, heavy dust for miles of city blocks. The people gone, blown fully from the earth. This is death and destruction by madmen. This is the blitz.

Walking down these Bristol streets, through row after row of tottering houses, into the ruins of people's bedrooms and little kitchens, seeing charred clothing and a twisted bicycle on a bashed-in floor, it occurred to me how little we know of what this meant in England. In America, our contact with England seems so close, with the rapid news, the radio, even London's daily stock prices in our newspapers. We have seen bombings in newsreels, but these pictures have action, excitement. The still, stark tragedy is lost. Somehow you have to stand there with your feet in that dust, hear the hinges creak and smell the burnt odour of the musty walls. Somehow you have to stand there to get it.

Suddenly you find yourself free of many worries. Life seems simplified in many ways. You feel only one purpose. There is a force for evil loose in this world. The greatest force for evil in the history of mankind. It is up to you to stop it. It is up to those people you see walking by over there. It is up to your friends at home, those dear friends who are gentle and easy and think too well of all the world to see the full paganism in this uncontrolled Germany. All those who cannot know that in our very day we are in the sweep of a great wave of retrogression, breaking with insane fury on the sands of human standards and ebbing with man's disillusioned thoughts of God. But most of all, more than any one else, it is up to you. It is up to you, and you will do it. That is all there is to it. That's all there is to anything. That's all there is to you.

London, 1941

LONDON'S PADDINGTON STATION in the black-out. The first impact of this nightmare effect came as I stepped out of the heavily curtained compartment on to the platform. Crowds hurried by in the smoky darkness. Every familiar sound of a great railway terminal echoed in the immense shed. People's voices were everywhere, a steady murmur in the frosty air. Feet shuffled by. Someone blew a whistle fitfully. Next to me a soldier clanked his gear on noisily and helped a trim young WAC down the steps of the car. But everything was shadows. All the forms were ghosts. It seemed like a game; the people should have been laughing, but they were not. They were doing all the things you and I do when we get off a train, but they were doing them in a crazy dark as though it were perfectly natural and exactly as it should be. Narrow slits of blue beams showed taxi headlights moving, and every now and then a match flared for an instant.

I groped my way back along the sides of the train to the luggage car. My travelling-case was buried under two bicycles and a dozen sacks of mail. I tugged hard on the bicycles to straighten them up. Behind me I felt someone helping. The first thing I saw of him was the cardinal-red strip on his lapel. He was a British colonel of the General Staff, and he had stopped to give me a lift.

In the old days, British colonels never went in for this sort of thing very much, and I was a little surprised. He laughed when I thanked him, and we tugged out the bag. Hauling it between us to the driveway, we shared a taxi as far as the Dorchester.

The cab turned out of Paddington into the teeming street. Buses and people were everywhere. It was eight-thirty when we arrived, and the whole city was in motion, little pins of blue light coming nearer or turning to one side,

traffic signals the size of a watch's dial, and over it all a dull moon in deep clouds.

"These are the nights he likes to come over," said my friend, who, in common with all other British, referred to the enemy that way. "What's he been doing to-day?" they ask; or, "He's in a bit of a mess in Russia all right." That's the way they put it from one end of England to the other. It's curious, but you seldom hear an Englishman say "the Germans." They may say the "bloody Nazis," or the "Jerries," which they often do as a sort of a national trademark. Sometimes they refer to Hitler in a collective sense, but in any case, they never say "the Germans." I believe subconsciously they don't think of Germans as a group of people inhabiting a country. They think of them more like a pack on the move. You feel that all through Europe. There is no Germany. There's a pack on the move.

"Is this the Dorchester?" A voice in the dark says, "Yes." It is the doorman helping with the bag. There isn't a light, just a brick wall built out on the sidewalk to screen any gleams from inside and to protect the entrance against bomb splinters. The padded compartment of a revolving door releases you suddenly into a great, blazing room of light.

Every hotel in London was jammed. Averell Harriman had left a few hours before, however, and the manager put a bed in Harriman's sitting-room and let me sleep in it. Unless the Germans dropped one square on the Dorchester, I proposed to stay in that bed all night. The next morning I had my first daylight look at wartime London.

London seems to chatter, walks like a man in a brisk constitutional, glances at its buildings and streets. London turns a corner smartly, throws its head up to catch the good air, smiles a little at the empty sky. The stroke of Big Ben booms from a spire that has not had a scar. A tall target never touched. Ancient windows cling to the Abbey, as though blessed by the protection of some unseen force. Fuzzy little ducks swim in Hyde Park pond. Rebuilders move on scaffolds in Parliament's rafters: Commons meets in the House of Lords. Bright polish shines the knocker at 10 Downing Street, but sober-dressed sentries look closely when you hand them a pass.

Belgians and Poles, the Free French and the Dutch,

Norwegians and Greeks : in uniform everywhere. Neat marks on the shoulder—"Poland," "France"—saying in such a simple way that here all free men can meet and have this London and this destiny as their own.

Daytime London shows bombing everywhere. There is hardly a block without shattered buildings, torn walls, gaping lots. And in the areas where the blitz struck, ghastly strips of dusty land cut through the ruins of buildings like the trail of a mower in a field of hay.

The women look smarter than ever before. The war has done something for them in this direction. In uniform, they have a dash, an air of action, and out of uniform there seems to be a new consciousness about coiffures and such things to offset the smaller variety of clothes.

Britain's basic rations for food are in seven classifications : *meat*, approximately twenty-three cents' worth per week, about one pound ; *fats*, eight ounces weekly ; *ham and bacon*, four ounces ; *cheese*, three ounces ; *tea*, two ounces ; *jams and preserves*, four ounces ; *sugar*, eight ounces.

Eggs are not rationed. There is a system of priorities for children and invalids. An ordinary store customer gets two to five eggs per month, according to the season, compared to fifteen as the pre-war average. It works out about one egg a week.

There is no such thing as a "drive in the country," because of gasoline limitations. Trains are extremely crowded, and if you are going any distance it is customary to get to the station about half an hour early to get a seat. Because England's railroads are overburdened, the trains often run very late. It took Sir Keith Murdoch and myself nearly three hours to come from Oxford to London one afternoon.

The clothing ration is small and faces a 30 per cent reduction.

But the darkest feature of these facts is that England, cheerful as she is under these difficult circumstances, is not passing out of her leanest days on the home front. She is passing into them. The curbing of consumer goods and the conversion of non-essential manufacturing into wartime production has proceeded slowly. This may come as a surprise, but it is true.

"We will see England approaching war economy by the spring of 1943," said Mr. Hugh Dalton at the Ministry of Economic Warfare. He and others in authority have given this answer when questioned in Parliament, and all agree that the delay is having a cruel effect on Britain's safety in the war.

American Government offices flank all sides of Grosvenor Square, but our embassy itself is at Number 1.

We have a great American in London. He is the ambassador, John G. Winant. Broad-shouldered, shaggy-haired, wise, and straightforward, Winant is wonderfully experienced in vital matters at home and abroad. He is a scholar and yet a man of action. And he is fearless to a fault.

This man deals in the only currency good the world over, absolute naturalness. As ambassador, he doesn't look, act, walk, or talk like any one else. He is simply himself, and that is plenty good enough. A narrower man as ambassador in the war-time capital, a man with a smaller outlook and less patience, would be badly miffed by many things which happen. But Winant is never miffed, because he understands the frailties of organization and he understands war.

The ambassador told me he had been working on the British Air Ministry to get me to Finland. He said the mail plane I had heard about flew from Scotland. In addition to the trip being head-on into the German bomber route, the weather over the North Sea was awful this time of year, the ambassador explained.

This made any next trip a sheer guess, because the R.A.F. couldn't get weather reports from Denmark or Norway, of course, and only a last-minute flash from Sweden itself. Furthermore, Mr. Winant pointed out that no American had been permitted on that trip anyway. But he was working. So was Prince Charles. Charles had reached Stockholm and spoken to the King. The Swedish embassy in London had been in touch with the British Foreign Office. It looked as though I would go. But nobody could figure how I would get back, and neither could I.

Ambassador Winant confirmed the arrangement to me when it was finally made. There was nothing to do further but wait for the weather, although with the situation

developing the way it was in Finland, this wait was agonizing.

At the British Ministry of Information, Brendan Bracken, the Minister, and my friend Ronald Tree helped in every way—obtaining my Alien and National Registration certificates, ration cards, press pass and all the things you need for wartime identification. I was set to visit London while I waited for word from Scotland.

I was to see the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field-Marshal Sir John Dill, soon to come to the United States as special envoy from the Prime Minister.

When you enter the Staff Section of the War Office at Whitehall your name is registered with the guard at the entrance. The colour and glamour of bright uniforms is gone. The guard stands in battle dress. One of Sir John's officers was kind enough to escort me to the office of the Chief of Staff. I had my first meeting in an adjoining room with Lieutenant-General Sir Henry R. Pownall, vice-chief, and then went in to see Sir John.

The armies of the British Empire are run from this room on the third floor of Whitehall. It is a simple room. There are no maps on the wall, no flags in standards, no interesting models of airplanes and tanks, no testimonial scrolls or honours of earlier wars. There was nothing to indicate that this is the nerve centre for millions of men except the presence of one of the great soldiers of England. A gas mask stood on Sir John's desk.

Field-Marshal Sir John Dill, sixty, decides things quickly. He speaks very quietly, as most leaders do, but as he talks to you you feel that his sense of balance has not outweighed his sense of action. This man gets things done. He knows the armies of the world, knows the strength and frailties of England's enemies' troops, and he knows how to get co-operation. Field-Marshal Dill was one of the first military men to urge mechanized equipment and, above all, has a full understanding of co-ordination with the air. As evidence of this, he praised the remarkable job which the Germans had done in co-ordinating their Air Force first with their ground troops in Poland and then with the Navy in Norway.

There has always been some tension the world over between the air commands, the sea commands, and the land

commands. But Sir John's imagination and patience have reduced this to a minimum between the R.A.F. and the British Army. As a great strategist, and as a symbol of close thinking, carefully expressed, there is no better authority in Europe on military affairs than this career soldier. The reverses of the British Army have come from many things, mostly undersupply of equipment and numerical weakness, but they have not come because staff officers like Sir John Dill, Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Pownall, Major-General Sir Hastings Ismay and General Wavell do not know their business.

It is a mistake and a pity to believe that the enemy has a monopoly on brains. The aggressor, who is prepared for war and then wages it at his convenience and on ground that he picks, always has two strikes on any defender.

One day, without two strikes against us, we will be batting, and the American and English batting order will turn out to be ten times as good as it looks now. Sir John and I were talking in this simile, and I told him a story which he said later he used to the troops: a stranger saw a coloured baseball team playing in a field in a Southern town. He asked one of the darkest boys on the bench what inning it was.

"First inning," was the answer.

"What's the score?"

"We're behind, sixteen to nothin'."

"Well," said the stranger, "you don't look very discouraged with a score like that."

"Discouraged? We ain't discouraged. We ain't come to bat yet."

The British Army is a civilian army to-day. In 1936, the entire Army amounted to only 158,400 British regulars, plus 57,524 in India. Inconceivable as it may seem, the Government did not increase England's Army as much as a single division in the next three years of 1937, 1938, and 1939. What this indicates in political management and national sense of proportions is impossible to describe. The fact is literally fantastic, but it is true.

According to the British Ministry of Information's official figures, published in Army gazettes, which any private in the German army could read, British regimentals—in-

cluding those in India—stood at 225,924 in 1937, 226,806 in 1938, and 234,624 in 1939.

It was not until May 26, 1939, nearly eight months to a day after Munich, that there was any stir at all. On this date, the first Conscription Act was passed. This was defined by Parliament as "An Act to make temporary provision for rendering persons between the ages of twenty and twenty-one years liable to undergo training in the armed forces of the Crown."

By then it had been eight years since Japan went wild in the Orient and six years since England's neighbour across the Rhine had been openly rearmed by Hitler.

To-day, under Churchill, Britain has four million men under arms.

Robert Montgomery, now a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy, was on duty in London. We went to the British Broadcasting Corporation studio for his broadcast to the United States with Noel Coward. They were on an NBC overseas programme for the sale of U.S. Defence Bonds. Bob gave a talk about the Navy, and Coward sang his two London favourites, "Please Give Us a Bren Gun" and "London Pride." The B.B.C. studio is deep below an old movie house on the Strand. You go down steep, winding stairs through bombproof and gasproof doors, to a full-sized theatre, far underground. Here the lights are bright and you sense the full expansiveness that comes in any studio when the sign is lit: "On the Air."

The playback came quickly, Bob's voice and Coward's songs coming back to us from America. At 2.30 in the morning the programme was over, and we climbed the long stairway to the street. Opening the door, we stepped suddenly into the blacked-out Strand. The world of solid darkness shut us in and held us by the wall of the building. The world contracted in this moment. It had been America and the broad Atlantic a few minutes before. Now it was the outline of Bob's shoulders moving six inches ahead of me as we felt our way along.

"If you don't see me any more, thank an open man-hole," said Montgomery. In half an hour we found Hyde Park shelter. Cabs stood there as they had stood even

through all the blitzes. The cabbies sat at the coffee counter inside, under the signed photograph of their patron saint and earlier benefactor, explorer Sir Ernest Henry Shackleton.

Twelve of these men had stayed on call at every hour of every Nazi attack. Three of their number had been killed as their cabs careered through the roaring streets. Each cab had been smashed time and again, and always repaired through contributions from thankful Londoners.

"Lord Stamp was one of our honorary members," the cabby told us as he drove to the Dorchester. "He was hit, poor man, as he stood in his doorway. I let him out of this cab."

I wanted to have a visit with Ernest Bevin, Britain's Minister of Labour, who used to be talked about so often as Churchill's successor if anything happened to the Prime Minister. Ebby Edwards, leader of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain had been very kind to me on an introduction from John L. Lewis, and when I spoke to him about Bevin, he gave me a note to the Minister.

I presented the note at Parliament and saw Bevin there. I didn't have very much of a discussion with him and I certainly wasn't able to absorb from this a very clear picture of what is on English labour's mind. Beyond the fact that he wore a souvenir ring which he bought at the San Francisco Exposition in 1915, I was more or less at a loss for tangible facts when we parted. So you see how it was. But this much is certain: Bevin and the whole Labour group I saw in London had one basic formula. It is to win the war and then not mollicoddle Germany afterward.

There is no mistaking their basic position. It is British labour's solemn conviction that Germany must never be permitted to do this thing again, no matter what it took to assure that. You can call it full dismemberment of Germany, you can call it policing or anything you wish, but the fact is that Germany must never be a strong nation again. That's the way British labour feels right down to the roots. If this seems visionary under the circumstances of the way the war is going, it is, nevertheless, labour's view and labour's attitude towards England's war aims.

This is the position not only of all the Labour people,

but also of such factors in post-war planning as the Rt. Hon. Arthur Greenwood, Minister for Reconstruction, and Lord Kindersley, Chairman of the National War Savings Committee. I spent a night down in the country with Sir Keith Murdoch, the great Australian figure in London, owner of the Melbourne *Herald* and its group of Australian newspapers. This premise goes for the Dominions too. Through Herman Sargent, European manager of the North American Newspaper Alliance, a great and good British soul, I met most of the British newspapermen. This goes for all of them.

It goes for every industrialist I saw. None of these men wandered around the bush. They all knew it would be a long and dreadful war, but their part in it and the future treatment of Germany was a settled matter. She must be thoroughly and completely beaten, in her own country, in such a way as was not done after World War I. "Beat to the ground," Churchill put it. Beat to the ground.

Lord Ashfield, Chairman of the London Passenger Transport Board and of the Railway Executive Committee, summed it up. We were sitting in his office in Electric House, sitting before his fire in the late afternoon. "A people must decide first whether life is worth living without the dignity of man," he said. "They must decide on the personal meaning of dignity. Of course, there are those who may find a new kind of strange happiness in living without it. Perhaps a strange Germany has found a vicarious pleasure in transferring their hopelessness for personal dignity into their hope for a power State. The war has the factor of a revolt against this transfer, and it will never end until this degeneration is thrown back and controlled. Each free man's soul responds for this attack, no matter where he lives or what he has to fight with."

Nothing could possibly typify this better than the Poles, Lord Ashfield told me. And I found out what he meant. I went especially to a flying field of the Polish Air Force, co-ordinated with the R.A.F.

I suppose it is natural for us to think of Poland as out of the war and of the Nazi conquest of Poland as a *fait accompli*. Furthermore, I think Poland's ineffectiveness against German Panzer divisions and the Luftwaffe seemed

more like a collapse at the time it occurred than it did after we saw what this Nazi co-ordination did to the army of France. But for whatever reason it may be, including the distraction of later events so that the detailed story was never sought or told, we have missed an epic. Heroes, the Poles !

Unheralded, unsung—overwhelmed time and time again—they have never been beaten. It is nearly unbelievable what these heroic men have done to stay in this war, “no matter what they had to fight with.” Yes, I think we have missed an epic.

At 4.40 a.m., on September 1, 1939, the German Army attacked Poland by surprise by bombarding Westerplatte in the Gulf of Danzig. Between 5 and 6 a.m., they marched into Poland.

The Polish-German frontier extended over nearly 1200 miles from the north, west to the south-west, allowing the Germans to drive deep into Polish territory, both from East Prussia in the north and Slovakia in the south. Rejecting all possibility of an attack by England and France against Germany's Western Front, the Nazis threw the main bulk of their forces against Poland.

They employed seventy-two divisions, which included the total of their armoured forces, a certain number of infantry, and *Landwehr* reserves. The Nazis left only eleven infantry and two fortress divisions on the French front. Goering's Air Force employed Air Fleet No. 1 (Berlin), No. 4 (Vienna), and the whole of their East Prussian Air Force as well as one experimental unit.

When on September 5, it became clear to the Germans that they would not even be attacked from the air in the west by the French and the British, they reinforced their operational units over Poland by their Air Fleet No. 2 (Brunswick), and No. 3 (Munich). This brought the number of German aircraft attacking Poland to 2600. The Nazis had overwhelming superiority.

The Polish Army completely mobilized would have comprised thirty-nine infantry divisions, fourteen infantry brigades, eleven brigades of cavalry, and two motorized cavalry brigades. The Polish Air Force consisted of 403 operational aircraft.

On September 16, the Russian Armies attacked Poland from the east. The Russian forces occupied nearly half of the country. What remained of the Polish Army and Air Force crossed to Hungary, Rumania, or Lithuania and and were interned.

She had no colonies, held not a square mile of her own country, but this war was just starting for Poland.

In October 1939, the Polish Government was established in Paris and proceeded to form a new Polish Army. General Wladyslaw Sikorski, the Prime Minister, became commander in chief.

By May 1940, this army amounted to some 90,000 men. It comprised four infantry divisions, one mechanized cavalry brigade, one highland brigade, and a considerable Air Force. At the same time, a Polish brigade was being formed in the Middle East from Polish soldiers, all of whom had previously taken part in the Polish-German campaign.

In April 1940, the Polish highland brigade was sent to Norway and fought at Narvik. The first and second Polish divisions, and one mechanized cavalry brigade took part in the Battle of France. The first division in particular sustained extremely heavy losses while covering the retreat of the 20th French Army Corp of Alsace.

In June 1940, when France signed an armistice with Germany, the Polish Army in France was still engaged with the enemy. Its fate was disregarded by the terms of the armistice, and this is a very bitter matter with the Poles. General Sikorski did what he could to save the Polish fighting forces, although no plans were made for him except that the enemy planned to have him surrender. With the help of General Lord Gort, however, a considerable number of the Polish troops were evacuated to Great Britain, and the President of Poland and the Polish Government moved to London.

Now France had fallen.

The Polish Air Force, escaping to England, next took a heroic part in the Battle of Britain. Two Polish bomber and two fighter squadrons shot down 215 Nazi planes in the Dover skies. Over 600 Luftwaffe planes have been destroyed by the Polish Air Force since France fell.

And just for good measure, I might add that a Polish

brigade has been fighting in North Africa at Tobruk and that Polish destroyers participated in the sinking of the *Bismarck*. That is what Poland has done to stay in this war!

I talked about revolt in the occupied countries with the British Army and Navy people, Major General James E. Chaney, Chief of the American Command in Great Britain, and with leaders of the governments in exile. Was revolt in the occupied countries an item in the war? The view was clear, unanimous, fundamental. Revolt of any value to our war effort must await the invasion of Europe by the Anglo-American Expeditionary Force. Naturally, as every one knew, the people in the occupied countries had no weapons. But, even then, revolt would be premature—totally impractical—from every point of view. If the revolt gained headway in some community, it would be crushed by the neighbouring German reserves. This would always be the case until our own armies stood on the same land and advanced toward the revolting people. At that time, the revolting element would be of immeasurable value. Revolt would then, and only then, be a major factor in victory. It would activate the invasion, weaken the enemy, succeed of its own success. But any attempts at revolt before equipped armies could co-operate with the revolting people would not influence the war.

Germany has the interior lines of communication on the continent. She cannot be beaten by thrusts at any point. Germany can move from a central area, in spite of her weak railroad transportation system, the most vulnerable factor in the German military picture. She can shift her reserves to meet thrusts, which cannot be sufficiently concentrated in the attack to equal the size and depth of the defence brought to bear on them. In the local sense of the continent of Europe, we must attack the Nazis from all available points, all directions, at the same time. In the larger and more real sense of the war as a war, we must fight Germany all over the world at the same time. These are not words. This is our basic strategy. This is the only way to victory. Anything short of it would be waste. And anything short of it will fail.

The fundamental German thesis, all agreed, was to attack always. Make us protect ourselves in all quarters.

Give us as little as possible left over with which to attack Germany. This is the way Germany will fight the war. Obviously, our counter-attack reverts back to the fundamental question of production. This means the largest use of men and materials, the greatest movements of soldiers and ships and equipment in the ageless history of arms. This is exactly what it means. It must and will make the dimensions of World War I seem very small. We can and will do it if our people as a whole recognize the urgency of our situation. But it could take a very long time. You have only to conceive the problem in terms of facts to realize that. There are many imponderables, but this is not one of them. It is inherent in any enlightened approach to our military position and to our naval position in support of our armies abroad. The postulate of a very long war is settled.

But is that enough for victory?

The answer is no. That is not enough. Time runs out. I learned that in Europe in 1941.

“Don’t Shoot the Messerschmitts”

FROM HIS DINGY OFFICE in the Air Ministry, Captain Hulbertson notified me the R.A.F. was going to try to put the plane across Sunday night.

This meant I could take advantage of the Admiralty’s invitation to visit Dover and the Channel ports Saturday and still reach Edinburgh. So I started down there early in the morning by car.

About forty miles from Dover you reach the barricade of the area. This is the only barrier on the main road between London and the coast. The tank traps and other obstructions, put on the roads after the fall of France, have been torn out, abandoned as types of defence. More of a nuisance to the defenders than an obstacle to the enemy.

Here is the world of camouflage. Great airfields stretch at the bend of the road, hardly seen as you pass their hangars in the trees. Anti-aircraft batteries and artillery units nestle in the pockets of the hills, pillboxes and concrete strong points stud the meadows, Bren gun carriers are lined up in the hedges beside the road, lorries rumble across a field, seem to come from nowhere. No trenches, for it is not that kind of a defence.

In army language, this is secondary defence, in depth.

But, shockingly enough—as of course the Germans know—this vital area is not heavily fortified. There is a lot of stuff scattered around down there, and some under wraps that no one sees, but in terms of modern bridgehead defence against invasion, it is awfully unimpressive.

The town of Dover itself is a surprise. Much of Dover lies between the base of the great White Cliffs and the narrow beach. The main street parallels the beach, the chief business district fronts on it. In activity, normalcy, the scene is exactly like Topeka, Kansas. Beer trucks unloading at the pubs, shoppers gazing in the store windows,

traffic policemen busy in the business of the day. Children playing on the sidewalk along the beach, near coils of rusty barbed wire which are obviously not intended to obstruct more than casual trespassers from or to the ocean. In one block, a long two-story frame building stretches along the thoroughfare, overlooked the Channel, faced directly on the coast of France. It is His Majesty's Naval Rest Home. British tars sat in wheelchairs on the top story veranda, sat in a close-packed line as they stared at Calais.

It was a beautiful, clear day. The water sparkled in the Channel. The buildings on the French side were clearly visible. I remarked to my escort that, while I did not wish to seem juvenile, I wondered if there might not be some more suitable place for a Naval Rest Home than in front of the cliffs of Dover. He laughed, told me that in bombardments and bombings the patients were taken out the back of the home into shelters in the adjoining cliffs. That seemed to be enough of an answer.

The docks are absolutely intact. Even the giant steel cranes stand in place, as though they haven't a care in the world. But Dover's docks are hardly used; whenever anything but a small boat ties up, the Stukas come over from France and go after it. An officer of the Naval Command remarked that maybe the reason the Germans left the Dover and Folkestone docks alone was because they would like to use them themselves later on. A cruel joke, because it is true.

A staff colonel took me to a control centre, below an official building in the centre of town. This is one of the Area Defence's bomb and gasproof operating bases deep underground. Security officers pointed to the map, red and blue dots on a skeleton of lines. It showed where each bomb and shell had fallen in Dover. Less than 150 shells since the Germans put their long-range guns across the Channel. The answer is that these guns have been used chiefly to bombard Channel convoys rather than blast at the coast.

The R.A.F. Fighter Command aerodromes are about ten miles inland, connected with this control centre and the Command headquarters housed in Dover Castle by buried telephone lines and wireless telephone. To-day these

fighters are in the air and over the Channel before the enemy comes, because by the miracle of listening devices this control centre can hear Nazi planes warm up on the French airfields even before they start their flight.

It has been a long time since the Nazis have been able to make a surprise air attack on England in any kind of weather, night or day, for sensitive and valuable as the listening devices are, they are only part of the story. Long-range beams, emitted from sending units, protect England's shore, rim the entire British Isles with invisible rays. This is the new air-defence miracle of World War II, developed since Dunkirk and the blitzes in the Battle of Britain.

This system is known as Radar ; radio location.

The Radar beams point to the sky in a meshlike pattern, each from its own compact sending station, approximately the size of a small sedan. At each of these units a watcher sits before a dial. Women have been trained for this work, and very few men are used. Operating on a principle similar to the electric eye, which creates an impulse and activates a mechanism when any object breaks the ray, the Radar dial reacts to any object miles off in the sky. These rays are the porcupine quills around England, and they are no secret now, for the Germans have similar protection around Berlin.

Night or day, as Nazi bombers fly toward the British Isles from any direction, they break the contact and jiggle the dials on station after station in England. Each watcher, wherever she is, immediately reports her dial's reaction by telephone to the Radar central office. All this British girl knows is that her particular dial has moved, registered a certain intensity. The pattern of these separate reports as they come in gives the central office the picture. Assembled in a remarkable way, they reveal the size of the Nazi flight, its altitude, the direction it is flying. They even tell its approximate speed. And this is now done so quickly and the rays to-day extend such a distance that English interceptor planes meet the Nazis before a single enemy plane has been seen or heard in England. As the attackers change direction, the interceptors in the air are radioed accordingly, directed to the enemy by the tell-tale impulses from thousands of invisible rays.

Long before the Radar development, the Battle of Britain was won in these blue skies over Dover and the Channel. Priceless victory rode with the British at the end of those fantastic days in August and September 1940. But the facts of how it was won are even more heroic than we have been allowed to realize. Actually, this first great air battle of modern history, this decisive turning point in World War II, was an encounter very different from our general impression. Students of air strategy and gun power, general staffs of every army and navy, the instructors in military technique extending from West Point and Annapolis to every war college in the world, will one day have digests of this air saga. And from that day on, this greatest of all encounters will, of course, become a reference for citation throughout the years.

From a military viewpoint this is true not so much because of the importance of the battle to all free men, or even because of its size. It is true because it broke into light great fundamentals of air attack and defence which have never been revealed in practice. It tested fundamentals of air strategy, exposed wise and unwise selections of combat methods. Its result told the story, for the first time in history, of how modern battles must be fought in the air.

From an analytical standpoint the German Air Force should have won this battle. If the Nazis had kept on coming, they would have grounded the R.A.F. That is a bed-rock fact, and it is the basis for the great strategic quality of Britain's heroic fight.

In their attack, the Nazis brought forward their bombers in layers. These planes were making round trips over England, dropping their bombs, returning to their flying fields in France, and assembling again as rapidly as possible for the next flight. The same bombers were coming over in these layers four and five times a day. The Messerschmitts and like types of fighter craft were escorting these Nazi bombers. They flew in another layer above them. The function of the fighters was, naturally, to protect the bombers carrying death to the British Isles. This would result in dog fights between the Messerschmitts and the Spitfires, which would try to protect England.

But it did not work out that way.

The great military secret was how many Spitfires the British had. The Nazi Air Intelligence had not been able to break this secret, and the Nazis did not know. If they had known, they would have won the battle.

Two things happened. First, the High Command of the R.A.F. planned and adopted a brilliant and revolutionary defence programme. England's military strategy may seem cumbersome in other phases of the war, but in the air battle of Britain it was downright brilliant. And it was made possible only by the indescribable courage of the Spitfire pilots, for without this, the High Command could not have adopted the unique strategy which it did.

As the Nazi bombers came over, and the Spitfires took the air, the R.A.F. boys were told to forget the Messerschmitts. "Don't even look to see where they are ; don't even return their fire. Let these German fighters dive on your tail. Let them zoom at you from every direction. Don't defend yourselves. Take their bullets without turning your head to see where they come from ; keep your hand away from your guns. Take their death if you must. Let only this death change your course. Fly straight to the Nazi bombers. And then shoot like hell."

The Messerschmitts could not hurt England. The bombers could.

British boys were torn and ripped, shot from all angles by the Messerschmitts. Spitfire after Spitfire careered in the air, broke out in a trail of black smoke and whined down to crash on the cliffs of Dover without firing a shot from its cool guns. But these heroic distractions let other Spitfires through to the Nazi bombers.

The percentage of their bomber losses amazed and shook the German Command.

But the Germans kept coming day after day. They had an immense backlog of aircraft and they were using four and five hundred planes in a flight. Eventually, this preponderance of aircraft, of course, whittled down the British Spitfires' defence to the point that toward the end it was actually and literally saturated by the German equipment. The Germans had accomplished the fundamental purpose

of all air technique. They had saturated their opponent. From that moment on, victory was in Nazi hands. They had the reserves. These surplus ships would ground the British.

At this point Goering himself, as Air Marshal, flew over with his planes. Then, at the moment of victory, the Nazis stopped coming.

The Spitfires had eight guns in their wings. The German bombers had only one or two guns in the tail, designed to get their protection from the guns of the accompanying Messerschmitts, and thereby increased their bomb load. But the fundamental which Goering did not know was that there were not enough remaining Spitfires to absorb the German reserve.

He stopped the attrition against the Spitfires. And Hitler lost the Battle of Britain.

Quite apart from Goering not using his reserves when we know he had them, a poser has accumulated in the whole Nazi air picture.

Subsequently, the Nazis never demonstrated the air power expected of a country which had 35,000 planes before the war and is supposed since to have produced 2700 new planes a month.

They denuded the fields of France and took their planes out of Italy and Sicily to equip their attack on Russia. That didn't look necessary in the books. Hitler planned to go against Turkey while Mussolini attacked the Balkan flank in Albania. But when the Italian diversion fizzled out and Nazi planes went over to the eastern salient, the Nazis had to call off their side of the pincer movement. Again, the Luftwaffe couldn't support Rommel in the air over Libya when the time came without withdrawing planes from the hard-pressed Russian front.

For a country whose Air Force is big and whose plants we know are running twenty-four hours a day, these are strange goings on. The truth is these facts baffle the air officers of all free armies. "Where is the German Air Force?" If you asked fifty people that question, they would think you were a little silly. But if you asked the air-marshals who operate the United Nations' fleets, they would say, "Puzzle Number One. Something is cockeyed."

Luftwaffe, where art thou?

We can and will outbuild and outsmash these Nazis in the air. Our planes will one day ground every Nazi plane. That they will see and understand. But time presses against us as it runs out. We have to have bases from which to fly.

The English Channel itself is now not only open but busy. The British coastwise operations are handling millions of tons of shipping between English ports each month, the chief relief for England's crowded railways, much of this tonnage passing steadily through the English Channel.

The British convoys come through flying a balloon barrage. Then the shelling starts, Stukas come over, R.A.F., fighter escorts spin and twist in dizzy, headlong flight. "Air activity in the Channel to-day," is flashed to the world.

I drove to Hell's Corner on the cliff between Dover and Folkestone, famous as the wheeling point for the Nazi armadas, source of this news. The Golden Horn Inn, on the crest, is the landmark. I wanted to see the correspondent of the *Daily Mail* who is stationed there. He has a direct wire to London over which he reports to the world every activity in the Channel.

When you read in your newspaper, from Bombay to Cincinnati, "Heavy action in the English Channel," "No activity in the Dover Strait," etc., the chances are you are looking through the eyes of tall, lank Edwin Tetlow or his night relief. You are sitting in a little room on the second floor of an old English inn, a bed in the corner and a telephone on the table beside the door. The low ceiling propped up, the floor uneven, the windows dull. Edwin Tetlow has seen for you every fight in and over the Channel since the day war began, expanding from this little cubicle to the dimensions of the world.

Upstairs, there in the Golden Horn, it is hard to realize that we who live now live at the climax in the centuries of history accumulated between the cliffs of England and the beaches of Calais from the days of Caesar.

"Take some tea," Tetlow says. "I hear you're going to Finland. I'd like to swap. How about it? Do you know

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Willkie? Great fellow. No, we don't know anything about Hess. Just the bigwigs. It never leaked; glad it didn't. Does the Nazis good not to know what he may have told our brass hats. Damnedest thing in the war. What do you think over in the States?"

From Scotland to Finland

ARRIVING in Edinburgh Sunday morning on the sleeper from London, I met Lieutenant Peter VanderPoel and Lieutenant Handle, of the United States Navy, at the North British Hotel. With two Scotland Yard escorts, we spent the day tramping all over the place.

—Troops filled Princes Street. The British have very large forces in the north, and the city was even more saturated than London. Edinburgh has had few raids, and the Germans never have been able to hit the Firth of Forth bridge, but the Nazis were over Glasgow pretty regularly these nights, and there was a general feeling that trouble might be in the offing.

Traeman, of the Ministry of Information's Edinburgh office, called in the afternoon, took me to the great docks where crews were loading the first deliveries of medium tanks for transport over the northern route to Russia. It was Sunday, and this was Edinburgh, but work was going full blast.

Captain Hulbertson, of the Air Ministry in London, gave me a military phone number to call when I reached Edinburgh and a word of identification to speak. I made this long-distance call to northern Scotland in the morning.

Before dinner, I received the answer and private instructions from the R.A.F. Fighter Command headquarters. This was final. The R.A.F. was going to put her across that night.

I was to take a troop train north at eight-fifteen, get off at a junction. "Leave the rest to me," the wing commander said. "A man will know you by the description we have. He will identify himself. Come on, and good luck."

I boarded the train in the black-out at Waverley Station.

The start itself was bad. With the stealth of a panther carrying his prey to his lair, a porter from the hotel picked up my luggage and started ahead of me to the station by the hotel's devious subterranean passageway. He did not know what train I was taking. He just knew I asked to have someone carry my luggage to the station quickly and he was doing it. Houdini never did a better disappearing act.

I got through the black-out to Waverley Station, descended into the smoky abyss of the immense shed. The place was packed. The unbroken train gates had no signs and no lights. All I could see were knots of people milling in the darkness in front of each gate. I was due on that rare and precious plane that night whether I had my belongings or not, of course, and in every inch of my groping I pictured myself living all over the continent of Europe in what I had on my back.

But apparently stark necessity saved the day, for when I located the right gate and started down the platform to wedge into the train, I brushed past a porter with "North British Hotel" on his cap. This wasn't my porter. But he had seen my porter and thought he knew where he was. Very much like the man who found the mule, he set off in the darkness to get him while I stood peering out a train window. He got him. My bag came tumbling out of the darkness through the window as the train pulled away. The compartment was too jammed for it to hit the floor. It just pinned us all in there until I could twist myself into position and settle it.

Then I got a chance to look around. These men were in full kit, and full kit of a British soldier to-day is something. It takes up a lot of room.

The corridor along the side of the car was filled solid with men bracing themselves against the wall and facing the window blinds. There wasn't a light in the corridor, just the glow of burning cigarettes and the dank pall of sweat and heavy smoke.

In the compartment, the soldiers were only murky shadows under the penny-sized light overhead, silent and huddled, unable to read or to see one another, quiet except for the rattle of their equipment or an occasional word.

At every station, some of these men would get off, and the crowded platform would catapult new faces and new uniforms into this space. I stood up three hours on that train.

There were Scotsmen, English flying cadets, men from the Tank Corps, three lieutenants of the Guards, a sailor, and two Dutch pilots in the blue dress uniform of Her Imperial Majesty's Royal Dutch Flying Corps. These last two looked and talked for all the world like German Naval officers. And they sounded like it. The first impact was the unreality of no one paying any attention to them, but of course the Dutch have large numbers of pilots up north fighting with the British, and their uniform and language are commonplace in northern Scotland.

By midnight I got to my station. I stepped off under a pitch-black shed, and the train echoed away across the deserted moors. I stood suddenly at the end of the world.

There wasn't a soul, not a light, not a sound on these starless wastes. It was eleven-fifteen, chilly, damp. There seemed to be a haze on the ground, whirled in an uneasy eddy of wind that broke the calm like a dark, drifting spirit. It certainly was no cinch to get to Finland.

I heard the purr of a motor long before I saw a light. Then a car came down the road, stopped by the embankment across the dismal tracks. I waited for the man to come over and speak to me. "You are going to Helsinki," he said. This was our password, and I got in the car.

We drove abruptly away from the track, turning down a road in the inky blackness. But not far. Without the slightest light to betray it, we passed the sentry gate into an endless aerodrome. Through row after row of tomblike hangars, strange gray phantoms on the hazy moors, we reached a small shed on the edge of the great field itself. Inside, behind the black-out curtain, young pilots of the Fighter Command fitted me into my parachute. The plane was waiting in the shadows. Its guns were dismantled, since we were headed for a neutral port.

There was not a light on the field as we took-off, not even guide lights for the run. The motors let out a blast,

the blocks were pulled, and the ship fought itself into the air.

A few minutes later we were over the North Sea, flying head-on into the German bomber route from Jutland to the Norwegian coast. Finally we levelled-off at 15,000 feet and settled into the run. I slapped on my oxygen helmet.

And then we met them. German bombers, black monsters relentlessly in line, winging like weird beasts from another world to blast the ports on which England lives. There they were, row after row, lifeless and terrible, coming like marching phantoms through the light of the moon.

Lifeless? There were men in those apparitions, men talking to one another by telephone, plotting their course, adjusting their bomb sights; alert men at their machine-guns, bringing us a weird and defenceless death at the tilt of any gunner's turret.

Our motors fanned and roared as we tried to climb; their full power hurling itself in spasms through the twisting and turning plane. Our only protection was clouds or altitude. There were no clouds, so we went up. Eighteen thousand, twenty thousand feet. We forced our way up into the stark nothingness of cold and altitude. Twenty-two thousand feet. No pressure suit, no heating or insulation, just supercharged engines in a mass of roaring power and a fuselage that shook like a leaf and rattled like bones as the cold contracted it at the awful heights. It was twenty degrees below zero in that plane.

At 25,000 feet we levelled off. The altitude turns you inside out. Your legs, stomach, joints, and ears get it quickly. A parachute harness is heavy. You can't see even the floor in the pitch dark and you haven't the strength to move in any direction when you fly up there without special equipment. In the torture of the altitude, you wonder how you could make the jump and pull the ripcord if it turns out that way, for you know you are losing strength even to think. How did it start? How did you get here? You don't know. You just don't know. So, strapped in your place, you just take it. Before long, you can hardly lift your hand, hardly clear the ice which forms from your breath inside

your oxygen gear. Your eyes go bad. Your fingers won't work. You feel that this must be like drowning, a roar through the darkness the only thing in your mind. We stayed up there five hours.

Just before dawn, flying up the Skagerrak, we hit the turn at the head of Denmark, swinging to the right and putting the coast of Norway on our port side. We had sighted the lights of Göteborg, on the south channel below Sweden. We flew two hundred miles more. We landed safely at Stockholm at sunrise.

The yellow and white of Stockholm's Bromma Airport looked unbelievably clean and bright in the early-morning light.

Charles stood there smiling, good Charles. He was full of news and questions and a lot of ideas about things we would do together when I got back from Helsinki. This good friend, his laughter, daylight, the spotless balcony restaurant we were sitting on, the gleaming china, all seemed wafted there on a magic carpet from a blissful and forgotten world. Charles told me the Foreign Office's plans after my return from Finland, delivered the new visa I needed to re-enter Sweden, saw me into the Swedish plane for the next stretch. I saw him wave Thumbs Up.

This ship was small, brilliant orange, immense letters S-W-E-D-E-N painted along the entire fuselage. We took-off easily, flew very low under an overcast sky, down the Swedish coast some distance. Then we turned out over the Baltic.

Several coastwise ships hugged the Swedish shore, making their way between the treacherous shoals and the mainland. It was rough flying, a high wind from the north, tough for the little plane to buck. We flew into the Gulf of Bothnia.

Low, rocky islands dead ahead, islands that curled up out of the water as though to repulse any intruder from the lovely forests beyond. Finland.

Then the great, expanseless forests began. This was really the land of Kriss Kringle—this was Christmas country. The whole vista below me was an immense blanket of snow-sprinkled trees dotted with innumerable snow-covered lakes.

Bright ice glistened under the sun. This country looked so clean. So unencumbered. It looked substantial and positive. The lakes didn't feather away into marshes. They started and they stopped. The trees didn't patch the ground. They stood there in a solid mass. Once the plane flew only a few hundred feet above two elk in a ravine, great creatures of the woods finding sanctuary in nature's wildness. They looked up, bolted, left great footprints in the snow.

The country was becoming more hilly now, a few rolling fields rising and receding like a broad ocean swell. A few farmhouses, standing as though to witness the presence of man, and a humble wooden church standing to witness the presence of God. The plane made a turn, lost altitude fast. We were landing. It seemed to be dropping on an ordinary field, with an ordinary farmhouse on a knoll. This was camouflage. We needed gas, and this was the airport at Turku. The Russians had been over it pretty heavily.

I had a bowl of soup and my first taste of reindeer meat. It was very good, but I could not pay for it, as I had no Finnish money.

I was carrying a good deal of United States currency, had it with my most private papers in two canvas money belts, always strapped in front and in back, around my waist. Yet I couldn't buy anything, because American dollars can be exchanged only at the Central Bank and, of course, I had no markkaa. You get a new look at a dollar bill when you see it in your hand and can't pay for a cup of coffee with it.

I tried an American dollar—and promptly met Finland's first courtesy. With a pleasant smile the waitress told me in English that she need take nothing from an American for this little bit to eat. I was a traveller. You seldom saw one these war days, and never from America. Wouldn't I like another bowl of soup? It was so windy and cold, and soup was good to take when you are tired. And wasn't I tired? I should be in bed early to-night, she said, in case an air raid came and disturbed my sleep so that I didn't get any. I said I would take her tip, but I failed her. As it turned out, I wasn't to get any rest in Finland, and I didn't want any.

The simple church stood on a near-by knoll, higher than the other houses in the clearing. The snow-covered forest marched close behind, seemed to press forward, as though it were eager to fill the clearing and straighten this unevenness in its ranks. The tree tops, in a dark-green frazzle, coupled the white earth with the gray sky. Snowflakes fell lazily and easily through the still air. It was terribly cold ; a dry, hard, aching cold that changed leather to stone and blurred your sight quickly until you got used to it.

The doors of the church were open, and the parishioners were coming out. Young and old, some in uniform and others in the best clothes of country people attending the sole festival of their lives. The women wore coarse blouses and homespun skirts, full and billowy. But their caps were bright ; bobbed in a cluster of colour on the steps, like so many flowers, against the dull-brown background of the church wall.

The men wore short coats of heavy cloth, lined with sheepskin, and loose trousers tucked under the high lacing of their elkhide boots. They were lighting their pipes and visiting. Their voices drifted across the white ground. Singly and in groups, the men trudged down the knoll to their horses, tied in the clearing. One after the other brought his sleigh to fetch the women and children at the foot of the steps.

The meek of the earth.

The pilot was ready, and we took off. Deep again in the Finnish forests, we flew low over this enchanting country until far ahead, studded against the Gulf of Finland, I saw Helsinki.

The fine airfield was bristling with anti-aircraft guns and searchlight stations. Russian bombers had always made this spot a target, but the modern administration building had not been hit. The long concrete runway took our wheels, the tail touched the surface, and we rolled to a stop.

I went directly to the Presidentin Linna, the President's palace. It is in the centre of the city, on a broad drive which circles the harbour. Sentries pace the massive gates. Immense cobblestones from a courtyard extending to the entrance in the centre of the long rectangular residence.

Two Finnish Scouts, an honour guard rotated among the regiments, stand in shelters on each side of the wide doors.

The first thing the President of Finland said to me was, "Turn in and get a little sleep. You look terribly tired. I know you are worn out. We'll talk to-night."

The Presidentin Linna

FINLAND is caught between two great Powers. Russia and Germany. Russia's wars against Finland have not been the miscellaneous wars of a great nation against a small country. Russia has positive strategic and economic interests in the Baltic, and Finland stands in her way. Germany has positive strategic and economic interests of her own in denying this territory to Russia. Arising from its geography, Finland is an area of basic conflict between Russia and Germany. This is the tragedy of Finland's position, and this is the fundamental and the terrible problem Finland faces in attempting to maintain her independence from Russia and Germany alike.

Finland lost 67,000 dead and wounded in Russia's attempt to gain this area in the winter war of 1939-40. She lost these men in 105 days. She had the violent sympathy of all the civilized world. Winston Churchill spoke for England: "Finland, superb, nay sublime, sublime in the jaws of peril, Finland shows what free men can do. The service rendered by Finland to mankind is magnificent. . . . We cannot tell what the fate of Finland may be, but no more mournful spectacle could be presented than that this splendid northern race should be at last worn down and reduced to servitude worse than death by the dull force of overwhelming numbers." The fate of Finland was to be bled white. A year later, prostrate, she was attacked again.

The democracies of the world could give Finland no aid. That was a blameless fact, realized by all Finns. But also it was not a solution. Finland's problem was not how to retain a desirable political front with the democracies. Finland had always been a leader in that. The hour presented no matter of policy, or choice, or even of wisdom. It was a matter of having Finland's ancient and overpowering

enemy in her fields, of seeing brothers and sisters executed at village walls. The problem was how to resist annihilation by fighting again, bent to her knees, every man and woman living in the presence of further death and destruction. Russian bayonets flashed again in the farmhouses, clawed their way through streets when Finland took Germany's so-called aid.

Yet every Minister in the Finnish Government, the soldiers at the front, and down to the last man and woman in that land have dedicated their hopes, their prayers, and their lives to freedom from either the Russians or Hitler.

I spent a week with President Rysto Ryti.

How hard it is to realize the burdens of a chief of state. Legislation and planning, appointments to office, finance, the quality and course of diplomatic relations, problems of the home front, the armed forces—all these dance like dervishes on his desk each morning. But these are the specifics. For such a leader as Ryti, the unending strain is within himself: the hope and prayer that he may know the right and that he may do it for his people.

It was this anxiety that I sensed most of all in the President of Finland. He deals with the daily problems easily and quickly. No one is kept waiting. At the meeting of the War Cabinet at eleven o'clock each morning, he is the first to arrive. Ryti has travelled a great deal, many times to England and twice to the United States. His English is flawless, and he speaks French and Swedish as well. He does not speak German. "The language never appealed to me," he said to me one day.

A trim man of medium height, fifty-three, erect, Ryti moves with an easy bearing. There is kindness in his eyes, consideration in his whole manner. I never heard him say an abrupt or slurring word.

The President's office is on the second floor, flanked by two reception halls. This is a spacious and pleasant room, and behind His Excellency's large desk a narrow private passageway leads to the Army General Staff room, where all military meetings are held.

There, a thirty-foot table in the centre of the floor holds a clay relief map displaying all of Finland and each of the fronts. Maps, of such detailed scale as half an inch per

mile, hang on every wall. Adjutants service these maps twenty-four hours a day, for at all hours of the day and night direct telephone wires connect this room with Army headquarters at each of the fronts.

The President is constantly in touch with all commanders, and often a field set is plugged in for a special report from some salient. Sometimes you could hear the firing as clearly as the voice on the line.

His Excellency and Mrs. Ryti's private apartments are on the third floor. His library is there, off a bedroom; bookshelves to the high ceilings, tables piled as they generally are by a man who likes to read, a large fireplace with a beautifully carved mantel, the fire always burning, good lights on the desk and beside deep leather chairs, tall windows that open on a balcony, other windows that were touched by the bristles of snow-sprinkled pines.

This was a room in which to work and talk and live. The beauty in this room was its easy naturalness.

Day after day in His Excellency's library at the Presidentin Linna, walking in the lovely hills around Helsinki, standing with the soldiers in their barracks and in the field, this calm and determined man led me through every refinement of Finland's problem and Finland's policy, quietly and with a fine sense for the shading of each English word. Going into the immense General Staff map-room time and again to point out with meticulous care each question of German participation, the exact location and strength of all Finnish units from the White Sea to Lake Ladoga, giving every known particular of Russian strength and deployment to highlight the problem of Finland's defence, he showed me the successive stages of what would have happened if his country had stood alone.

I told the President in what ways we in the United States were alarmed about Finland, which had always had such a place in our sympathies. How millions felt that through receiving German assistance Finland was voluntarily or involuntarily being inducted into Hitler's New Order. Making all allowances for Finland's own intentions, he could imagine we feared that Finland could not retain her limited belligerency of pure defence against Russia if she was obligated by gratitude or agreement or congeniality

to move within the German military or political orbit whenever Germany asked her to.

All this and much more the President discussed with great patience and utter frankness. No man could have displayed greater confidence in the power of the truth and no one could have arrived at the truth more openly than he did with me.

"Will the end of the Soviet war terminate Finland's military action everywhere?" I asked.

"Certainly," he said. "We are involved only in the war against the Russians. It is probably difficult for a powerful nation of 130 millions, living a great distance away, to visualize the position of a nation of less than four million people with a 700-mile frontier bordering on a country fifty times its size whose deadly assaults have been the pitiable problem of every Finn's life for a hundred years."

"Is there any alignment in Finland with Germany's ideological and totalitarian policies?" I asked him.

"No," His Excellency told me, speaking officially and in his authority as the President of Finland, for in our farewell at Helsinki he authorized me to publish his replies. "The Finnish people are interested only in developing the historic political and social order of this republic." This was a courageous statement for any chief of state on the continent to make to-day.

"If communism might achieve improvement for ordinary people, it might be its own compensation. But because of economic characteristics and spiritual bankruptcy, the results of communism are tragic. And for no one is the tragedy more poignant than for those who need improvement the most.

"History shows that communism is only compatible with primitive and undernourished economic surroundings. It can maintain its theories only through absolute and cruel authority in the State, as in Russia, or, interestingly enough, through the special zeals represented in monastic orders of the church.

"Communism has an anti-natural and basically anti-economic quality. Its destruction does not distinguish error from truth, good from evil, justice from injustice. It does not care for history or the experience of humanity, for life

or for the dignity of man. It is indifferent to the virtue of woman and to the affections of family life.

"On the other hand, although nazism differs from communism in economic outlook, and this difference is too profound to be overlooked, in both cases the citizens lose their freedom and man loses God.

"In both ideologies the Party is the State, to whose ends all citizens are subject. They exist only for the greatness of the State and for its glory. In each case, the State is its own reason for being.

"Both communism and nazism permit only those rights most agreeable to it and to the men whom Thyssen described to you, Mr. Taylor, as 'men who can rule.'"

It is a total war in Finland. Eighty thousand women, the famous Lotta Corps, are helping at the front. They drive ambulances, serve as despatch-riders, feed shells in the artillery emplacements and the anti-aircraft stations, nurse the wounded, care for the sick. Seventy thousand more Lottas support the Army at the rear, taking the places of their men. This organization, founded on the immortal tradition of Lotta Svärd, who would not stay behind when her husband went to Finland's Russian war in 1809, is everywhere. Finland has sixteen army divisions. The Minister of War told me his generals would only have twelve except for the precious man-power freed by Fanny Luukkonen's Lottas.

Sixteen per cent of the entire Finnish population is at the front, billeted in dugouts in the hard ground, living in every cranny that will give shelter against the great cold, fighting in the dreary woods or on snowbound trails. It is the largest percentage of any country in the world. No other nation on earth is in war like this. In Germany, it would mean 13,000,000 at the front, in the United States 21,000,000 Americans with the Army.

But even nature has conspired against these people. The staple food of Finland is the small Baltic herring. This year the herring run did not come in. Helsinki food shops are boarded up. The rations are frightfully small, hunger ravages this country in the dark shadows of the long night.

Hunger such as the Finns are experiencing is terrible

beyond anything we can reconstruct in our own minds. It is not the hunger of a jobless man on the streets. It is a hunger without hope. You see no food in the spring to come, or in the summer or the fall. You get hungrier and hungrier as life itself draws on you. Hungrier and hungrier and hungrier. The days and long nights come and go and you move in the hazy world of your own sensations. Yet I heard no Finn complain. It is simply unbelievable. The women who carry the mail, the boys at the flying fields, the men at the table of the War Cabinet—all are struggling silently together for their lives, for freedom, for liberty, and for every fundamental of the democratic world.

The outstanding labour leader of all Scandinavia is a Finn, Eero A. Vuori, chairman of the Finnish Trade Union Centre. Vuori came to see me. But he did not talk first of the war. He asked me whether I knew William Green and Matthew Woll. He wanted to thank them for their help to Finland as chairmen of America's Finnish Relief labour committees. Could I tell them how grateful Finland was? Would I see them as soon as I got back? "It meant everything to us," he said. "I wouldn't have my own son alive to-day except for this."

"We can't afford the luxury of differences of opinions here," he told me. "You don't have any labour element or business element when you see men shooting at you, driving tanks into your houses and killing your neighbours. We are in exactly the position the English would be if the Germans had crossed the Channel, held a section of the southern coast, and were trying to march through the country. We can't think of social or economic things any more than you can in a tornado or a prairie fire."

Eero Ilves, President of the Kansallis-Osake-Pankki, the People's Joint Bank, told me he had returned from the Karelian front only the day before. "Does America think we would fight on if the Germans asked us to? How could we? Do you think we can reach a strategic line soon, and hold it, so we can bring some of our men and women home, guard our front with fewer there?" We talked for hours and hours, Ilves' anxious eyes lighting up with every suggestion that the enemy had been checked and that the lines would hold in the bitter winter. "We can take the

bombings, but they have so many men. So many millions of men."

I had dinner at the home of Eljas Erkko, publisher of the Helsinki *Sanomat*, the largest newspaper in Helsinki, and former Foreign Minister of Finland. He left his post at the Army Command, came home for dinner, and returned to his headquarters an hour later for all that night.

Erkko told me what poor fighters Germans made in the north woods. I knew the Germans didn't like it up there, but Erkko told me a story that was ringing through Finland.

The Finns have a dish called a *motti*. It is a stew made of leftovers, scraps of meat and bread. They adopted this name for a manœuvre in which, in the dead of night, scouts steal through the trees without a sound and choose strategic places around a Russian encampment. At dawn, the Russians find themselves surrounded. The Germans admired the way the Finns did this and decided to try it themselves. But the German infantryman is no Finnish scout. He is not a son of the country, is not enough of an individualist for the amazingly difficult terrain, and, especially, he doesn't like to be alone in the woods. The fact is, he just can't take it. The Germans tried *mottis*, but they failed. Time after time the Russian sentries gave the alarm. "Naturally," laugh the Finns. "The woods hummed with 'Fritz, Fritz, wo bist du, Fritz?'"

The German infantry started to move out of northern Finland. They went back to Norway, where they came from. It was quieter and much warmer, and the Finns were very glad to have them go. From the first day, attempting to protect Finland as best he could from its ultimate German problem, President Ryti adopted Pershing's formula of separate fronts. He permitted no German troops or German officers with Finnish troops. The Finns took over a 460-mile line on the north-south border, held it exclusively with Finnish fighting men, veterans of last winter's war and new recruits from the population.

Marshal Mannerheim exercised sole command under the Government's direction. German officers were not stipulating operations at Mannerheim's field headquarters or at Helsinki.

The Germans took a separate front at a wide angle on the south, converging on the Leningrad salient. The Germans did not arrive at this front through Finland. These German soldiers have never been in Finland. Coming up from Poland, they reached their position by a pivot movement, a large arc bending toward the Finnish border where the Russian armies were attacking.

Finland had no artillery. But they began capturing Russian guns. They have always made their ammunition the same gauge as Russia's and, as the Harriman-Beaverbrook Mission to Moscow found, the Russian artillery is excellent. Finland is fighting her war with captured field-pieces.

Prime Minister Johan Wilhelm Rangell took me to a meeting of division commanders back from the front for a conference. A certain five of them, all young men between forty and forty-five and with the rank of colonel, are regarded as among the ablest field commanders in any army in the world, not only by the British (Field-Marshal Sir John Dill substantiated this with me in London) but by the Germans and by the Russians as well. These men know how to fight. They know how to break through unbelievably difficult ground, how to draw Russian regiments toward them in the open country and close in behind, how to save and succour their men. They have had as much combat experience as any field officers in Europe and do not need to take advice from anybody, the Germans included. German Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel wanted a group of these commanders, Finnish officers and non-commissioned Scouts, sent to the German salient, "to see how we do things." President Ryti turned this down. "Thank you" he said, "we will fight in our own way." The suggestion was never made again.

The Finnish Scouts look more like a combination of Thor and Joe Cook's one-man band than anything you ever saw. When you get a half-dozen Finnish Scouts in any room, you've got something. To begin with, a Scout is generally a big man anyway, about the build of our North west lumberjacks. He wears a thick, gray uniform under a thicker army coat. This builds him out to all points of the compass. His hat is a peaked hood, lined with fur, and

makes him a foot taller. His hands are in heavy gauntlets, furry as the paws of King Kong. He has skis. The gauge for length is the tiptoe reach of each Scout. This results in seven and a half to eight feet of shining lumber. All this is without his war equipment.

First, he wears criss-crossed ammunition belts weighing twenty pounds. His rifle, slung on his shoulder, is an elephant gun. A long bayonet dangles in a scabbard, hung from one side of the leather belt around his waist. The Scout's already ample chest bulges with two thick bags that come up to his chin. One bag holds his gas mask. The other is full of hand grenades. This is just the front stuff, and he is positively naked in this exposure compared to what he carries on his back.

Often these men are in the woods alone or in small patrols of six or eight for weeks at a time. The Scout's grub sack carries rations for a month. These are packed in an ingenious half-tent. Next to this pack on his back he carries a small pick and a long rope. These are strapped on to him beside an extra pair of boots and a pair of binoculars.

Sit down and have dinner in a hut with these men as I did ; see them squeeze out of the door into the haze of the northern lights ; watch them add the final touch of their long ski pole ; see them start across the crusted snow in measured glides, as silent as phantoms in the eerie shadows of the trees ; see their leader, the sergeant, smile and wave good-bye as they start down into the valley—and you see free men who must and will remain forever free if their arms and their blood can survive.

Prime Minister Rangell was often at the Palace. He is Ryti's right hand in the Cabinet, a famous Finnish athlete of an earlier day and the chief force in obtaining for Finland the Olympic Games cancelled by the war. Ryti's policy is Rangell's policy, as it is likewise the policy of the rest of the Government and of the homogeneous Finnish people. And Rangell is Ryti's very close friend.

One afternoon the President looked at his watch and said to me, " Mr. Taylor, it is four-thirty and I have an important engagement. I want you to come with me." I said I would be glad to, of course, and where were we going ?

He said, "We are going to take a bath. The Prime Minister will be here in a few moments, and we'll drive out to my villa."

They have hot water in Finland only one day a week, on Friday, and this was a Friday afternoon. I had heard about the famous Finnish bath, the *sauna*, but I certainly had not expected to have one.

When the Prime Minister came, we left the palace in the Presidential limousine with an escort and drove out of Helsinki to where the President's villa stood on a high hill overlooking the Gulf of Finland. As in most Finnish country places, the *sauna* chamber was a separate wing. We went into this bathhouse-dressing room, took off our clothes, and entered the hot room. This room had two platforms, in tiers, against the wall. Mounting a ladder to the top of the room, the three of us sat on the uppermost tier.

A large wood-burning water stove was going in one corner, and the top of the room was very hot. I pointed out to the President that I did not know how much variation in temperature my constitution was expected to stand, the British having kicked me around at twenty degrees below zero up in the air a little while before and now being boiled by the Finns, but he and Rangell said the whole *sauna* operation was very healthy and I would come out all right.

After about half an hour of fairly violent perspiration, we moved down to the second platform, where it was a little cooler. In came a gray-haired Finnish woman with an immense bucket. You never saw any one more unconcerned.

"This is Lena," said Ryti, "the best bath attendant in Finland." Lena began to sprinkle cold water on me and then reached into her bucket and pulled out saplings fully sprouted with leaves. These had been soaking in water in the bucket. Lena beat us from head to foot with these verdant twigs, the first step in the *sauna* massage. Then she motioned us to step down on to the rubbing table in the corner, and there she gave us a vigorous going over for half an hour. There were cots in the next room. We had an hour's sleep before we drove to the Palace

for dinner with Mrs. Ryti and another night's work in the library.

As he stepped into the automobile, the President paused. The ground was covered with slick ice.

"I'm sorry there isn't any snow," he said with a chuckle. "That's too bad. Lena is supposed to roll us around in it."

The Real Imponderable

BRITISH RELATIONS with Finland began to harden as soon as Mannerheim's troops crossed Finland's old borders, the 1939 line that defined Finland before Russia's attack. The British Minister in Helsinki, Gordon Vereker, made frequent inquiries to Foreign Minister Rolf J. Witting about this advance. The Finnish and British versions are both crystal clear. The Finnish Government pointed to the map, reminded Vereker that many British generals had been in Finland, explained what every British general knew and what the Russians had demonstrated. The old 1939 border was totally undefendable. It meandered around lakes and valleys, offered large pockets as salients, commanded no terrain.

Finland intended, if able, to advance to a "strategic line, independently selected by Finland in her own defensive interest of security." This meant reducing the fortifications Russia erected on Finland's frontier, five horizontal branch lines leading from the Murmansk railway to the Finnish border, the Russian military highways in the Karelian wilds, and ninety airfields strategically placed throughout the area.

Vereker reported this faithfully to London. In the Foreign Office, Finnish matters were in charge of three men: Sir Alexander Cadogan, Permanent Under-secretary of State, Sir Orme Sargent, and, in respect to detail, Christopher Warner. Sir Charles Hambro, a governor of the Bank of England, served for Leith-Ross's Ministry of Economic Warfare.

The matter got totally out of hand there. President Ryti refused to disclose the location of the "strategic line" where Finland proposed to halt. His contention was, as he told me, that the line "must obviously remain a military secret at this time." This stand far from satisfied the

British, for Finnish troops were still advancing. The Finns, in turn, objected strenuously to the increasing severity of Britain's blockade, a very serious matter in Finland's problem of feeding her people. Further, there was much friction over questions of British espionage. The situation deteriorated rapidly. Diplomatic relations were severed in June. The American Minister, able Arthur Schoenfeld, took over British representation, which by no means simplified his own relations with Finland.

On August 18 Under-secretary of State Welles had a meeting in Washington with Finnish Minister Hjalmar J. Procopé. The subject of this talk became very controversial. It was finally defined as what is called in diplomatic language "an information." The United States was trying to tell Finland, informally, that Russia might make a peace. Naturally, the United States could give no guarantees, could not outline any terms, and could imply nothing. But it was a good tip, and a willing government would have grasped it and got busy.

But Finland was not a willing government for such a tip on August 18. Its troops were far from their strategic objectives that day, as the map in Helsinki showed. They weren't in a position to talk peace safely. So the Finns didn't follow up Mr. Welles's lead. Instead, the United States was in the rather awkward position of either transmitting a specific offer which it did not have from Russia and which, in any case, it could hardly have transmitted, or of agreeing with Finland that no peace proposal had been made by Russia. Then delay in Helsinki surrounded this August matter. This did not improve the official attitude in Washington at all, especially as the Finnish troops were reported as advancing throughout the period.

The Finnish Army was on very touchy territory now. It was consolidating positions near the north-south Murmansk Railroad, and that was serious. Tension grew rapidly as the military men and the diplomats in Washington and London studied the intelligence reports. Murmansk and Archangel provide the only ports through which British and American supplies can reach Soviet Russia without going halfway around the world. And Murmansk alone is open the year round. The Murmansk Railroad,

starting at the White Sea, runs south. It parallels, at a distance, the Finnish border, and then branches out like an inverted Y. It is not a legitimate objective for Finland in a defensive war with Russia. But its capture or destruction is an extremely important objective for Germany. And for the United States and England it is a vital supply route, one of the most strategic railroads on the continent.

The British attitude was shaping around into declaring war. On September 12, in fact, the British sent the Finns a message: "... if the Finnish Government should persist in invading purely Russian territory, a situation will arise in which Britain will be forced to treat Finland as an open enemy, not only while the war lasts, but also when peace comes to be made."

The Finnish Government replied to London on October 6. Nothing was settled. On October 27 and 30 the United States delivered two notes to the Finnish Government, demanding a retreat to the 1939 borders.

I was in Helsinki when each of the notes arrived. The Finnish Government showed them to me. They were badly misunderstood in Helsinki. The second note, and a separate telegram from Mr. Hull, was regarded as an ultimatum, which it was not at all. But the Finns felt the United States should know they could not go back to the indefensible 1939 border, and felt that other matters contained in the stipulations indicated we did not trust their will for independence as much as we should.

Actually, the notes represented the only policy possible for America to adopt if we were to have a united front with Great Britain. And surely, if Finland could not for military reasons disclose where her troops would stop, she could at least guarantee that she was not proceeding to the Murmansk Railroad.

When asked, I would have been no citizen of my country or friend of Finland if I had not told the President that, if Finland would not or could not disclose the limits of her advance, she must then expect anxiety from the United States over her refusal. Further, this advance was now clearly threatening the vital interest of America's own war plans.

As Finland fought Russia and we aided Russia, our in-

terests were inherently opposed. This the Finns fully recognized. While it had never been overlooked by the United States, this fundamental certainly had not been agitated because of America's immense liking for the Finns, our respect for the integrity of President Ryti's Government, and our hopefulness that the situation would somehow dissolve. If the Finnish Government wanted the view of an American friend on the spot, it would have to be that a new step in important assurances was clearly due from Finland. Actually it was overdue, and especially so because their hands were really clean, if they would only show them.

In the midst of this problem, and in the anxious days while the Finnish answer to Mr. Hull's notes was being drafted and redrafted time and again, the British Broadcasting Company's evening news from London on November 1 announced that Moscow was urging London to declare war on Finland. This official broadcast further included the implication that England expected to do so at once. Supplementing this, a leading editorial in the November 6 London *Times*, entitled "Hitler's Satellites," was impatient. It made very distasteful reading in Helsinki when it was privately wirelessly there, via Stockholm, that afternoon. It pressed the British Government to "proceed" at once. This manoeuvre came at the worst possible period. President Ryti and Prime Minister Rangell were struggling with the American matter. The "advance" on the Russian front had become merely a consolidation. But Marshal Mannerheim did not want the Government to say so for military reasons. The Russians were still holding out at Hangö, threatening the entire Gulf of Finland in the island fort they seized from the Finns in the winter war. Foreign Minister Christian Günther of Sweden was explaining that home emergencies made it difficult to send any more food to Finland. The Government had its Russian problem, a German problem, an American problem, and a British problem at the same time.

If England declared war, Finland would be immediately forced into a permanent alliance with Germany, come what may. Instead of Finland being somehow assisted in her determination and her careful plans, dedicated to being rid of any German entanglement as soon as militarily possible,

she would be forced against her will to amalgamate her Army with Germany's in permanent protection against an English threat from the White Sea. Thus, in one fell swoop, this badly conceived measure would obtain for the Germans everything they had been unable to obtain for themselves. As she bled in her fight with Russia, the powerful gales of circumstance and misunderstanding were pressing Finland into Hitler's treacherous harbour, certain next to die on its rocky shores.

Were the Finns' hopes and prayers for freedom from Russia and Germany alike, their second terrible stand for life and safety, their epic fight for the right of self-determination, framed in the principles of the great Atlantic Charter, to fail? Is this weird man, Hitler, to say soon: "So these are your friends!" and then occupy their land? In some diabolic way, must all that happens be grist to the Nazi mill? This was the question the President asked in the still of the night in the Presidentin Linna. He was deeply, touchingly, sad.

It was bitter cold in Helsinki. The windows were frozen over by the frost. The wind outside was sharp and clear, curling the snow on the great drifts that pressed the white walls. We were sitting before a small fire in the library, the house still except for the padding steps of a sentry marking off the minutes in his rounds below. The President gazed into the fire, quietly, like a man far away.

I tried to read his thoughts.

This is not the world God made, he seemed to be thinking. This is the world of evil. The forces for peace and light and life are present, but they are not organized. Ruthlessness, cleverness, all the sham of pagan force are afoot to tangle the minds of honest men. Conspiracies of circumstances clutch at human behaviour. Where is the hope that education, spread throughout the world in this century as never before, would save mankind from tyrants' awful felonies? This century is the bloodiest of all. Greed beckons, and millions follow. False prophets sing, and millions listen. Men charge, while other men die defending the simple things of life. Nations starve in a day of plenty. Women and little children drown at night from lurking shots in quiet seas under stars unchanged and a gentle

moon. Races suffer from brands and death, storing hate for those in whose fields they toil. Teachers wonder if truth is right ; workmen puzzle over an honest wage ; words pass away in the acts of to-morrow ; hopes are dissolved in the cheers for Strong Men. Some dark spirit mocks the destiny of fathers and sons.

The President's eyes fell on the lovely clock on the mantel. I know his thoughts were with mine : time is running out on this world at war. Time rides with the forces of evil. Starvation, despair, the roots of anarchy, tug at the need for action. The Christian forces cannot win this war slowly. They lose God's victory if they do. Time is the great imponderable now.

Sweden Fed Through a Cage

IN STOCKHOLM, the Utrikesdepartementet, Sweden's Foreign Ministry, occupies the old Palace where Prince Charles's father was born. Foreign Minister Günther's Louis XIV office was one of the original reception rooms in those earlier days three-quarters of a century ago. Charles took me there and introduced me as soon as I arrived on the plane from Helsinki.

With a few exceptions, there is and always has been an acute housing shortage surrounding Foreign Offices the world over. Stockholm is one of the exceptions, but Washington sets the pace. The State Department building is a relic of some frightening period in American architecture when to be simple was to sin, and when architects went to heaven on their pillars.

In London, Anthony Eden's office sits smothered in drafty passageways and dismal halls where the elevators run up and down through immodest wire cages and where it is quicker if not safer to use the rickety stairs.

The German Foreign Office is unexpectedly small. Ribbentrop's section sits back off the Wilhelmstrasse on three sides of a cobblestone court, the front side opening on the gates to the street. Drab outside, it's been modernized within. It reminds you of the offices of the Beech-Nut plant at Canajoharie, or any similar installation. All the people on Ribbentrop's staff speak English.

In Madrid, Señor Ramon Serrano Suñer works in the ancient Palace of Santa Cruz. His Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores, as the Spanish Foreign Office is known to the more articulate taxi-cab drivers, does not open until four o'clock in the afternoon. It closes at ten, which is the hour when Spain's foreign policy goes to dinner. Clusters or paintings, immense and dusty, hang on all the walls or mouldy Santa Cruz. The marble stairway from the entrance

divides to make a great well in the centre of the building and shapes into a balcony around the second floor. The floors are marble, and there isn't a carpet. The windows stay closed, and there is no air.

As Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mussolini calls his office the Hall of Victory, and the fabulous stories that every one knows about the Napoleonic layout are, of course, true. The big courtyard leads to a broad stone stairway mounting from the ground level to the main floor. Then an ante-chamber overflowing with hangings and bronzes. Then the high-ceilinged office itself, chopped up by galleries. These drip with tapestries by the craftsmen of Florence, who, I suppose, can protest only by turning over in their graves.

A career man in diplomacy sits in the Foreign Office in Sweden. Christian Günther is a negotiator, a little difficult to follow as the spearhead of Swedish foreign policy. We had several meetings in the Utrikesdepartementet, and as the discussion shifted from one phrase of Sweden's situation to another, I lost any sense of continuity of policy except the desire to keep out of the war. On one point, however, there was no issue. Günther, reflecting the wishes of his Government's constituents, the Swedish people, was completely clear in the matter of Sweden's attitude toward Finland.

After the Foreign Minister agreed that Sweden's policy, because of the tense situation in Finland and the pivots centring on Russia, was one of the principal political and military questions in Europe, I proposed that if Sweden's official attitude in the face of this situation had already crystallized, the Swedish Government could do its part constructively by declaring its position at once. On the third night of our meetings, with Prime Minister Hansson's consent, the Government acquiesced in my view, and Sweden's official declaration was dictated to me in the name of the Government in these words of the Foreign Office Spokesman :

"Sweden has never been neutral toward Finland. During Finland's 1939-40 war, in addition to the great natural and humanitarian assistance we gave Finland, we also exported war materials to Finland, and some of our best young men joined up as soldiers with the Finnish Army.

"While in Finland's present war we have had to give consideration to the fact that our stores of material and foodstuffs were greatly depleted, we have been as helpful as we could be.

"In this help, however, such things as we have exported have always excluded any imports of other materials we obtained from America and, of course, from Great Britain.

"As any help has been exclusively to Finland and to no one else, we ask England to remember that Sweden has been united with the people of Finland by economic, cultural, and religious bonds, and by our way of life for nearly eight hundred years. Therefore, any isolation of Finland from the great democratic nations by a declaration of war against Finland naturally would have a direct effect on Sweden and make it doubly hard to carry out our programme of independence and national security."

Per Albin Hansson, Sweden's Prime Minister, a large man, stolid and firm, spoke plainly and to the point in each of our meetings. Per Albin, as he is universally called in Sweden, is a country man. Schooled in the earliest days of Swedish domestic politics and Swedish home policy, he has a solid bluntness and an attitude of quiet confidence which is very reassuring.

Per Albin is a past master in handling with his hands or a halter that curious unit, that human compound best expressed as a unit: Men-and-Politics. How this strange two-headed India bull has plagued the uninitiated in every country. How this hybrid leers as it emerges from the dark stalls of experience to explain why it is so hard for most men who are not "politicians" to make good in government.

Politics is a science unlike any other except possibly the movie business, but a science nevertheless. And it is shot full of peculiarities. Only a man in public life understands these at all, and he spends a good part of his time trying to convince his constituents that they do not exist. Politics is loaded with techniques and rules of every sort, is full of dogmas which come early and stay late, and operates on the proven fundamental that the shortest distance between two points is a curve. No successful politician has any interest in making a frontal attack.

A man experienced in political life never says "no" if he can possibly help it, and seldom says "yes." He recognizes, like Mark Twain, that if you have a single enemy in the world, you will find him everywhere. He recognizes that men behave as strangely in politics as they do in love, and he expects neither consistency nor wisdom. Theodore Roosevelt once said that "an honest, courageous, and far-sighted politician is a good thing in any country," and Sweden certainly has a good thing in wise Per Albin.

Walking over to the map on his wall in the Chancellery, the Prime Minister gave me the picture of Sweden's internal problem. It begins with the map, the World War II map contrasted with the map in World War I.

The devil now stands between Sweden and the deep blue sea. Sweden, from ancient days, has been a seafaring nation, and her ability to keep her people employed in her factories, fields, and forests at home is based on this fundamental. Work stoppage, with the attendant social and economic revulsions, is the nightmare of Per Albin, the Swedish Labour Party, the Socialists, and the industrialists alike. Sweden's plight is how to live "fed through a cage," as President Roosevelt put it in his stab-in-the-back speech at the University of Virginia when Italy entered the war.

Sweden lives on coal. In the last war, her coal came from England, for the ports of Norway were open. Denmark was neutral and free. Sweden has access to all the world. In this war she is entirely surrounded by belligerents and occupied areas: Russia, Finland, Norway, and Denmark. The ports of the world are closed to Sweden. Her coal comes now from the Ruhr and Poland, each shipment only on a licence signed by the Nazis in Berlin.

For absolutely vital imports, which she needs and which Germany cannot or will not supply, she must obtain a licence from Sir Frederick Leith-Ross's Ministry of Economic Warfare in London. These imports, such as rubber, reach her through her port at Göteborg. But the Nazis blockade Göteborg, which is in the Kattegat. This means that in every such instance, both the British and the Nazis must be willing to let Sweden have the shipment. It's a terrible job to work out a thing like that, even a few times a year.

A new connection has been opened between Sweden and Turkey since the Black Sea has been closed. This new inland route runs from the Swedish ports to Stettin or Sassnitz to Trieste on the Adriatic. At Trieste the Swedish vessels must turn over their cargo to German or Italian ships for the last leg of the trip to Istanbul.

When I was at the Foreign Office in Stockholm, Sweden sold the *Kungsholm* and the *Gripsholm*, familiar to so many Americans, and the beautiful new *Stockholm*, which she was building when the war started. Unlike the last war, neutral Swedish shipping has suffered catastrophic losses. Every Swedish ship on any sea is in daily danger from the Nazi torpedoes. Mr. Helmer Stén, chairman of the Svenska Handelsbanken, first surprised me by his estimate of the number of Swedish vessels sunk and the description of how the tonnage of this great maritime nation had been dissipated. He suggested that the Minister of Finance, Ernest Wigforss, could compile the statistics if they were not already available in detail.

Mr. Wigforss worked up a memorandum on these appalling figures for the first year and a half of the war and gave it to me.

In this period alone, Sweden lost 132 vessels. This is over a third of her entire merchant fleet and represented 318,882 deadweight tons. The loss in kroner was 154,341,750—approximately \$38,500,000. Seven hundred and eleven Swedish sailors were drowned in the Nazi attacks and met their death under the yellow and blue flag of their neutral country.

Seventeen ships, of 35,931 tons gross, have been built since the outbreak of war, but the shipyards are encountering increasing difficulty in getting raw materials. The shortage is not so much in steel as in oil and coal. The great Götaverken yards at Göteborg have dismissed their expanded personnel, and of the yard's 4800 steady employees, 700 have been called into the Swedish Army.

In this war profiteering is out of the question in Sweden, and it is a mistake to think that Sweden is getting rich this time. Both the situation itself and Sweden's complete taxation of any special profits are a shutout on profiteering. Actually, times are not good at all in Sweden.

Butter and bread are rationed on food tickets. There is no hot water any place in Stockholm except certain rooms in the Grand Hotel. Ten thousand elk were killed in a drive this fall to supply meat. By state decree, smörgåsbord is banned as wasteful for the duration of the war.

Leather has disappeared, and a great many of Sweden's consumer-goods industries have shut down entirely. There is hardly any gasoline and very little oil. General Motors' Stockholm plant has switched over to making charcoal-fuel trailers for automobiles. Buses and trucks and all vehicles haul these behind them. Even motor-cycles have them instead of the tandem seat. Filling stations sell charcoal instead of gas, and brown bags are piled beside the empty "Esso" pumps like the packages around a Christmas tree.

Still, conditions in Sweden are by far the best of any place in Europe, and the nervous Swedish people know it. The cafés are crowded and they feature rumbas and tangos. There is dancing every night at the Cecil, the Grand Hotel, or the Atlantic, and you must wear evening dress to go on the floor. The Royal Opera is running, and the King and the Court attend. The theatres flourish, and in Stockholm I saw one of the best musical reviews that I ever saw in Europe. It featured a revolving stage, very elaborate scenery, excellent costumes, "20—Beautiful Girls—20," and a lot of jokes I didn't understand. Of course, the movies get a fantastic play in Stockholm. The Swedes are just plain movie mad. Charles and his lovely wife, Elsa, said they thought the movies were a little overworked, and I can believe it. Stockholm has the highest *per capita* movie attendance of any city in the world.

All the Swedish leaders, every one I saw in the Government and among the larger business interests, felt that in the event of an Anglo-American invasion of the continent through Norway, the Nazis would come through Sweden to offset this thrust. This is a settled thought in Scandinavia. That is the situation through which Sweden sees the closest possibility of her active participation in the war, because then she should have to either resist the Germans or be occupied. England or the United States could not help her. Russia might, but that has several uncertainties. Sweden would have to choose either a role like Denmark's or resist

about as Norway did. That is the core of the nervousness in Sweden. Here again, the Nazis are exercising their deadly effect on the spirits, the hopes, and the futures of an innocent people, although their armies do not tramp the streets. Every man and woman in Sweden experiences the daily influences of the Nazi blight without hearing the echo of a single Reichswehr boot.

A curious detail of war, however, has literally floated on to the streets of Sweden. Sixty or seventy great gray balloons, broken away from England's balloon barrage, have been carried by the air current of the North Sea across this water to Sweden. From time to time these immense inflated silks have landed there, dragging their long steel cables across high tension wires. Over comes the balloon, and out go the lights. Sweden often has "balloon black-outs" that disrupt her trains for a while and cost her time and money. But, even so, Sweden doesn't mind. In fact, for the last few months, whenever one was spotted that might not land, a fighter plane was sent up to shoot it down. Sweden wants the silk.

Our chargé d'affaires, Winthrop Greene, invited me to address the American Club the day before I left. I tried as best I could to emphasize what America's force of arms would mean as its impact was felt abroad. To all the Swedish leaders the effect of America's force in World War II was something of an enigma. German propaganda took the line that it was, "if not too little, still too late." And, naturally, the Germans foster the question in all neutral countries as to what America could do, anyway, that was decisive on the continent of Europe. "America is too far away, and it is too late this time." That is the German theme song in Sweden as elsewhere.

I pointed out that America's 1942 war expenditure represents the fantastic sum of fifty billion dollars, 136 million dollars a day. I tried to emphasize that this meant expenditures, not appropriations. In 1943, America's war expenditures will represent seventy-five billion, a larger percentage of national income than any other country is devoting to war and far exceeding the maximum percentage that Hitler ever spent. I reminded them that the sum of seventy-five billion dollars exceeds the entire national in-

come of the United States on which 120 million Americans lived in the depression year of 1932.

I pointed out that this meant the practical elimination of all new consumer goods in our country in 1943. Whatever our people have must last them until the end of the war. I said I saw no food shortage but that 1943 represents an absolute stoppage of all peacetime manufactured articles except the merest trickle. The United States takes its full place for the safety of free men everywhere.

As an indication of Sweden's natural popular desires, the next day every newspaper in Stockholm reported this address under banner headlines to the effect that a visiting American spoke *encouragingly* of his country's effect on the war. The man in the street in Sweden is no Nazi. We are very unfair to him if we think he is.

I was asked to speak at Sweden's famous Employer-Labour Conference, the Saltsjöbadssammantradet, at Saltsjöbaden. I went as the guest of J. Sigfrid Edström, chairman of the Swedish General Electric Company, who succeeded our Thomas J. Watson as president of the International Chamber of Commerce.

We drove out to a large resort on the outskirts of Stockholm, met at a long table in the ballroom of the hotel. Mr. Edström sat at the end, presiding.

This is Sweden's famous labour policy in action. It works.

In our own country I have never understood the quotation marks put around "The Labouring Man" as though he did not comprise all but an infinitesimal part of the total society.

It is not necessary to be poor to be a workman, and it is certainly not necessary to be poor to be in the labouring group. The only true meaning of the word workman takes in as many things as there are activities in life. Work is not limited to running a machine or digging in a mine, although in social problems the politicians seem to treat it in this restricted sense. The tendency to couple "Labour" exclusively with the "sweat of the brow" permeates much of our economic thinking, more of our legislation, and most of our taxation.

The necessity to retain and reproduce life and to possess

the means to live are the two fundamental bases of work. And they are the same for everybody. I cannot regard the strife of the so-called "working class" as a historical fact because it is not true. Nor is this limited conception a principle of economic organization. The economics which crystallizes and isolates Labour is imaginative and unreal. It is simply and only the product of politics.

The total working group in the United States, for example, is approximately fifty-five million. With dependencies, this constitutes all but a negligible fraction of our entire population. Anything that is actually good for "Labour" is good for all of us. But that implies using the word *Labour* in the honest fullness of its meaning.

The first tendency away from this reality is to falsely eliminate all who labour as managers or owners of businesses—all who are self-engaged. While in principle this is wrong, it still leaves forty million "workers." But having abused the truth to that extent, the falacious label of Labour abuses it even further. In practice, the label diminishes to the extent that it refers to organized labour.

In the United States this segment contains at most ten million men and women. Labour excludes over 80 per cent of the working group. What is this talk about "Labour's gains," "Labour in Wartime," etc.? Labour, honestly construed, means "We, the People."

Sweden became an industrial country far later than Germany and England.

It was an agricultural country until late in the last century.

But the Swedish labour movement is very old. The ancient craftsmen's guilds had been abolished in 1846. In that same year, the Painters Union of Stockholm was founded, and the foundations of trade unionism in Sweden were laid.

Very early in its subsequent development this trade unionism began to swing away from nineteenth century liberalism to nineteenth century socialism. Its rise as a political force came with the formation of the Social Democratic (Socialist) Party.

The first period of industrial unrest came in the early eighties. These were depression years. Wages were ex-

tremely low, hours extremely long. And Sweden experienced its first large-scale strike. In the northern Sundsvall district, sawmill owners decreed a wage cut. Some six or seven thousand unorganized mill workers struck. Soldiers quelled the strikers.

In 1881, the confused trade unions were given a programme by a young country doctor, Anton Nyström. This programme visualized improvement of working conditions, living standards, and health, as well as old age benefit funds and prevention of strikes and unemployment. And since this early day Swedish trade unionism has pioneered in education among its members. The unions grew to support hundreds of libraries, offer lecture courses, and sponsor discussions on state and local politics, history, and economics. To-day her trade unionism has spread to separate unions for all the professions—and even a special union for municipal officials.

Contrary to our popular thought, strikes are resorted to. But only when all conciliation efforts have failed. When this point is reached, this weapon is used by Swedish trade unions much as it is in America. Strikes are reasonably rare.

Sweden's whole movement has been spared the cleavages caused elsewhere by racial, language, or religious differences. Swedish labour is homogeneous, predominantly Lutheran Protestant. However, the syndicalist movement, which is radical and opportunist in character, for a time threatened the stability of trade unionism in Sweden. But this movement receded into communism and is not an important factor in Sweden's industrial or political life except in the northern areas nearest Russia. There, communism looms large on Sweden's political front.

If Soviet Russia represents principles in practice, it is understandable that it should wish to distribute propaganda about its ideology. I can see why, for its own sake, it is even obligated to spread its doctrine of communism. If truth is a reality, and provided the State knows the truth, indifference toward propagation would be inconceivable. No honest thinker can condemn the Soviet for attempting to spread its doctrine without at the same time rebuking us for our distribution of democratic ideals.

Beyond that point, the extension of communism is a

subject of grave anxiety and solemn misgivings to many thoughtful people in the very countries which are Russia's allies.

I believe the label "communism" is totally unsatisfactory because the application is fluid and temporary in the larger movement of disintegration abroad, but it would be tiresome to avoid its use, and the label will have to suffice.

Millions in America and England, especially England, are worried that they themselves may be subjected to "it." The echoes of this apprehension are heard on many sides: "If Europe and the world are going communistic, why win the war?"

The question is honest—and important.

But I believe it is an abrupt oversimplification to imply that Europe and the world may "go communistic" at the end of our war. *What happens to Europe and the world depends on how long this war lasts.*

If Russia defeats the Nazis, she cannot spread through Europe, for she must at least protect her rear against Japan. I seriously doubt that Russia could extend her war beyond Poland and the occupation of Finland, Sweden, and Norway. That is the area of first interest to Russia. Certainly Russia could not control the political complexion of the countries throughout Europe, to say nothing of England and the United States.

If Germany defeats Russia and Stalin must make a separate peace with Germany, the situation reverts to approximately the fundamentals existing during their non-aggression pact.

In neither event do the disintegrations on the continent foreshadow communism as time runs out. They point to anarchy, unless the United Nations' victory can come quickly enough, or they point to control by the Nazis—who can then not only seize England, but flank the Western Hemisphere.

It is not true that the Nazis are fighting a war against communism, except in the narrowest sense. They are fighting a war for nazism; enough of a Nazi world so that the rest will be "fed through a cage."

Our problem with communism is our own, right at home. Actually, the matter of communism in the United States

and England does not centre in the war as such. The seeds of communism sprout in internal situations, not on the Russian front. It isn't even a Russian matter. And, of course, the communists involved are not Russians. But they imply that we cannot fight with and for Russia in the war and at the same time fight against American and English communists at home. That is a mischievous contention.

In creating this atmosphere, the American and British communists do all three countries a great disservice—the United States, England, and Russia alike. In the course of their rank opportunism, fertilizing their ambitions in wider and wider circles under the umbrella of our alliance with Russia, they endanger our country's attitude toward a heroic ally. It is preposterous for them to foster the idea that when we attack these domestic agitators we are sabotaging the Russian front. Exactly the reverse is true. Working through organization other than their own, and pressing hard on the pedal of liberalism, they do not help this war. They simply help themselves. And in doing so they poise an offset in the minds of countless millions : a dilution of loyalty to Russia by the dread of communism in England and the United States.

Berlin as We Entered the War

TRAVEL IN EUROPE is, of course, a matter of finding yourself in a country and then working your way out as best you can. But when I left Scotland I was going out on the end of a very thin limb. There had been no doubt about that at the time Ambassador Winant made the arrangements.

The Air Ministry in London had made it properly clear that they did not know when they could bring me back or whether they could bring me back at all. By necessity, I was up against a one-way situation. The plane returned to Scotland as soon as it could. It left Stockholm while I was in Helsinki. No one knew when another might make the run.

In Helsinki, I had put my transportation problem up to President Ryti. I told him I was flat up against it either to get home or to make the rest of my trip. I asked the President if he would go after the German Foreign Office in Berlin to change their refusal of my transit visa so that I could leave Scandinavia and go about my business down through the continent. With a twinkle in his eye, he told me he would do this personally, and he did.

President Ryti had Foreign Minister Witting direct the Finnish ambassador in Berlin to call at Ribbentrop's office. He asked for my passage through Germany in the name of the President. In the face of such a demand, the Nazis now could not refuse. I never saw anything work so fast. Von Ribbentrop's office notified the President that my visa would be issued to me at the German embassy on my arrival in Stockholm. In this generous way the President of Finland not only got me home, but opened up my trip through Europe.

Our State Department in Washington then notified the American legation in Stockholm to kill the English valida-

tion on my passport. For the second time it was made valid for Germany. This meant that I would have both the English validation and the British visa and a German validation and a German visa in the same passport. This fact was certainly interesting to the German embassy in Stockholm, and then and there the Gestapo closed in on me even tighter. I was never again to lose these boys and girls anywhere in Europe.

Sitting in the co-pilot seat, I flew to Berlin with Count Charles Gustav von Rosen, the famous Swedish aviator. Von Rosen distinguished himself as a free-lance flyer in the armies of the world, from Abyssinia clear to Chungking.

Charles knew von Rosen well, had him for dinner, so that we would meet. In 1935 the count had served in Addis Ababa under Haile Selassie as a member of the Prince Charles of Sweden Voluntary Red Cross Unit. On December 31 of that year Bruno Mussolini's squadron bombed and gassed these Swedish ambulances. All except one of the thirty-two courageous volunteers in the corps were killed by the low-flying Italian planes. Count von Rosen was the only man to survive.

He flew this ship like a dream.

We headed for a radio and observation control point on the north shore of Braviken Bay. This was an L-shaped barn near the town of Nyköping. Above this point, von Rosen made a right-angle turn to establish the plane's identity to the spotters on the ground. Over the radio they acknowledged this from the barn, clearing us from anti-aircraft defence fire farther on and flagging us to the next control point south.

Flying low over the Swedish countryside we checked with this second contact an hour later. It was at Ronneby, just before we left the shores of Sweden to cross the heel of the Baltic. These were preliminaries to entering the German aerial defence system at the secret rendezvous on Rügen Island. Von Rosen hit this with some difficulty, for its ceiling was low, the ground hazy. He couldn't get the German signal over the radio, and made three tries for the check-in before he got it. We were in the German defence system. Then it came, a feeble repeat over von Rosen's earphones. This meant the Nazis recognized this plane as

an authentic ship, not a disguised enemy craft. It confirmed our trip as an authentic flight from a verified embarkation point to a certified destination. Now no alarm would be sounded between there and the next point at Stettin. The interceptor commands would be notified at the adjacent fields, and Templehof would be advised.

Von Rosen checked in at Stettin over the military airport. We were cleared there for Berlin. Still flying low, we sighted the city from the north. At the outskirts we began to swing west and circled the inside rim of the sprawling metropolis. Over the far side of the Tiergarten we made the first local check-in for Berlin itself. We turned due south. This took us right over the industrial section, the main railway yards, and over the rooftops in the great patchwork of Berlin streets. Bomb damage just wasn't there. I knew the Germans had been well hit at the northern ports, Kiel, Hamburg, Bremerhaven, and the rest, and I was later to verify that they had been hurt even more than supposed, for the British pulled an actual blitz at Hamburg and Düsseldorf. But the British had not really hit Berlin so that you could notice it. It just wasn't worth it compared to the attacks on the other places.

On the southern circle we spotted Templehof. The sun broke through ; it was a beautiful day. The field spread out below. We dropped down for the landing, hit the apron, and rolled past the noses of a flight of Messerschmitts standing on the line, deserted and dull. A flight of Focke-Wulf bombers were scattered around the eastern area. Strips of green camouflage matting had been thrown over the wing tips and tail of each machine to blot out its dimensions and make it look smaller from the air. The immediate anti-aircraft batteries, the cannon equipment and automatic weapon units, were not hidden. Operating searchlights circled the vast enclosure. But not a plane was moving on the greatest airfield in Europe.

I went into the old ramshackle Administration Building. The immense crescent of new structures, curving around the field in a gigantic circle of countless windows and endless yellow walls, stood unfinished. I had last seen these same buildings from this spot in August 1939. They remain as ghostlike as before. The windows were dusty, and a good

many of them broken. Wheelbarrows and odd bits of contractors' machinery stood in some of the trespasser barricades in front of the entrances. Two years ago these buildings, the pride of the Nazis' "New Berlin," were to have been gleaming with smart uniforms of the Luftwaffe and brisk travellers of the Lufthansa. When the war started, the opening was postponed officially for six months. Work stopped. The six months came and went. Not a spade has been lifted since. Templehof joined the Volkswagen in the parade of the Nazis' broken promises for a better life through National Socialism.

The weather is cold in Berlin ; ersatz overcoats go to the Eastern Front. It is dreary in the capital of Germanic Europe. You sense that this is the core of a heavy mass. The people appear as dull little figures on a gloomy canvas. Nothing you see them doing seems to mean very much. Little things. The brief cases they carry do not seem important to you or to them. Just part of the day's work. As you walk with a high German officer, the salutes of passing soldiers come so aimlessly that you wonder why he bothers taking them at all. But he does. "These men are not regulars," he says. "They are the Home Defence." Not discourteous ; just apathetic. This is now the tempo of the Berlin people. You feel it in the atmosphere. It isn't resentment, or despair. It isn't the touchiness of revolt, or even clear dissatisfaction. Certainly it isn't fear. Just apathy. The people are apathetic.

The reason the German people are apathetic about the war, although their generals have supplied them with the most dramatic series of victories ever known, is that they sense that these victories will have no value. They do not see any prospect of these victories being converted into the fuller life that National Socialism has dangled before their eyes for more than nine years. They sense a futility in the overall result.

But German morale has definitely gone over to the conviction that it is sink or swim with one another and with the Nazis. For us, this means Germany as a nation must be defeated. Germany must be invaded and beaten in Germany. Make no mistake about that.

I found Berlin terribly monotonous. Dull. London is

really two cities, one fantastic city by day and another by night. But Berlin is only there in the daytime. It simply doesn't exist by night, as though some quiet hand had waved it off the face of the earth. No vehicles are allowed on the streets after nine o'clock. Instead of London's melee of sight and sound as pin-lighted taxis and buses screech and toot, and sigh, half-seen, half-heard in the black-out, every Berlin street is utterly vacant. It hardly seems possible anything is to move in them again. Dark crowds fill the sidewalks in a listless column, crossing the intersections as a solid herd. Not a horn or the purr of a single motor, not a whistle or the sound of a horse's hoof, just the low hum of the great tortuous mass shuffling and breathing in the still, dead air.

Most of these people are coming from the movies, for there is nothing else to do in Berlin. The movies run full blast, mostly German films, with a few Italian pictures here and there, and propaganda shorts in every programme. Most travel pictures are of South America. Movies are cheap, and all are equipped with loudspeaker systems to tap in on the radio whenever a high Nazi official speaks—which is very often indeed. This is a little annoying to the audience, and most managements have cut it down as much as they can.

There are a few revues, and two or three propaganda plays, tiresome and very poorly presented. Nothing like the popular shows in London. Dancing is forbidden, and there is no night life, no Dorchester, Landsdowne House, or "400 Club." Even the Esplanade, Eden, and Adlon are deserted after nine o'clock except for a few stragglers at the bar. There is lots of champagne, very cheap, stolen from the French. At Berlin's most exclusive restaurants you see no one dressed in evening clothes, the women use no make-up or lipstick. Silk stockings are equally as hard to get as in London, but somehow in Berlin it doesn't matter. "We don't have any more," a young German girl told me. "We wore out the ones we got from France."

Children wear their Nazi Youth Movement uniforms more and more. The Party leaders urge it, and it is easier for parents to replace these when they wear out than it is to buy ordinary clothes. The uniforms are tan-coloured

trunks or skirts—for the girls are an important part of the Youth Movement too—pocketed blouses open at the neck, visored caps, the red-and-black Nazi arm band on the sleeve. They wear their uniforms to school, on the street, at play, everywhere. These children are organized. The appeals of *Herrenvolk* egoism, the deceptions of paganism, all the charms of panoply, seduce the thoughts and emotions of these little Germans. If they have the laughter of London's children, I did not hear it.

German clothes in general are not bad, and, although rationed in a most complicated way, the material is fairly good. Likewise shoes, for at the moment there is a surprising amount of leather in Germany, both ersatz and genuine. The Jews are noticeably poorer clothed, and it is true that they are forced to wear even on their overcoats a yellow splotch with the Star of David. I saw them. If a Nazi passes a Jew whom he knows, the Nazi does not nod. He tips his hat. Of course, he is not paying respect. Astounding as it may seem to us, he is supposed to be "insulting" the Jew in this way, by refraining from saying "Heil Hitler."

The difference in signs of bomb damage in Berlin compared to London is not a difference of degree. The difference is complete, Berlin shows so few bombings, hardly a break in endless miles of streets. The shattered frame of the Opera House looks discrepant in its surroundings.

The best marker I saw from the air is the wide boulevard through the Tiergarten from the Brandenburg Gate at the head of Unter den Linden. This is now camouflaged to appear half as wide as it is. A screen of heavy green cloth is hung over high poles, a protected covering under which one side of the traffic passes.

Both in London and Berlin there are machine-guns and light anti-aircraft equipment on top of some of the buildings but, along Berlin's streets, you miss London's sandbags. None are in sight. There is no balloon barrage, the strange gray sentinels that go higher as twilight comes, lifting their shield to the falling night. No German city has these. No bomb splinter walls to protect the entrances of buildings. I never saw a civilian with a gas mask. The air-raid shelters are mostly small house affairs, and there are very

few community shelters. You see only an occasional black-out arrow on the street, no white-painted curbs.

It's impossible to get a taxi in Berlin. There are none. And, of course, there are no private cars. Bicycles are hardly used, for every one walks or takes the subway. Except for the courtesy of the American embassy in giving me the use of an embassy car while I was in Berlin, I certainly couldn't have gone around keeping my appointments, even my appointments with the Gestapo.

There is an acute shortage of matches in England, each single match is treated with a good deal of respect, for England's supply came from Sweden, and this source has been shut off. But matches are plentiful in Germany. Reversely, cigarettes are fairly easy to get in London and hardly obtainable in Berlin. You must register to get a tobacco card once each month. This entitles you to forty cigarettes, approximately one a day. Tobacco stores are open only for certain hours, and long lines form early at their doors. German tobacco has always been bad. Now it is much worse, and very expensive.

Berlin's food is poor and decidedly limited. Not so plentiful even as in London, and very tiresome. In London I grew used to grilled tomatoes, a piece of fish, a roll, and coffee for breakfast. In Berlin, breakfast was a bad ersatz mixture described as coffee, with or without a piece of bread. This bread is mealy and solid, more like a black mash pressed into cake. I didn't see a piece of white bread or good brown bread at any time in Berlin.

Butter and sugar are very scarce in London, but they are absolutely unobtainable in the German capital. Saccharin is used there entirely, and in the best cafés, when your coffee is served, the waiter comes around with little pellets of saccharin arranged in orderly rows on a flat plate. There are no fruits and very little soup, no chocolates or candy whatever. Meat is so closely rationed that you might just as well forget about it.

Prices are reasonable, but you cannot buy anything in a restaurant or store without food tickets, which are limited and very complicated. These tickets are little squares on perforated sheets, a sheet for nearly everything, including grease. When you order something in a restaurant for which

the chef has to use grease, you give the waiter grease-tickets to turn in to the kitchen.

The food situation, as a matter of fact, should and would be quite good and certainly far better than it is if the matter were properly organized, which it definitely is not. Another echo of fact reverberating back from the wall of reality to mock the Nazis' loud shouts as organizers. Under the clumsy hand of the fantastically top-heavy bureaucracy, the food-ticket scheme and the rationing system have been overhauled twice, and they are still the most cumbersome of any place in Europe.

Berlin has ample hot water, a scarce commodity in other parts of the continent, but there is practically no soap. The little square of rough material, looking so incongruous beside the gigantic tubs at the Adlon Hotel, where I stayed, is hard to replace. "I can get you another piece to-morrow," the maid says, "but I think it will be late in the day."

There are only two maids and one waiter to the entire floor. Yet this large hotel is jammed. You simply ring the bell, and nothing happens. You do as much as you can for yourself and let it go at that.

The one thing they did manage to communicate was bad news, for Saturday night there was a flimsy brown card on my dresser. It was eight and a quarter inches wide and six inches high, and strangely enough it was printed both in German and in English. Its get up is a little tip-off in black and brown on whether or not these Nazis have all the hair-trigger efficiency and deft skill they purr about so much :

To-morrow, Sunday, being the Single course Lunch of the month (for charity), Breakfast will be served only up to 10 o'clock midday.

I asked the German Air Force officials why I saw no air-raid wardens in Berlin. They described the matter of civilian defence as handled largely without citizen participation. The public has very little to do with it. Black-out regulations and other rules, which are endless, are enforced by the regular police and by the firemen.

I saw these firemen don their asbestos suits in a raid. They looked like men from Mars.

When the sirens sounded, Luftwaffe searchlights stabbed the sky in every direction. The whole immense flat area seemed rimmed by their beams. Berlin's sky was a blaze. At the first howl of the sirens the people left the sidewalk, disappeared into the nearest shelter or subway. Police cars came whining down the deserted streets as though to remind the night that they too had a part in this hour. England was overhead.

Many times in England, only a few weeks earlier, I had seen the young pilots of the R.A.F. Bomber Command make their start for this sprawling city. Boys I knew well, who called me an American friend. Boys who said good-bye to me at their dinner tables in southern England, in the Midlands and in hangars deep in the Scottish moors. Keen-eyed boys who had come from all over the broad world to struggle into flying suits, fix their parachutes, clamp on their complicated helmets and earphones, lumber across dark fields, and climb into the bellies of weird machines—to strike at the centre of this diabolic force for evil in the Nazi mass.

"Good luck," I thought a thousand times that night as I stood stark still beside a sullen German policeman. His whistle was quiet in his lips, his fat arms were folded over his chest. He looked up through the leaves of the linden trees at the searchlight beams and the clouded moon.

The sirens wailed again and again, like the wail of some animal badly hurt. Signal lights blinked from torches, moving in the dark like fireflies around a sinister, murky pool. A squad car screeched to the curb, tore away as its door smashed closed. The searchlight shafts seemed to distrust one another, swung fitfully in wide arcs as though each did not know where it belonged in this scheme of things. I saw a stray dog cross the street.

The ack-ack guns started, angry and clear. High, shrapnel burst, tearing cruel stabs through the air above. The policeman shifted his heavy pose, blinked at the sky, tapped the pavement with his ugly black boot, mumbled a guttural snarl.

I think my two hands came together, seemed to hold in their clasp a clean, strong hand from our free world. I think something like a prayer formed slowly on my lips: "Good luck! God help you. Good luck!"

“ . . . To the Moon Complain ”

ERLING, VON RIBBENTROP, *et al.* were on Hitler's five-car armoured train at the Russian front. The Foreign Office people were plainly resentful because von Ribbentrop, always as close as he could get to the Fuehrer's coat-tails, was seldom in Berlin. Dr. Hans Heinrich Dieckhoff, Hitler's last ambassador to the U.S., spoke for von Ribbentrop at the Wilhelmstrasse. He continually referred to himself as “ still the German ambassador to your country,” and, in general, gave me a complete Nazi going-over. This is quite a thing for an American to sit and hear, and I got pretty tired of it.

“ The world must suffer,” he said. Where had I heard these German words before? Wasn't it Stinnes in the Esplanade, not a mile away from this very spot, eighteen years before? And, again, weren't these the words of Thyssen to me in Paris in 1928?

These men never thought the German people lost the last war. Neither did Dieckhoff as he sat there, pudgy and beaming, that day. Neither did any of the other Nazi leaders I saw in Berlin. It was the same old story all the way through. I did not see Thyssen, but I broke the secret of where he was. Last heard of as taken by the Nazis from Switzerland into Germany, he had vanished in early 1940. Our Government, the newspapers, and likewise the British Intelligence had lost his trail. The publisher of Thyssen's memoirs had written in the Foreword of the book: “ I came over from England to the United States in February 1941, hoping I would be able to find out exactly what happened to Thyssen and where he was. Unfortunately, nobody knew anything except that he must be in the hands of the Gestapo . . . and that if Thyssen had been put in a concentration camp he was almost certainly dead.”

First I found that Thyssen is not in the hands of the

Gestapo. Then I found that he is not in a concentration camp. I found he is not dead. He is back in Berlin. He is in a hospital. The Nazis are liking Thyssen better and better again since their attack on Russia, which he had always advised. He had broken with Hitler only when Hitler shook hands with Stalin in 1939. Now, all is different. I found, as a matter of fact, that Hitler called on Thyssen in the hospital. In Germany, the Nazi thieves fall out, but when one lets the other live it is only because he thinks the other may be useful again at a later day. That is the Nazi mentality. Hitler let Thyssen live. He wants to use him in the *Pax Germanica*, use him in the *Herrenvolk* plans for the Germanic Europe, use him to soften up unsuspecting people in other countries. Win or lose, Thyssen will be right there again, Johnny on the job, smiling and working, moving quietly and planning well—for Germany against the world.

Over press telegraph and telephone wires from Berlin, Paris, Brussels, and all other occupied centres, completely controlled by the German Ministry of Propaganda and representing the only outlets to American readers, Nazi censors pass dispatch after dispatch of trouble among the people, unrest in Germany, uprisings in the occupied countries, sabotage. Why?

Why did Otto Dietrich, Goebbels' news chief, sing songs in my ear of unrest and dissension, sit back in his chair and give me a lecture on the trouble Hitler was having with his people?

The reason is basic. Incredible as it seems, this is not bad news for Hitler. The fact is that whatever trouble there is in Germany Hitler wants multiplied by ten for the eyes and ears of the American people. These are his orders to Goebbels. It's ideal for Germany's purposes, and it's fundamental in the Nazis' propaganda plans.

Consider this "news" in our papers from the German viewpoint, which we seldom do. Remember, bad stories about Germany—revolt, sabotage, unrest—are read only by Hitler's enemies, America and England. They are not published in Germany. Not one word. They do not reach the German people themselves. They do not hurt Hitler's own war effort or embarrass his position at home in the

slightest. They just don't exist there. The thing they do over a period of time is to undermine Germany's enemies abroad. Nothing is more important to Hitler than that. It's vital to the German war machine.

The Nazis have dedicated themselves heartily to making us think Germany will fall apart. Their purpose is to lull our public mind into dreaminess, make us think it will be a short war—"can end any time"—slow up our sacrifices and our realization of the gigantic problem we face in licking them. They practically shout to the reader that we don't have to lick them at all, until it is too late. Just give us time, they fairly scream, and Germany will knock herself out, saving America the trouble meanwhile.

What the Nazis are really saying to American readers in their propaganda is: "Forget that America has no bridgehead on the continent of Europe; forget that Germany will stretch America's fight into three oceans, for Germany is going to cause trouble in South America's South Atlantic too; forget the blood and sweat and tears; don't bother about Germany. In time, and not so long a time at that, Germany will punch herself senseless, crumble to the canvas, and the United Nations can do the counting. So, America, get a good rest in your gymnasium and please don't worry about Germany."

After American newsmen living in Germany were silenced at the declaration of war on December 11, 1941, this propaganda plan became entirely feasible because there was thereafter no way of checking back on it through honest American observers on the spot. This was the signal for the Nazis to say anything they wanted to about how bad things were in Germany, claiming weaknesses at home to their hearts' content. The sky was the limit. All they had to do was to imply a "leak" by feeding it out slyly to places where it would be picked up, often innocently and dispatched from such centres as Budapest, Stockholm, Berne. They did the same thing to France during the "Phoney War," while soldiers played phonograph records to keep themselves awake on the Maginot Line. The only way to combat the effect of this in America is to know that the Nazis are doing it to us here.

; The indescribably brutal Terror Section of the Gestapo

operates in Germany. Bloody as any hands in history. The murders and tortures in our Nazi movies are hardly overdrawn. Furthermore, the Gestapo has a judicial function in which its Courts are operated under the chairmanship of a "council judge," given the title of *Hofrat*. These courts are totally *in camera*, and their secret decisions are subject to no appeal whatever. But this is misleading to the extent that it implies that the Gestapo is a crystallized organization, a sort of secret FBI. So it was originally, but this is not true in Germany to-day.

In effect, the word Gestapo is not the name of an organization. It is the name of a system. Any system which works so well in keeping Hitler in his job would hardly be overlooked by the other Nazi leaders, who are just as anxious to keep their places as Hitler is to keep his. The result: all the top leaders in Germany have their own Gestapo, or at least they think they have. Then the petty leaders in the various districts got busy and built their political fences through the same means. Himmler does not control the Gestapo. Neither does Hitler. Nobody controls the Gestapo. They are all caught in the Gestapo system.

The main body of the Gestapo are mild little men who clutch to their jobs, try to get their brother and sister on the political bosses' payroll with them, get most of their information through friends, write endless reports, and make it a point not to know anybody else in their Gestapo except the man who put them into it. Actually, the average Gestapo agent doesn't know whom he is working for except that somebody he knew before was responsible for getting him busy when he was out of a job and is paying him a little money once a month. These Gestapo people look and act very much like the claim adjusters for a small insurance company. And they are very poor detectives.

The procedure was to siphon me into the Gestapo system every time I needed something—an identity card, a room in the hotel, food-ration tickets, the privilege of sending a telegram from the police station, a flying pass, or an exit visa.

You just have to talk to endless people all over town, answer the same questions time and again. The technique is never to resist the Gestapo. If you do, you get hopelessly

bogged down. Don't try to shake them. Always absorb them. Tell them more than they ask, so that they consider themselves good questioners. They will steal money and cigarettes when they go through your luggage, but not much else.

When I went to get my visa at the German embassy, the Nazi Gestapo made me run all over Stockholm. I had to talk with a Dr. Pfisering at one place. He handed me along to a Dr. Jahn at another. It took hours and hours of chatter and confusion—no danger that I could see—just an awful nuisance. And an attempt to impress the visitor at every turn.

While I was sitting in one Gestapo office on the top floor of a building, the Nazi plug-ugly was having a little difficulty getting a telephone number. Suddenly he banged down the receiver. Glaring at the instrument, he fairly shouted : " Old-fashioned ! Old-fashioned ! That's the trouble. This country isn't organized ! " This is the German theme song. And, in so far as it implies that Germany itself is organized, it's a fake. Based on the reputation which Nazi propaganda has screamed into the ears of the world, there is a fixed idea that Germany is well organized.

The reverse is becoming true to-day. German organization, which is based on suspicion, has grown out of bounds and is causing trouble. Organizational paralysis is now the number-one problem there.

This is easily understandable when you close your ears, open your eyes, and view the situation in terms of realities.

When Hitler took over in 1933, he began piling bureaucracy on bureaucracy, paralleling the already immense government machinery with duplicate and sometimes triplicate Nazi Party machinery. This was an excellent idea from the angle of keeping Hitler and the other Nazi leaders in their jobs. But, of course, from a functional standpoint, it violated the first principles of good organization : simplification.

When the war came in 1939, the next great expansion of officeholders took place. This gave Germany under Hitler a bureaucracy nearly five times the size of the Kaiser's and, *per capita*, the largest in the world.

Finally, in the past year, eighty to ninety thousand new

secret Gestapo agents have gone on the various pay rolls and have woven themselves into this crazy quilt of officialdom. No personal-property transaction can be made now without filing all particulars with a bank for approval by the Gestapo. This and every other investigation takes endless time. It is shrouded in secrecy, and no German can speed it up, because he does not know with whom he is dealing except the little man he sees. The most innocuous matter is full of annoyances and, frequently, graft.

The result is that unless it is absolutely necessary to do something, nobody in Germany does anything to-day. Of course, when the high authorities get together for action, it is accomplished. But the country as a whole is bogged down by visible and invisible red tape, and the entire system stagnates in the pollution of suspicion. The spiders are beginning to find themselves caught in their own web.

On Armistice Day, Goebbels made an interesting statement in the Berlin papers. He released it from Hitler's armoured train at the Russian front. "We do not underestimate the United States," he said, "but also we do not over-estimate it. I do not know whether Roosevelt will catch up with the war or not ; but Germany faces its greatest but also its last, chance."

Of course, the Nazis do not celebrate Armistice Day. They regard November 11 as a day of shame. They celebrate the Sabbath falling closest to the day in March on which the Order of the Iron Cross was founded. The ceremony takes place outside the small Grecian guardhouse which stands, like a miniature temple, at the side of the Brandenburg Gate—fifty yards from our embassy. This gray stone edifice, built in the days of the Kaiser, now houses Germany's shrine to the "Unknown Warrior."

But the United States celebrated November 11 in Berlin. Leaning far out of a window, Chargé d'Affaires Morris himself ran up an immense American flag on the balcony staff in front of our embassy. We who stood by that balcony saw flying, unfurled in that moment, the last American flag that will fly on the Unter den Linden until, with the help of God, we march it there ourselves to break forever this pagan spell.

I was at the German Foreign Office, too, on Armistice

Day. By a series of coincidences I had an opportunity to talk about Hess.

Hess wrote two letters when he left Germany. He wrote them in ink on Messerschmitt's stationery. He wrote a very long letter to his wife and a letter to Hitler. He didn't mail them, he left them on Willie Messerschmitt's desk at the Messerschmitt plant, from which he flew his plane.

Hess knew Messerschmitt well, and had been taking a "refresher course" from German experimental pilots at the flying field adjoining the Messerschmitt factory. There is a tendency to forget that Hess had always been a pilot, and this fact is interesting, because there has been so much question about how he could fly and navigate an advanced type of plane so efficiently. Actually, he had put in over fifty hours flying these newer ships at the Messerschmitt plant.

The ship itself was the latest-model fighter. Ordinarily it had nothing like the flying range Hess's trip required. But one of these planes, the one Hess used, had been especially rigged up for further experimental work with fighting equipment removed and extra gasoline tanks installed. The changes were not made for Hess. This plane had once been flown to Barcelona. Hess saw the plane in Messerschmitt's hangar every day.

One segment of German thought holds that Hess intended to make Ireland his destination. The idea is that he was flying to Dublin. We overlook the fact, but it is very important in European espionage, that the Germans have an embassy in Dublin. This outpost of German authority, influence, and espionage on the other side of England is extremely significant in many German plans. It is highly staffed with many of the top German strategists and agents and it stands as a dagger in the back of the British Isles. There is a great deal going on there even to-day. Dublin is much more than a pin on all German war maps and on the maps of the Nazi Military Intelligence. There is no lack of reasons for Hess to go to Dublin.

If Hess had flown to Dublin as the crow flies, he would have passed over London and the full width of England. It would have been shorter, and he would not have run out of gas, but this would have been running the gauntlet.

He took the safest route, but the head winds got his gasoline and he had to land in Scotland. Being unable to put his useless ship down in the blacked-out country he, of course, bailed out. Hess cut the switch, and the empty plane careened down through a clump of trees. It was badly mugged up, but it didn't explode. The gas tanks were empty. Additional maps were in a small compartment in the cockpit. He made the best of his unexpected situation by asking for the only man he knew in Scotland, the Duke of Hamilton. So they say in Berlin.

But Hess was not going to Ireland. From the time he took off until he landed, he was headed for Scotland. And he was going there to see this British peer.

In discussions with Ivone Augustine Kirkpatrick, at the Foreign Office in London, I had talked with him about Hess. Kirkpatrick had been the British chargé d'affaires under Ambassador Nevile Henderson in Berlin, and Kirkpatrick knew Hess well. You may recall that when Hess landed in Scotland, the London dispatches stated that a "high-ranking member of the Foreign Office who knew Hess" was sent to Scotland to interview Hess and have the original talks with him. The man was Kirkpatrick. When Churchill was notified of this amazing news on Saturday night, he telephoned President Roosevelt at Hyde Park on Sunday morning. It was Churchill and Eden personally who selected Kirkpatrick to go to Scotland.

Kirkpatrick brought Hess out casually and very skilfully. He just sat down and talked with him for two days. Hess was excited and very voluble, and he still is to-day. He spends hours writing long letters he knows will not be mailed. He sits at a desk and scribbles these out in pencil. He writes his wife. He writes to his children. And he writes time and time again to former comrades in the Nazi party. Ironically enough, he has scribbled many of these "letters" to His Holiness, the Pope. He seals the letters and addresses the envelopes, just as though the post-office were going to get them. He's busy doing nothing.

I don't know why Hess went to see the Duke of Hamilton. Kirkpatrick certainly didn't tell me. If he went there to propose peace, his method was foolhardy and ill-advised on the face of it.

But all these Nazi leaders are monomaniacs, and it is an inherent part of their ideology that those who oppose them misunderstand nazism.

These didactic Nazis have it deep in their heads that if any one just knew enough about nazism, he would like it. This strange monomania permits them to excuse to themselves their ruthlessness. And, incidentally, this is the basis for their fundamental miscalculation regarding the occupied countries. They thought the occupied countries would embrace, love, and work for National Socialism once the Germans came in. After Hess landed, he said, "I'm here to save humanity." Basically, this meant that war was futile because Germany would win anyway, and that was all right.

One of the general points on which information has differed is whether Hitler sent Hess or whether this monomaniac went off on his own. Of course, whether this was a mission for Hitler or whether it was Hess's own idea has a great deal to do with why he went. The evidence is that Hitler did not know Hess was going.

Hitler often sits in "shirt-sleeve sessions" with Nazis like Hess and such companions as Albert Speer, the architect who designed his Chancellery, and who is in charge of all city planning in Germany. These sessions are much more "kitchen-cabinet" affairs than most of us picture. In these surroundings Hitler is an immense talker. He will talk and expound all through the night; go all the way around Robin Hood's barn and end up where he started. Contrary to popular notion, Hitler thinks out loud. This was the atmosphere of the Hitler-Hess relationship.

Hess probably didn't get anywhere with Hitler in the "shirt-sleeve" sessions on his egoistic idea that if someone of them just saw and explained things to the British, all would be well. So this fanatic just went himself. And he intended to come back. That's in his letter to Hitler, and it's in his letter to his wife. London and Berlin agree that Hess was not fleeing Germany.

Hitler was at Berchtesgaden when he got the news. He could not reach Goering for several hours, and this delay created quite a confusion. Frau Hess came to Berchtesgaden at once. She is a plain German housewife and had nothing

to do with Hess's politics. The first thing Hitler said to her was, "I would have given Rudolf anything. Why was he unhappy?" These are fairly cryptic words, but that is what Hitler said.

The two adjutants often referred to were not Hess's adjutants. They were patrol officers of the Luftwaffe at the experimental flying field and charged with the responsibility of good conduct there. When Hess flew off, these two officers were arrested. It is a fact that they were court-martialed in Munich and shot. The charge was "neglect of duty." It is not true, however, that Hess's family suffered from this violent episode. His wife and his children are in Berlin. Hess was no lily but he was the least grasping of the Nazi leaders, lived fairly modestly. His property was not confiscated and Frau Hess lives in the same house as before. There is an interesting reason for that.

It is not generally realized abroad, but Hess was the leader of those Nazi features having to do with the place of women in the Nazi movement, and the place of woman in the Nazi home. It was Hess who headed up policy along these lines, and when the Number Two Nazi flew the coop it had a tremendous effect on female Germany.

Under Nazi doctrine, women have been relegated to the pantry and the maternity chamber, and I believe there is a close connection between this and the nation's attitude towards war. Further, I think it is a very important connection, for it strikes into the national cell by being rooted in the family and in the home. Surely, the relationship between man and woman makes itself felt in the character of any nation. In Germany, women are pressed behind to stand and wait on man as the Warrior Lover.

Women take part in the "Strength through Joy" movement, have athletic teams, and go in for sun in a big way, but this is all in the tempo and aura of the brood farms at Lexington, Kentucky. In the Nazi home, papa is Fuehrer and mamma is there to bear children. The effect of Hess's flight on the women of Germany was that a patron saint had let them down. Dear Rudolf took a run-out powder on the *Hausfrau*, and they all linked arms with Frau Hess in bewilderment and sympathy when this hero went stale.

I know that the Germans have no information about what Hess told the British. They do not know what Hess said in all those talks with Kirkpatrick and others who have seen him. His talks have been isolated in such a way that German knowledge was impossible. And that is important. From the British viewpoint this fact is the most important thing of all, and they have certainly handled the Hess affair very well.

To-day the Germans have a word which is a pun on this matter. They don't say it very often, but it comes out every now and then. It's the old German word "*hesslich*." In the German dictionary it means ugly or bad. The people in the German beer gardens say the Hess affair is "Hesslich."

The fitting sequel to the Hess affair would be to have Major-General Karl Haushofer disappear. During World War I, Hess was his aide. Hess was the political sponsor of this high priest of Nazi geopolitics, which is the mainspring of all German foreign policy.

Hess studied under Haushofer at Munich University, and Hess introduced Haushofer to Hitler. In 1923, when Hitler was locked up after the fiasco of the beer-hall *Putsch*, the Number Two Nazi took the professor to visit the dark little man jailed at Landsberg, and there in the ensuing months of 1924, Haushofer, then fifty-five and now seventy-three, initiated Hitler into the expansiveness of geopolitics.

When Hitler came to power, he supported Haushofer in a big way and he has done so ever since. Hitler made him president of the German Academy and erected for him the Geopolitical Institute at Munich, where Nazi strategists bow at the major-general's feet. Haushofer was not forgetful either. He has dedicated several of his books to Rudolf Hess.

The World Island and the Nazi Navy

NAZI GEOPOLITICS teaches that the collisions of national aims and foreign policies are rooted in the tensions between seafaring and landlocked peoples. Its premise is that there was a deeper influence on world affairs than that exercised by nationalism and trade, because these were of themselves based on the influences of geopolitics.

This is a revolutionary and dynamic approach to the economic and social development of mankind and attributes these to the interrelation of spaces, defined as the "spatial growth of states." The pupil is told that a nation's attitude toward space rather than toward geographic boundaries, in a political sense, determines its ability to survive. Space-consciousness is the first requirement. This and the "laws of growth" are the foundation of their science of geopolitics.

Here is the distinction between "ocean" and "continent" forces ; here is the thesis that world history has always been the result of the pressure of the peoples bound to the lands of eastern Europe and western Asia on the peoples of the shore countries. Here is the thesis of *The Heartland : The World Island*.

The World Island, as Karl Haushofer, now a major-general in the German Army, defines it to the General Staff, is the strategic and flexible area extending throughout Europe, Asia, and Africa. It flanks the Western Hemisphere.

Instead of isolated units, in the pattern of the British Empire, dependent on the British Navy to defend precarious "life lines," the Germans' World Island plugs for the interior lines of communication. It conceives a German Navy as an offensive force spreading out from that central mass.

What this implies for the British Empire, the United States, and the free people of the world is obvious. And it is equally obvious why the Germans are not interested in any talk of a negotiated peace except as a clever fencer is interested in foiling. The Germans describe a negotiated peace as "small potatoes" now.

I saw irrefutable evidence of an immense new German Navy being built. The great shipyards are working twenty-four hours a day on it. Officers are being taken out of the Army and trained for and assigned to the German Navy. Why? The Nazis have made a new guess on the strength of the war. Diplomats and generals I saw in Berlin now agree on one thing. It sounded exactly like London. It will be a very long war. Certainly many years. No one of importance in Berlin sees it any other way. Neither does Hitler.

The Nazi military position on the continent is not unassailable, by any means. The German Army is not invincible—far from it. From the very beginning, the German generals have been handling forces trained and specifically equipped for certain continental objectives. This was feasible because, as aggressors, they have had the initiative in action and timing. However, the benefits from these two factors have been largely obtained, and from this point on the Nazis are on the defensive on the continent and our position has the quality of attack. It is a new Navy for Germany or no World Island.

Fundamentally, Germany is fighting a holding operation on the continent until it can launch a powerful Navy. Hitler knows he cannot win on the European continent alone.

In heavy surface warcraft he already has as advance agents of his building programme the *Tirpitz*, the *Scharnhorst*, and the *Gneisenau*, all big battleships; the *Lützow* and the *Admiral Scheer*, pocket battleships; the *Admiral Hipper*, the *Prinz Eugen*, and five or six other 6-inch and 8-inch gun cruisers. And he has the two great aircraft carriers, *Graf Zeppelin* and the *Deutschland*. We know about them.

And you may be as interested, as I was in Berlin, to learn that Germany has a battleship she didn't know she had. She found it in the Black Sea. And it's 35,000 tons.

The Russians were building this warship at Odessa, and the Nazis did not know the Russians had it on the ways until they captured the city. Neither did the British.

The French capital ships which Hitler wants are first of all the *Dunkerque*, 26,500 tons, which has now been recon-ditioned since the British naval action at Oran, Algeria, in July 1940, and her sister ship the *Strasbourg*. Then there is the 35,000-ton *Richelieu* and her sister ship, the *Jean Bart*. The *Jean Bart* was towed to Casablanca half-finished at the time the Germans turned the flank of the French Army. The *Richelieu* was hit at Dakar during the De Gaulle engagement, but she is back in commission to-day.

These are the four main units of the battleship class. But the French fleet is also staffed with cruisers. Hitler's eye is out for cruisers. They are very important. Fit for service, there are twelve Vichy cruisers in European waters: the *Foch*, *Dupleix*, *Colbert*, *Algérie*, *Primauguet*, *Lamotte-Picquet*, *Montcalm*, *Marseillaise*, *Gloire*, *Jean de Vienne*, *La Galissonnière*, and *Georges Leygues*. Italy has ten on tap.

Grossadmiral Erich H. A. Raeder has been a member of Hitler's top Cabinet Council since 1938. He's the spear-head of Hitler's plan. And his engineers have built Germany's warships well. The *Bismarck* took an indescribable beating before she sank, and the toughness of her armour remains to-day a puzzle to the British metallurgists in Birmingham. After the *Bismarck's* rudder was shattered she had to take nearly point-blank salvoes.

"She shouldn't have been able to stand those broadsides the way she did," one of England's greatest naval engineers told me. "There's something funny about that steel."

This armour plate is actually the closest thing to a "secret weapon" that Germany has shown in the war. All the other advance blabbing of the Nazis about secret weapons had turned out to be just talk. Germany hasn't been able to show a single new war implement. But the new Navy will have "funny" armour plate. The *Scharnhorst*, the *Gneisenau*, and the *Prinz Eugen* had it when they were bombed time and time again at Brest by the R.A.F. and yet returned home.

In Hitler's basic conception there are two wars. One is the great "Civil War of Europe," which started in Spain

and is now at the climax in the action between Germany and Russia. The great Civil War of Europe is the first war Germany planned. This is the war she could win first. This is the war for the continental *Pax Germanica*. The other is the Interocean War, which Germany did not plan to fight until years after the Civil War was over.

From the outset of her Civil War phase, Germany counted on an English reaction toward continental Europe similar to England's non-intervention policy toward Spain. England's policy there was, in effect, a policy in favour of change.

As always, Hitler advertised the attack he did not yet intend to make. He sang, "We March against England," and loudly shouted this fake thrust in order to soften the continent for his onslaught and facilitate his conquest of France, which then looked much harder to him than it turned out to be.

With the fall of France, Hitler *did not attempt to invade England*—a fact which still puzzles most British—because from the very beginning he had not planned to cross the Channel and was not prepared to do so. In addition to the improbability of its success, there was never any place for the invasion in the Civil War of Europe phase. Indeed, the attempt itself would have made certain the Interocean War then and there. By fighting when she did, England rushed the German's hands by at least five years and upset the whole fundamental sequence on which the Nazis intended to operate.

Hitler was not convinced that the Interocean War was unavoidable until the British refused his false "peace" offered after Dunkirk. Then Hitler finally sent his bombers against the British Isles in August and September 1940. They carried an outside chance, which was first to obtain absolute supremacy of the air and to go on from there as best he could with makeshift equipment hastily commandeered.

But to dominate The Heartland, Hitler must eventually invade England. To estimate whether or not he can succeed is to bring honest light to one of the stark realities of Europe. Hitler, without the slightest doubt, can invade England successfully *if we permit him to concentrate*. By concentrating,

Hitler can conquer this island and defeat the British in Britain.

The English Channel is not a safe moat. No moat is safe in modern warfare. The home defence falls of its own weight under such an attack, because the congestion of the island makes it the worst possible battleground for the defenders. Fundamentally, you cannot have your arsenal, your sources of manufacture, on your own battlefield. The civilian population is an immense liability to England's defence. They are trapped in a battle zone, and the burden they represent encumbers the operation of England's own defenders.

No, the answer to whether Hitler will try to invade England is settled. He must try, and he will. Make no mistake about that ! And his success does not depend on the Channel or a foggy night, or even on British and American soldiers quartered in England. It certainly does not depend on the British Navy. It depends on concentration.

The fundamentals of the Nazi invasion plan are as feasible. They involve attacking us in Iceland, first our supply line and then our outpost itself. The spearhead of this attack is land-based bomber planes and Stukas. Battleship protection is untenable because it, by necessity, lacks, as in the Philippines, the protection of a land-based air umbrella. As at Manila, the first thing we would have to do would be to get our warships away from Iceland.

This and the simultaneous attack on our Irish bases represent first the diversions—and then the bases for side prongs for the invasion itself.

Here is the first need for concentration : the Nazis must have supremacy of the air. With that, the rest follows—the Singapore formula for water crossings, the Norwegian tests for landings, and the Crete experiment with paratroops, air-borne tanks and artillery. The spectre of a MacArthur in the peninsula of the Thames estuary is very grim and very real.

But unless the Nazis can concentrate a new air fleet against this objective and can do so at a time when England has sent some of her home planes elsewhere, they cannot succeed in this fatal attack.

It does not seem as though the British might do this, but

one of the great difficulties of alliances is the proportioning of supplies. The demands are very heavy on England to send "idle" planes and troops elsewhere. And these demands are very persistent. Sometimes reluctance to comply can, as we know, lead to deep difficulties, even to the point of a separate peace. In the interests of honour, as with Greece, or the death-to-death struggle of a heroic ally, as with Russia and China, occasions can arise when there is no good choice. That occasion, if it comes, is the Nazis' chance. And the Nazi pagans will do everything on earth they can to take it.

The man in the street in London doesn't believe that. Churchill does. In the pubs and at the Dorchester Bar they laugh at you if you talk invasion. "If the b—— didn't come after Dunkirk, they won't come now," they say.

But if the Nazis can concentrate, England itself will go the way of Singapore—and as quickly.

Basically, this small island's defence depends on how hard we slug the Nazis in other places—Russia and Libya to begin with, and whether we can hit the Nazis simultaneously on widely separated fronts. *Our fighting, divided in space, cannot be divided in timing.*

Here is involved the matter of North Africa, for Germany established her military position there for two inter-related reasons.

The first is that Germany, engaged in the Interocean War, must have North Africa to live. Every German economic scholar of importance has always agreed on this, and they certainly had not changed their minds when I was in Berlin.

Although the Germany of August 1939 was an area of economic insufficiency, so is the whole of Hitler's Europe. Contrary to popular belief, as Germany conquers one continental country after another, this does not accomplish sufficiency. It only enlarges the Nazis' area of insufficiency. Germany jumps out of the bottle into the jug.

The economic resources of the continent will sustain Germany's military machine. But they will not sustain commercial life and give a living to the people at peace, even though the entire continent is organized solely for Germany's benefit. The immense population from the

Atlantic to the Urals cannot live to work for Germany unless they are given food and clothes, shelter and raw materials. And Germany cannot supply these without exchanging abroad what is grown and manufactured in Europe. Germanic Europe, the hoped-for fruit of the great Civil War, must depend on the world. To win, Hitler must go through the Near East, launch the rest of his fleet and break the sea bonds of the British Empire and the United States.

This closely guarded fact is part and parcel of Hitler's speeding-up process to solve his dilemma of the premature Inter-ocean War, take The World Island, drain it, thereby keep Germanic Europe from turning against Nazidom in the depression of its own economic insufficiency. Hitler's Navy and the Japs are his answer and his final play for world domination.

The second reason for Hitler's North African position is to threaten the rear of any Anglo-American Expeditionary Force which tries to invade Europe on the soft underside of the sprawling German turtle, the side bordering on the whole Mediterranean. The ability to threaten Suez from Libya was a detail, because the aerial attack from Crete serves for this for the present, but as a threat to our rear the Nazis must maintain and support this vital position in Libya at all costs. The Army people made no bones about this at the German War office.

The British, in turn, know that this German position must be cleaned out or they cannot win the war. This is an immense undertaking, both as an initial step and as regards the continental invasion plans which it precedes. It is the pivot of the greatest military programme in all history, far surpassing the total effort of all World War I and involving the greatest mass movement of ships, men, and equipment in the ageless history of arms. The clue to the future is there : North Africa. Before the eyes of a distracted world it raises the curtain on the battle of free men. The deepest hopes and prayers of the men and women in America, the anguish of the desperate people in the countries I saw abroad, the lives of all the millions on both continents and the lives of their children and their children's children, the destinies of free men the world over whirl first in the haze of North Africa, next on the continent of Europe.

Then we will win by fighting this Nazi force, these pagans in arms, all over the world at the same time. This is an immense undertaking, but the day must come, just as it did in the last war, when we will hit so fast, build so much, have so much more coming on, and slug so hard that no power on earth can stand against us.

It could take many years. Our standard of living will fall. We will not be able to recognize our present mode of life five years from to-day. But as that happens, we will not care very much, because long before then we will realize we are fighting for our lives against the greatest force for evil in the history of mankind. And we will win the war.

We couldn't have looked forward to winning it had Hitler been able to complete his original strategy, which was to seize, organize, and exploit the Continent *before* he attacked the world. He would like to have fought us five years from now, with this Germanic Europe job behind him.

But the additional InterOcean War and the failure of the occupied countries to embrace National Socialism, both of which came as a profound surprise to the Nazi leadership, make this conflict, taken as a whole, a war we can win. Meanwhile, the problem of the United Nations is to keep Germany from gaining The Heartland by invading the continent of Europe from the African and other positions before Germany builds her Navy to such strength as to break all bounds.

And this is why the Japs came in when they did. For, although Japan's own plans in the Orient are immense and are basically independent, Germany's war gave her the opportunity to attack us in the Pacific which she has been waiting for all these generations. Germany was as much of a distraction to the United States in Japan's favour as Japan was a distraction in Hitler's favour. The Axis was, of course, a two-way proposition.

The timing was Hitler's. Against the background of our schedule for land and sea armament, so that the fundamental of time was involved, the German strategy was to have the Japs attack as soon as it was advisable to divert our support from the fundamental African zone. He knew there was no other area in his section where we could receive, quarter, and train large bodies of troops and supplies,

condition them for battle as we did in the rear in France during the last war and as we must do again somewhere in this one. And he knew we were under way in November 1941.

Hitler knew the United States planned establishing the vital African position in an immense way, preliminary to our entering the war. He knew that we intended to make him vulnerable in Libya, and that it was the centre of our war strategy. The signal that he knew the time had come was given when Hitler, through Marshal Pétain, fired General Weygand from North Africa on Sunday, November 16, 1941. I broke that news at Vichy, four days after I left Berlin. That date was the beginning of the Second Phase of World War II. It was the beginning of the Inter-ocean War. This was the signal for Pearl Harbour, three Sundays later.

In the Pacific, the doctrine is old and deep in Nazi tenets. While Hitler was writing *Mein Kampf*, our old friend Haushofer himself was writing *The Geopolitics of the Pacific Ocean*. That was 1924. It displays the point that Germany and Japan complement each other in a partnership against Britain and the United States and, to express it the way the major-general does, "The eastern expanse of this ocean is an inland sea of the United States, poised on its mid-Pacific naval bases, while Japan's strongholds bracket the western Pacific."

In the struggle which they advocated between the United States and Japan, as did so many other Nazis, Haushofer and Hitler saw the new balance of power pass to Germany. Germany settles herself in The Heartland and umpires the long contest while time runs out.

It's This Way in Switzerland

ONLY GERMANS can board a plane, fly in Germany, without a special pass. There is so much red tape and difficulty, so many rejections, surrounding this that few foreigners even apply. They just take a train and let it go at that. But no American had been on one of the larger German ships for a long time, and I made application to fly the day I reached Berlin. My authority to be in Germany would expire in seven days, I had to cross the border outbound by then, so I knew I had to work fast for the flying pass.

United States Chargé d'Affaires Leland Morris, in charge of our embassy, sponsored a rush application for this, and the German Foreign Office granted it after five days of talking back and forth with our embassy people. But that was not enough. The mere fact that the Foreign Office directed its issue did not mean I could go by the Wilhelmstrasse and pick it up. Not at all. I went by there and was directed to see the general consul of the city of Berlin, Room 440, Am Karlsbad 8. This is the headquarters of the Political Police. I went there, found General Consul Herbert Diel, formerly in St. Louis until the U.S.S. *West Point* took all the German consuls out of America. But even he had to fight with the Gestapo. To my delight, he stood firm on the point that the General Consul of Berlin should not be obstructed in his authority to issue a permit approved by the Foreign Office on the application of the American embassy. Finally he got his clearance from the Gestapo chief out in Potsdam, and issued the big brown pass smothered in the ink stamps of ugly Nazi eagles.

I had to take it to a Gestapo office, an immense old police station on the other side of the city, to have it countersigned. It was late in the afternoon. I was going to fly in the morning. When I got to the Gestapo office, presented myself to one Herr Offenbach, I found that, after all, I was in for a stall.

A Portuguese was standing in Offenbach's room, a small, dark man whose card described him as Olavo Eca Leal and who I subsequently discovered had been doing a radio newscast in Lisbon with another Portuguese. Goebbels' agents came along and hired him to broadcast German propaganda into Portugal from Berlin. They paid him two hundred dollars a week. The British Broadcasting Company hired his partner the next day for the same job in London, and they have been meeting on the air in Portugal and Brazil from the two capitals each night since.

Offenbach spoke no English ; Leal did, and asked if he could help me. I asked him to go out and telephone the American embassy. I couldn't afford to leave Herr Offenbach, who was fooling around with a lot of other papers on his desk, but ignoring my pass, and watching the clock for time to go home. At the stroke of five, Offenbach stood up, knocked out his pipe, put on his hat and coat, and started to leave. But like a one-man contingent of the United States Marines, H. F. Cunningham, of our embassy, arrived. You could all but hear the bugle calls as he came through the door. Speaking perfect German, he gave that petty Hitler the talking to of his life. He told this beady-eyed Nazi in fifty different ways that he couldn't go home. Offenbach didn't know why he couldn't go home, but Cunningham was shouting him.

This gave me my chance to get out and telephone General-Consul Diel, on the assumption that no official anywhere in the world likes to have his orders thwarted. The general-consul was no exception. He telephoned Offenbach to countersign that pass, and quickly. And then the cat came out of the bag. Hofrat Reimke, the Potsdam Gestapo bigwig, had gone around Diel's authority after all. When he couldn't make his intrusion stick earlier with Diel, he telephoned Offenbach's den, where he knew I would have to go, and blackballed the general-consul's pass. By this time Cunningham and I were sitting down and taking it easy. Offenbach was a very busy man. Diel and Reimke were getting at each other through this bewildered bureaucrat. Offenbach's hand gripped the telephone, his feet shuffled on the floor, perspiration stood on his thick forehead, his little eyes darted and blinked like a fox caught

in the glare of a light. At intervals between Offenbach's calls, Cunningham whispered to me that he could not tell what was going to happen to us, but one thing was certain : Offenbach was being fired. By Diel ? By Reimke ?

After three hours, at eight o'clock, the watchman came in and turned out the lights. Offenbach told us to follow him upstairs. I looked at Cunningham and Cunningham looked at me. We asked to do a little telephoning ourselves. Oh no, said our glowering friend, the telephones are now shut off. Well, I'd been warned to watch out for the last minute in Germany. Here it was. Offenbach fairly pushed us out of the door. We were on the first floor. The hallway was empty, dim and musty, a single dull lamp in the distance ahead. We passed near the exit of the deserted building. Cunningham and I glanced at each other. Instinctively, we started toward it. Somehow we seemed to nod, agree it was closed. A barricade timber lay across steel hooks, sealing the exit doors. Cunningham moved close as we started up the winding stairs.

"I guess it doesn't make much difference what floor we're locked up on," he said. I thought the same thing myself. But it was no fun to go up those steps. Offenbach had dropped behind. I could hear him but I couldn't see him. At the first landing I leaned over and tied my shoe. That pause put Offenbach between us.

At the third floor, Cunningham stopped, turned suddenly, and asked the Nazi what was what. Cunningham said we intended to get the hell out of there. Offenbach fairly spat out his answer. "Go !" he shouted. "And you get no pass !" The Nazi amazed us by fairly leaping down the stairs. Cunningham and I were speechless. Apparently we were not being locked-up. Apparently we were on the way toward getting the pass somewhere in the dark above. But now we had relieved Offenbach of all responsibility by saying we would not stay. It was a beautiful solution for the Nazi.

Offenbach had certainly thought that through in a hurry, and we had a hard time getting him back up those stairs. Cunningham practically wore himself out claiming we had not refused to wait and had therefore not defaulted on the whole thing ourselves. Finally it got so late that

Offenbach mounted the shadowy steps. Upstairs? That was where he kept his seal. By matchlight in a little room on the top floor we all countersigned the pass. It was nearly midnight when the watchman opened the doors and let us out on the dismal, deserted street. I left Templehof on the Lufthansa at nine o'clock in the morning.

The International Plane, through from Berlin to Lisbon, is a giant Junkers Ju.90, a great lumbering four-engined, thirty-two passenger ship with immense wings, dull green and black. It is ugly and sullen-looking as it stands on the field. This is a German bomber model, carries two pilots and a radio operator, has big heavy compartments a little overstuffed, like the pillow parlours of the Gay Nineties.

I was going to Vichy to see Marshal Pétain. I would leave this plane at Lyon that afternoon. Stuttgart, the passport and custom-control point on the Deutsche Lufthansa, would be the first and only stop. From there on I would be out of Germany.

We took-off after a long run, passed a lone and shivering German soldier standing in the middle of the bleak field with a tattered signal flag in his hand. We flew low over the flat, sprawling city. An American over Berlin. I stared down at the scene below me, the flat, festering core of the Nazi mass. German words go from those wireless towers, directions to raiders and submarines at sea. Maps and plans are in safes in those buildings, drawn and prepared for these enemies to see. Telephone lines to the Nazi outposts in Europe; mail through these streets from all agents abroad. Murder and torture and all that is godless, dealt with and fondled behind doors just below. Papen comes from Turkey to the Chancellery under me; Quisling from Oslo to say what he needs; Japs talk of India's coral strands; fat Balkan puppets walk on the red carpet, review Elite Troops, who still laugh at the Duce who reviewed them before. Stinnes and Thyssen, that policeman and Offenbach, all in their place in this idolatrous whirl. The hazy mass below is Hitler. The plane lifts farther from his sticky hands. The Peace Monument in the Tiergarten fades in the distance. The plane settles into the run, steady above a bank of flaky white clouds.

The clouds break on flat country. An endless ribbon of

the two-lane Reichautobahn stretches across our route. Troops moving east on it are just below. Into rolling hills around Ansbach, over the scattered airfields of the Goering's Central Bomber Command. Baden-Baden in the distance, the edge of the Black Forest. Kurt Brenner would be surprised if he knew I was in Germany again. But I wasn't allowed to make a long-distance call in Germany. Or send a telegram either, for that matter. Stuttgart soon, exactly eleven o'clock, then off in a few minutes above the rolling hills on the banks of the Rhine.

We are flying directly down the Maginot Line. Fortifications everywhere. Weeded and abandoned. Pillboxes that look ironically small, torn bastions like the fort at Beaufort that seem as ineffectual as the painted cannon on a theatre backdrop. Could it be that here was ever man's defence against the Nazis' pagan march? No, it was never here.

We are low in the hills. The plane points much higher, the sun breaks full in the clearing sky. There, on the left, are the matchless Alps of Switzerland, the whole country standing snow-covered and clear in the tremendous beauty of one of the loveliest sights in the world. There isn't a cloud in the sky. Not a fleck in the solid blue. It does not seem possible that any force of mortal men could disturb or threaten those who lived in the majesty of this land. Yet no Swiss man or woman can make a plan. No girl can marry with hope for her future. No mother knows when her boy may die. And so it has been in Switzerland for many years. Why?

Nazi Germany. There is no other reason.

In January 1933 General Henri Guisan, soldier, democrat, commander in chief of Switzerland's Army, made a speech. He made it on January 30, the very day Hitler came into power. Guisan knew the Germans. It was a speech of "blood and sweat and tears," and the Swiss people believed him. Ironically enough, living and working in the frail shadow of the League of Nations Palace, General Guisan was unquestionably the first leader in all Europe to see what Hitler meant; to see that power alone would count in a world that was drifting in frock coats and striped trousers towards the whirlpool of power politics.

Then and there Switzerland began to rearm. While the halls of the Palace echoed with the purrs and coos of a hundred visiting tongues, the Swiss themselves started to get ready. They have never stopped since that day. Without false starts, year by year, steadily and methodically, in a graduated way that minimized the shock on her economy, Switzerland spent over a billion francs by the time Germany invaded Poland. Just as there was no pause in Hitler's rearmament, there was no pause in Switzerland's, and since August 1939 she has spent nearly a half billion more. Today, every Swiss battalion has automatic rifles, each unit has 16-mm. machine guns, trench mortars and a complement of 47-mm. anti-tank guns which are considered the finest pieces of their size in the world. A half million front-line troops with this equipment are in their barracks, and 200,000 additional men, fully trained reserves, have their equipment in their homes. They can reach their mobilization stations within two hours.

This means 700,000 fighting men in the mountains at the moment an attack comes. The main body of the Swiss Army would hold the passes. There are roughly twenty-six of these, and the most important passes are regarded as the most heavily fortified areas in the world to-day. Behind these passes stretch Guisan's layout of secondary defence lines, a web of three underground systems, stretching through the valleys and meadows of Switzerland and open on both sides to mountains and the interior alike.

And, as to the threat of attack, General Guisan and the Swiss also are satisfied. If the country is attacked, Germany and Italy instantly lose the only supply line that connects them, with the exception of the single railway link through the Brenner Pass. If Switzerland is attacked, the three great railroad tunnels leading into the country will be blown up. If they are blown up, they cannot be rebuilt in wartime. The Simplon Tunnel is 12 miles long, the St. Gotthard 10 miles and the Lötschberg 9 miles. It took the Swiss ten years to dig the Simplon Tunnel. It will take them ten minutes to destroy it.

"I do not believe they will come," says General Guisan, as he smokes his pipe and looks over the balcony at the blacked-out windows of the League of Nations

Palace across the street. "I do not believe they will come."

But Switzerland, too, is fed through a cage.

On the economic front, Switzerland has had to wage a similar battle. Here, as in Sweden, you see the hopeless problem of an island economy in a sea of nazism.

Throughout the entire continent, only Switzerland and Sweden retain enough features of private enterprise and free price levels to justify thinking of their war-time economies in terms of the United States. There is an associationship between the impact of war on the price levels both in Switzerland and in Sweden, and I attempted to relate these two situations in the hope of broadening the base of this example of world economy "fed through a cage."

Since the beginning of the war, Swiss wholesale prices have risen 76 per cent. The level for imported commodities is up 122 per cent. Domestic commodities are up 46 per cent. The official cost of living index is up 30 per cent. This advance is, naturally, of the utmost importance and poses the question of how much compensation consumers may obtain by increases in their wages. This is a pressing matter, as wages have increased only from 11 per cent to 15 per cent since September 1939.

In Switzerland, as in Sweden, the general thought on the part of the economic managers in the Government is that approximately half of the rise in prices should be reflected in increased wages. By this test, the ratio has been achieved, but this is not true on a volume basis, because the ratio does not hold in the lowest income group.

Switzerland undertook a general increase in wages after the beginning of the war. Sweden took similar measures. Coincident with this, both countries made a systematic effort to keep prices down, but in each case the economic managers realized that their price control, being so heavily influenced by the independent action of imported commodities, could not fail to reflect this. Their pricing systems were especially difficult to handle for that uncontrollable reason, but they did all they could in the face of this exterior tension and met the situation exceedingly well.

Of course, Germany's export price level was the chief

external factor, because both countries imported so much from Germany.

Before World War II, Germany's export prices were consistently 30 per cent lower than her price level at home. With the outbreak of war, where Germany's customers on the continent were shut off from other sources, the Nazis entered into a programme of steadily increasing the price which Germany received for all export goods. As soon as the dust settled behind their armies in any country, they began to push up their previous export price level, and they have been doing so ever since.

For this reason and in this way, the German price level became one of the decisive factors in the price structure throughout the entire continent. Germany gradually limited her subsidies to German exporters, and she began to export goods formerly sent to England, the United States, and other countries of the world. Switzerland and Sweden were forced to pay a higher export price and, of course, this had a direct bearing on the general price level in both these neutral countries. This German price development is one of the most important, and one of the most overlooked, fundamentals in the economic shift which has taken place on the war-time continent. German prices are an additional factor straining human value throughout the continent while time runs out.

Never in history has Sweden paid as much for her coal as she is paying the Germans for her imports from the Ruhr and Poland. Never has her cost for chemicals been so high as it is to-day.

The three other chief influences affecting Swedish-Swiss price levels are scarcity, distortion of home demand, and the monetary factors.

Both Switzerland and Sweden devaluated their currency. In Switzerland, the depreciation of the Swiss franc amounted to 30 per cent. In Sweden, the krona was depreciated 47 per cent. In both countries, this has been reflected in a cost of living substantially higher than even the inflated level of 1929. To be specific, the index of living cost in Switzerland is to-day 9 per cent higher than it was then. It is 29 per cent higher in Sweden. Wholesale prices in Switzerland are 31 per cent above the 1929 level, and 52

per cent higher in Sweden. There is a very real strain in the price balloon in both countries. Of course, this price level as related to 1929 is far higher than it is in the United States. Our general price level has not even approached our 1929 index, although many of our wage levels have surpassed it.

In Switzerland, the Exchange Equalization Fund of the National Bank was dissolved, and this gave the federal and cantonal governments some 475 million francs. Under normal circumstances, of course, this would have exercised an immense inflationary influence, but the funds were converted into dollars to the extent of 600 million Swiss francs. This foreign exchange was used chiefly in paying for the import surplus and for setting aside reserves for later purchases.

In Sweden, the Government has borrowed foreign exchange for armament and other purchases abroad direct from the central bank. Finance Minister Wigforss felt he could do this safely in relation to its effect on Sweden's price level because it did not cause any increase in the monetary purchasing power in Sweden itself.

Switzerland's armament and mobilization costs to the end of 1941 amounted to two and a half milliard francs. Out of this year's taxes, 500 million francs must be allocated from the taxes and 250 million out of the Exchange Equalization Fund. The armament shoe is pinching very tight on every man and woman in Switzerland, just as it is in Sweden.

Scarcity has led to rationing over a large list of supplies, and, naturally, this has been accompanied by a price ceiling in several instances. As late as the middle of 1940 there was hardly any scarcity of commodities in Switzerland, as imports during the first year of the war were very high. But now the imports have shrunk, and the accumulated reserves have been partly consumed, so that Switzerland faces a diminution of supplies and a further strain on its entire price structure from this point forward.

With exceptional longheadedness, the Swiss Government, months before the outbreak of war in 1939, notified housewives to buy at least sixty days' surplus supplies of staple foodstuffs. In June of 1939 the Government issued an additional and final warning to do this. The purpose was to

move goods into homes and out of warehouses, so that the warehouses could be refilled, to soften the impact of rationing when they knew rationing would be necessary and to clamp down on ultimate profiteering by retailers. If the housewife did not have the money to enter into this programme, the Swiss Government went so far as to offer credit. The administrators were using their heads. They were preparing the pantries just as General Guisan was preparing passes.

Even to-day, the rationing on material for clothes is generous, and there is no ration at all on silk materials. Coffee is still served in Swiss restaurants, although there is little sugar.

Butter has literally gone out the window into the ash can. Of course, you would hardly look for this, as dairying is a great and internationally famous Swiss industry, but Switzerland's butter now goes to the Nazis in Germany in exchange for coal, which Swiss industries consume. This butter, of course, brings Switzerland other things which she needs. And the cows of Switzerland are working exclusively on an export basis.

Every inch of tillable land has been put under cultivation. When General Guisan was looking at the League of Nations Palace from a balcony, his eyes were travelling over a potato crop covering the Palace grounds.

On the human front of international affairs, Switzerland continues to-day as she has since 1863, when Henri Dunant founded the International Red Cross in Geneva. Dr. Max Huber, former president of the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague, continues the direction of this work throughout the world, as he has since 1928. To-day, as in five previous wars, one of its great features is its Central Agency for prisoners. Opened two weeks after the war started in 1939, one of the many tasks of the Central Agency is the transmission to their families of all information concerning prisoners. The medical division of the agency tries to maintain a card index of wounded or sick prisoners in every country. It keeps similar information on the condition of the wounded soldiers, their state of convalescence, and such details as transfer from one hospital to another.

The International Red Cross has arranged countless marriages by proxy, and, of course, the exchange of millions of dollars in funds between families and the prisoners of war. It conducts correspondence courses in scientific work, permitting students who are prisoners to continue their studies, as well as courses in languages.

The Central Agency arranges for the repatriation of those who are sick, ill, or wounded, and one of the most dramatic instances in its entire career was the unholy repudiation by the Nazis of the English-German prisoner exchange in the fall of 1941.

In this, as in all things, Switzerland waits.

Hitler doesn't have to cross the Alps to be felt in Swiss homes every hour of the day and night.

Switzerland knows the Alps are lower for Hitler than they were for Hannibal.

With Pétain at Vichy

GENERAL CHARLES HUNTZIGER, France's Minister of War, was killed in the air at 1.03 p.m. Wednesday, November 12.

I reached Vichy in a little French plane the same afternoon. Rain had been dropping in a fair-sized cloudburst at Lyon, and a half-hour out of Vichy a full fog closed in on my ship. You couldn't see the wing tips. I never went through tighter stuff. The windows of the droning plane were packed tight. We were flying through solid cotton. Nobody likes to fly in fog, and I certainly did not like it that day.

We circled Vichy for about an hour and made as many tries as we could for the landing-field. The pilot would ease the ship lower and lower in a half stall and then give it the gun for a quick climb when he saw no break in ceiling near the ground. The airport people were trying to talk the plane down through the earphones, and when you see that happening to a French pilot you are looking at something. Suddenly he put her down. We went into the lunch room at the edge of the field, had a cup of coffee and a very long smoke.

"*Je suis content d'être redescendu,*" said the pilot.

"*Plenty content,*" said I.

It seems that General Huntziger was flying to Vichy too. He was on the way back from a meeting with General Maxime Weygand in Algiers. The War Minister's plane was circling over Vichy when I was. But he had a large ship. It couldn't land on that field in such a fog. The ground control notified Huntziger's plane that the weather was clear at Marseilles and told him to turn back there for an alternate landing. The pilot acknowledged the radio direction and headed away from the field. The plane crashed in the hills south of Vichy. The general and all in the plane were killed.

I had gone directly from the airport to Marshal Pétain's office in the Hôtel du Parc. I was with Baron Edmond Antoine de Beauverger, acting Chef du Protocol, in his office in Pétain's suite when De Beauverger received the news by telephone from a farmhouse. It will be a long time before I will forget sitting there on the other side of his desk and hearing of that crash. The baron went into the next room and told the marshal.

Thus began the Weygand Affair, and the signal for the Second Phase of World War II, the Interoccean War.

"I have a noose around my neck," Marshal Pétain told the newspapermen that evening, "and the Germans can pull the rope at any time."

The admission is true as far as it goes, but like so many other truths, it throws the deeper facts out of focus. The noose is around the whole Vichy position. That is quite a different thing, and especially for two reasons. It defines the wider powers of the common hangman and discounts the individual importance of the marshal or of Admiral Darlan in the basic situation.

To-day the Government of the Republic of France, operating in the little town of Vichy, is living in *Graustark* surroundings. The streets of this quiet village resound with the march of only a few soldiers. These are the men of the Marshal's Guard. They are dressed in dark-blue uniforms, wear black leather puttees. For the most part, this is a motor-cycle unit. A bulbous helmet is a regular part of their uniform. Goggles hooked on the front of the helmet by an elastic band give them two protruding extra eyes above their own. Against this dark background, the Marshal's Guard wear long white gauntlets. The incongruous combination is typical of Vichy.

Equipped with rifles, these men stand guard in front of the Hôtel du Parc. This is the executive branch of the Republic of France. It hardly seems possible, as you walk into the lobby of this country hotel in this sleepy little town, that this is all that remains of the majesty and dignity of a great nation.

Two or three sergeants of the Marshal's Guard sit behind a long desk. They take your name for any appointment and send it up. The Marshal of France, as Chief of

State, and his Ministers live and work in the old-fashioned bedrooms above. You go up in the single elevator and walk down corridors filled with cardboard boxes and small packing cartons. These are the files of the Foreign Office. It seemed to me that nothing could dramatize more faithfully the chaos of this bewildering world than to see these packages standing on this uneven floor, dispatched there from the magnificence of the Quai d'Orsay.

Turning the corner in the corridor, I bumped into one of these bundles, knocked it over, and spilled its contents. Stooping down in the dim hall, I found myself rearranging heavy sheets of important-looking vellum blazing the Seal of Turkey.

The hotel bedroom furniture has not been taken out of the office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. There were only a few suites with sitting-rooms in the hotel. The Minister of Foreign Affairs didn't get one. And neither did the Minister of Finance.

The marshal himself has several rooms, including a dining-room down the hall, for he lives as well as works at the Hôtel du Parc. In his own sitting-room the tall window is covered by a flimsy lace drapery. The room is panelled, nearly to the ceiling, in old provincial style. Pictures rest on the ridge of the panelling, silhouetted against a high strip of white plastered wall. The marshal's desk belongs to the hotel. They sent it up from the manager's office when the Marshal of France moved in.

The courtyard connects the du Parc with the Hotel Majestic. This hotel is reserved for visitors to the Government, and officials float back and forth under a covered arch.

The various departments are centred around town, and all the hotels in Vichy are full. Instead of the Philo Vance atmosphere of its block-square building on the Boulevard St.-Germaine, the Director General of Sûreté Nationale operates the surveillance of the *Deuxième Bureau* from the basement of the Hôtel du Russie. The Ministre de l'Intérieur works there too. A dumb waiter is used to speed up their exchange of papers.

The United States embassy is around the corner in a small French house, and Admiral Leahy is very comfortable

there. He works in a pleasant room on the second floor, his windows overlooking the park. Admiral Leahy is the most important figure in the diplomatic colony in Vichy, and this has been a very gruelling post for him.

"It is just about what I expected," he told me the first time I saw him.

Nobody ever heard him complain. It doesn't make any difference what else is going on, when Leahy wants to see the marshal, that is all there is to it. The marshal sees him in a hurry. Douglas MacArthur II, the namesake of his heroic uncle, is second secretary at Vichy and pulls a heavy oar. He and Mrs. MacArthur, who is the daughter of Senator Alben W. Barkley, live at the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs. Ironically enough, the Japanese ambassador lives there too.

The Germans are operating a "bear point" on the unoccupied area, needlessly depressing the already tragic living conditions, forcing artificial restrictions, looting much they do not need, and in every way seeking to weigh down this section. This is a conditioning operation, handled through Otto Abetz, the German ambassador to Paris. It sets the stage so that the Germans can at any time set up a new "national" government in Paris, lift the weights, and gain acceptance from the hard-pressed French for a new crowd in the old capital. In this way Germany can liquidate the whole Vichy position overnight.

Every politician in Vichy knows this. And every foreign diplomat there knows that any Vichy leader's personal attitude toward the United Nations or Germany is of secondary importance.

This is an explanation of the innocuous nature of Vichy, but it is small solace to the free world.

I would have been very interested in hearing Pétain make a speech after Vichy's abject surrender of Indio-China to the Japs in September 1940. This engagement was, of course, totally outside Pétain's armistice obligations. To the everlasting mockery of Vichy's attempt to appear a sovereign France, this shameful act in the Hôtel du Parc opened the way to the whole United Nations disaster in Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies.

To the credit of the citizens in France, however, the

fact is that there was widespread and intense public resentment against the marshal for this. Pétain's relations with his own people suffered. "The marshal should not have done that," they said. They meant it and they remember it.

What, then, is the marshal's hold on the people in France? Chiefly this rests on three points: one, Pétain did not leave France. In the eyes of the French who remain there themselves, this is the *sine qua non* of any one's influence. It is typically French that the lone fact that a Frenchman left France when she fell, whether or not "to fight again another day," rules him out utterly and completely.

"No matter what happens," said the marshal when he became Chief of State, "I shall not leave my country." And he says this again every time he makes a speech.

Second, Pétain supplies a feeling of dignity, which is very important to all Frenchmen there. He is about the only semblance of national character they have left. A crushed nation, bitterly resentful of the leadership and events which prostrated them, blaming themselves and the British more than the Germans for their losses, the person of the marshal is a profound offset to the deep humiliation every Frenchman feels.

Last, they know Pétain is honest. He is not a grafter. He is not a politician. "The new French State is chained to no particular private groups of interest," he said. They are in no mood to inspect whether he is fundamentally a defeatist, which he is; or whether he is Fascist-minded, which he is and always has been. Pétain works eight to ten hours every day at being boss.

In respect to this activity, Pétain is without doubt the physical phenomenon of modern history, and we in America are thrown off completely when we miss this point. I saw him at all hours of the day and night during the Weygand crisis. Admiral Leahy and every one who is constantly at Vichy testifies to his vitality. The marshal is an exceedingly busy and determined man, alert in every sense of the word, and quite tireless by any reasonable standards. Yet, at the time he was born, republican France was only eight years old and, in our country, Abraham Lincoln was still a

practising lawyer in Springfield, Illinois. Pétain will be eighty-six on the twenty-fourth of May.

His great age simply does not impress itself on you when you are with him. He greets you with a cordial salute and an easy smile, twinkling eyes and a very pleasant concentration of attention. He is direct in manner, thinks and talks entirely as a soldier Chief of State. But he laughs a good deal and is not in the least ponderous. All the office-holders at Vichy, and there are a great many, are beholden to Pétain, and everybody in the French Government, including Darlan, takes orders from him. Unless the marshal backs them up in what they do, they are out in the cold on very short notice indeed.

Vice-Premier Darlan is an example of this. Contrary to our general thought, the marshal has supported him consistently. Darlan is very unpopular with the people. "Unjustly so," said the marshal over the radio. The admiral is certainly not so pro-German as we assume, except that he is definitely anti-British. He made no bones about this when I saw him, and every one knows his feelings—and his politics—for he features this position in attempting to capitalize on the anti-British segment of French public opinion.

The result is unimpressive, however, for Darlan has a very bad personality, is regarded as more politician than sailor, especially by the fleet, who would not get their feet wet following him unless the marshal said so. The French people look upon Darlan as one who pushed himself forward in the vacuum of intrigue. That the Germans helped the push seems at the moment lost on the French, as are so many points of international affairs lost on any people who are desperately hungry.

For the first and overpowering thought of every one in unoccupied France is food. This overshadows everything, and any other consideration is a very poor second. The only way to judge the feelings and attitudes of a Frenchman who has not had enough food for a long time is to experience this yourself and see how you think and feel and react toward any idea or problem except food. Hunger like this is a disease. "I am hungry," is all you can think of, all you can feel. There isn't room for any other thought.

So it is with the French people to-day. We assume they are hungry, but we hardly consider the effect every time we estimate France's duties to herself and to the democratic world. We blame the French too much. We should blame the Germans. The chief thing wrong with France, and the French people, is that the Germans are in France.

But the Free French are free—yet the man in the street does not support their movement. Why? The Frenchman in France either thinks poorly of the Free French or he does not think of them at all. This is a great misfortune and an agonizing problem in the highest Anglo-American strategy.

The necessity for a Free French movement is fundamental. Such a programme has every moral right to succeed, and we have large hopes which absolutely depend on its success. Not only all Frenchmen but all freemen of the world are more dependent on the Free French than they realize. But from what I can observe, the present Free French movement some day must be overhauled. Its delinquencies seem to include the Free French's basic conception of the results they should strive for in their relations with the French people in France.

Either the Free French approach to its problem is wrong or its objectives are totally obscure. You would assume its main flow would be dedicated to uniting the French against Germany. It is not doing this. It does not even seem to be trying to do so. Such influence as it has is, instead, dividing France against itself. If the De Gaullists were trying to create an irrevocable split within prostrate France, sowing the bitter seeds of civil war so that a minority clique could return and control through the balance of power when Germany fell, they would proceed exactly as the De Gaullists have proceeded. I do not accuse De Gaulle of this. But I do say it is the present effect of the De Gaulle movement.

This is all the worse because the De Gaullists start with several basic handicaps. At best, these would require top-flight handling to make any such movement succeed. The French in occupied and unoccupied France, contrasted with their attitude towards Pétain, regard as *émigrés* all who left their country and are not suffering the terrible hardships and humiliations which they suffer. In the

French mind that is enough. They simply do not look upon as potential liberators the French who went abroad, and they have no use whatever for several of De Gaulle's "camp followers."

German propaganda has taken full advantage of the many-sided weaknesses in the De Gaullist appeal, capitalizing on some of the things General de Gaulle has done. Repeatedly, De Gaulle attacked the marshal personally over the radio, for example, and this was duck soup for the Nazis. Finally De Gaulle stopped after shouts of dismay from England's best friends in France. Countless such acts have not circumvented the German propaganda. They have amplified it. Every time the Nazis held out a bait, De Gaulle took it. So much for the negatives. The positives, in the form of omissions, are worse.

If he is trying to unite the French, it is beyond all understanding why De Gaulle overlooks the one appeal which would attract all Frenchmen. There isn't a Frenchman that wouldn't be with him spiritually. And thousands and thousands would flock to him physically, whereas they come only in dribbles to-day. He has an elementary opportunity in the blazing and abiding hatred of the French for the Italians.

The French have always regarded the Italian Army as a pompous crowd of impostors whom they could dump upside down in the crater of Vesuvius any time they wanted to. That Mussolini bellowed his way in at the last moment, beat his chest, and turned loose his phoney legions when France was prostrate is something the French in France can't even speak about. Their faces just explode. No Frenchman anywhere will ever forget this until it is avenged. Why doesn't De Gaulle beat an anti-Italian drum and beat it until it sounds to the highest French heaven? I don't know.

Pivoting on this, if nothing else, De Gaulle would sanctify his whole movement, clarify his purpose, and at least unite France as far as he could instead of tearing it apart within itself. Free French commandos landing in Italy, Free French planes featuring the British bombing raids on the Italian seaports—anything against Italy. Regardless of how little or large the contribution was in this and number-

less other opportunities, Vichy could not effectively lambaste the Free French as the momentum grew. The marshal is Fascist-minded and, personally, I think, he has the totalitarian bug. But Pétain has better sense than to oppose the Free French in the things all Frenchmen want done.

General de Gaulle could not do everything the French want, but he could do many such things. And after the atmosphere of the movement crystallized in a favourable way, the Free French might even succeed in doing many things about which the French are not unanimous. At some point he has to attract the endorsement of the French in France.

Free France could have a trump movement, unifying France for its destiny in the hopes of the United Nations. Here is one remaining place in Europe where statesmanship and imagination can immeasurably affect our war effort. If General de Gaulle is showing either quality, the fact escapes England's and America's best friends over there from one end of the continent to the other. And it certainly escapes me.

And what was and is the spirit of the French people themselves? To me, it is reckless, cruel, and false for Americans to question this. Among some of the more brittle and sophisticated in the United States you hear it implied that the French didn't even want to fight for their country. It is easy to say that three thousand miles away. And it's a corrupt and dangerous thing to say, because it suggests that the neighbouring French thought they would get along with the Germans.

The French never thought any such thing. The French people recognized the German menace from the beginning. France never suffered under any illusions about the purposes and power of Hitler. The managers of France did not protect the people against this very well, but the French people themselves are only indirectly to blame for this mismanagement. There was no revolt in France against war. The dereliction was that the political factors in control were not up to the task. But even that is only Item A. Item B is that the French people had practically no Allied support in defence of their nation.

The British Army was heroic but pitifully small. There

were only twelve divisions in the B.E.F. France stood with 165 fewer British and American divisions than when she was last bled by the Germans. The French people couldn't win this war with taxicabs, and neither could we had we been Frenchmen in Paris when the Germans attacked. Shame on any American who raises a smug voice in the free and distant air of our country and speaks of the people of France as though they rolled over and played dead. I dare him to go to France and speak such words to any Frenchman. Or to any Frenchwoman.

As Devised by the Enemy

THE FIRST ISSUE beyond food is the return of French loved ones, the French prisoners, men and boys still working in German fields to feed the German tyrant. The marshal's burning desires are fixed on this point. He constantly refers to them as "my boys." It is an intensely personal as well as national matter with him, and pervades every dealing he has with the Germans. On their part, the Germans I saw at the Foreign Office in Berlin take the convenient position that after World War I, France did not return the German prisoners until after the Versailles Treaty had been ratified by each of the signators, the last of which was Japan, eighteen months after Compiègne. To bother introducing this comparison is typical of the Nazis' strange emphasis on "legalizing" anything they do, no matter how diabolical or false. The Franco-German Armistice in World War II was signed over eighteen months ago, June 25, 1940, and a million and a quarter French prisoners still remain away from their homes and families. There is no defined programme to release them, and they are being released very slowly, each after a full subjection to special Nazi inculcation.

The reason for this delay is far deeper than anything generally supposed and goes a great distance beyond the simple fact that Germany needs the labour of these men at this time. It has its place in a broad and insidious German conception and represents a part in the German's approach to the destinies of all the countries they occupy.

What is this fundamental Nazi movement? What is this basic attitude of the conqueror toward the conquered nation?

Economic reorganization? Yes, this is important. The destruction of religion? Yes, and this is close to their hearts in preparation for the Germanic Europe. But these are only

prongs of their basic principle. This is the principle of *Völkerwanderung*. Literally translated, you could say this means "The Wandering of the Nations."

It is the Nazi principle of breaking down national groupings by forced migration, establishing a general and universal substratum of nonentities under the Nazi *Herrenvolk* stratum. The Nazis are not satisfied to have people work for the Germans, live their lives the Nazi way. Oh no, that is not the long-term outlook. That lacks blending and the permanency which goes with shattering the natural blocs. Better shatter them and sift them into a masslike whole. This is better than trying to hold them together in a grip. Blocs in a grip would be minorities of the whole.

"Minorities are a curse," said Hitler.

Minorities have no place in the Nazi scheme. *Völkerwanderung* is the atom-buster which does away with them. There will be no Frenchmen, Italians, Belgians, or Dutch in Hitler's Europe. There will be only German *Herrenvolk* and the substratum.

Every Nazi leader in Germany to-day, to the intense satisfaction of the German people themselves, has publicly acknowledged this principle. I heard it expounded before eighty thousand people in the Berlin Sportpalast in 1939. *Völkerwanderung* had been a feature topic in all the *Partitag* conclaves before that. The principle is inherent in Nazi thinking. It is concomitant to the whole *Herrenvolk*, German superman, thesis—the Nazi approach to life. And the most important thing is that *Völkerwanderung* is under way.

The more profligate breakups are accomplished by pressure on groups as a whole. And one source of pressure is fear. Another is simple forced "resettlement."

In Poland, the Poles living in the more productive areas are loaded into boxcars; their property, beyond the few pounds they can carry, is confiscated. The trains move to the more thinly populated, poor-sustenance areas of Poland and the Balkans. No attempt is made to keep families together. No record is left at their old homes telling where they went. Their local Nazi masters don't know and don't care.

Germans from Germany move in instead.

Over a million and a half of the best-situated Poles have

been forced elsewhere, losing every possession and every root in life under the hand of the incoming German people. More than 150,000 inhabitants have been pressed out of Lodz alone, 128,000 from the Port of Gdynia, untold thousands from countless smaller towns.

Without notice, generally at dawn, long lines of lorries laden with incoming Germans will enter a village. S.S. troops command these trucks. They set up the tripods under their machine-guns, train them on the crossings, sit and wait.

Small squads of S.S. thugs surround the shops and houses, search the premises at bayonet point, drive the people into the machine-gun guarded streets. People—these defenceless people—are herded into the lorries. When the lorries are full, they leave. Wherever they go—old and young—men, women, and children alike—they have only their hands and bodies with which to struggle.

That is what *Völkerwanderung* means to the meek of the earth. This is what it means to the little men, who had no greed, no malice, no scheme; who wanted only to live their lives, protect their families and their children.

Exclusive of the Russians, there are approximately three million war prisoners in Germany. None of these work on German armaments. This is a general rule based entirely on not taking a chance. These men are paid at approximately one half the prevailing German wage for whatever work they do. This refers to prisoners, for there is a large group of alien labour in Germany who have migrated there from the other countries or have been sent there by agreements with other governments, such as Spain. This group totals another two million men and women and includes more than 350,000 Italians. Between the prisoners and the alien civilian workers, this man-power equals 15 per cent of the Nazis' entire labour force within their country. Of course, their production would fall right out of bed without it.

When I was in Germany in 1939, she was suffering then from a shortage of industrial labour. Although it was not quite so severe as the situation the Nazis faced in the fall of 1937, it was clear that the war would create an impossible shortage as soon as additional workers were absorbed

into the Army. The Nazis lost no time in bringing in their labour from every conquered country. They went after prisoners as dogs grab for meat. France lost only 100,000 dead from her Army of three million, but the Nazis took more than two million French prisoners.

Funk, Wohlthat and other Nazi economic administrators backed up Nazi General Georg Thomas in this operation. General Thomas was with the Army in the field. Funk requisitioned and distributed the men that the *Wehrmark* gathered in prison camps, and turned them over to this Nazi general.

Hand in hand with this, the Nazis planned to take the nation's cash. The biggest payer would be France, and she was. France pays reparations to the Nazis at the rate of four hundred millions marks a day. The franc has an exchange rate now of forty francs to the dollar, which makes each franc worth a little over two cents. When I was at Vichy, the franc on the "Black Bourse" was selling at 160 to the dollar. At the exchange rate, the Nazis set their reparations from France alone at ten million dollars a day. They collect this from the Banque de France, leave half of it on deposit, and use the other half to buy into private French businesses. It's all gravy to the Nazis.

The Czechs are paying Germany in reparations and assessments more every day than their former defence budget, and the Rumanians are paying the Nazis nearly as much. So is Denmark. Denmark is delivering each month to Hitler as much money as the King ever spent to protect his people. On a similar scale, the same thing is true of Leopold's kingdom and of the Netherlands. The Nazis are collecting in cash over four billion dollars a year through taxes and capital levies on the occupied countries. And they don't even collect the taxes themselves. They apply a special tax and the German Army holds the central native authorities responsible for collecting.

The Young Plan called on Germany for 500 million dollars a year. Germany collects that now every forty-five days.

Shades of the Paris sunshine. Shades of Thyssen. Shades of Schacht! This was one time that Schacht did not "resign in protest." This didn't shock Schacht's economic

sensibilities. This was not shortsighted or wrong. Oh no. This was Germany.

"I financed the National-Socialist Party because I believed that the Young Plan spelled catastrophe for Germany," wrote Thyssen. These leopards knew their business.

Nevertheless there is a popular misconception that Germany is being strained by her occupation in Europe. Actually, it is the people of Europe who are being strained. Germany is fattening on the biggest steal in all history. The Nazis use for occupation approximately a quarter to one third of what they collect. That pays all their expenses, gives the soldiers three square meals a day, and keeps them in shelter. It runs the Army trucks and supplies cigars for the generals. It puts cream on the officers' pancakes and spreads powdered sugar at the non-coms' mess. But this is not enough. An additional collecting method has two purposes. It gets the cash and it helps the *Herrenvolk* to maintain discipline. This is their system of fines. Among other units, they levy these fines on cities, from Trondheim to Paris. It cost Bergen \$10,000 when some irate citizens tipped over a Nazi's motor-cycle side-car. Of course, that was small potatoes. They levied \$400,000 on Paris and fired the chief of police when things were going wrong there. But even the fines couldn't get everything they wanted. Up in Oslo they got a setback. Horcher, the famous proprietor of the most fashionable and most expensive restaurant in Berlin, established a branch there before Christmas for the German carpet-bagging clientele. Oslo was going in for culture. They dusted out the Opera House.

"We'll have music," they said. "Flagstad is here." When Kirsten Flagstad, the great Wagnerian soprano left the Metropolitan in New York, she did so to return to her husband in Norway. She is married to a leader of the Quisling party. A rich Norwegian, he is the head of the largest cellulose company in Norway. But Flagstad has nothing to do with these matters. And when the Germans wanted to open the Opera House, she turned them down. The Germans haven't opened the Opera House in Oslo. The dust is back on the seats.

France's own prisoners, the former French leaders arrested by the new French Government when the Germans broke through, were until their trial confined at Portalet, which is a fort near the Pyrenees. They were under guard and unable to communicate with one another or with the outside world: ex-Premiers Daladier, Paul Reynaud, and Léon Blum, ex-Interior Minister Georges Mandel, and ex-commander in chief General Maurice Gamelin. I couldn't get permission to interview them, although the Vichy Press Office was surprisingly apologetic.

The marshal says they "lived comfortably."

Germany is interested in the forces for propaganda represented by these trials. For home consumption, Germany is meticulously replaying Franco-German history in reverse. Of course, the Nazis did this in the dining-car at Compiègne in 1940.

With late information on the British-African situation, and timing it to a "T." Herr Otto Abetz, murderer and thief, now German ambassador to Paris, one of the five top men in the Nazi hierarchy, used the Huntziger funeral as the occasion to move in on Vichy. He had all the strings in his stubby fingers.

Resplendent, if not bizarre, in his Nazi finery, Abetz arrived from Paris with his entourage in a shining black fleet of fourteen Maybach-Zeppelin limousines. The motorcycle riders of the Marshal's Guard, two hundred strong, were sent to escort him from the Line of Demarcation. Next to Goering, Abetz has done more pioneering in the way of uniforms than any of the other Nazi chieftains. His azure overcoat has the cut of Hindenburg's, but the lapels part company with the old field-marshal's taste and introduce the novelty of pale pink. He wears a dress sword on a handsome belt, and a polite little dagger in it.

Abetz has a round face. It is soft and flabby, until you get to the eyes. His eyes are hard and sharp. They are small and close to his nose, and they dart and shift like a troubled ferret. His hands are pudgy and seem to sweat. He bites his nails to the quick. His smile is a smirk, and his teeth are bad. His voice is pompous and flat.

"I was Huntziger's friend," he told me in a grandiose way the moment I saw him at Vichy. This was a simple lie.

I lived at the Hotel Majestic over the week-end with this rat.

The German Army Intelligence Service was telling Abetz that Britain's offensive in Libya would begin not later than November 18, the following week. Postponed five months because so much material assembled there had been transferred suddenly to Russia, now it was to begin. The British had been bringing equipment occasionally through the Strait of Gibraltar but most of it, along with American supplies, had come around the Cape of Good Hope and up the Red Sea to Suez. German agents stood on the docks as it was unloaded. They saw a lot of excellent tanks from Detroit.

Nazi General Edwin Rommel was sitting, waiting. His equipment had reached him through Italy, across to Sicily, and then by sea and air to his concentration point at Tripoli. It had been a hard job to supply Rommel's forces, and it had been very expensive. British sea and air power, based on Cairo, Alexandria, Malta, and Gibraltar, had taken a terrific toll of the convoys in this bottleneck of the Mediterranean, and for the first time in the whole war the Germans were in a spot where it was as hard for them to make replacements as it was for the British.

Actually, they were losing 40 per cent of their effectives in transit across the water before the battle started, and they must calculate on an equally high loss when replacements would begin. But they were getting a lot of stuff over in the 60 per cent. They were using large, slow shallow-dive, short-range submarines as troop and cargo carriers, carrying up to 450 men or very large quantities of freight. With only their conning tower, at most, breaking the water, you simply could not detect them as they made the short trip at night.

Rommel figured he was ready, and so did Abetz. And Rommel had better be ready, because the Nazi spotlight was on him. Just before Rommel left the Berlin War Office to take command, a very unusual photograph appeared in the newspapers all over Germany, a picture of Hitler with his arm around the tank general's shoulder. This kind of thing from the Nazis is never careless, never casual publicity. Hitler was telling the people, especially the other generals

and the German troops that would go to dusty Africa, that he had Germany's bet down on Rommel—and that the lonesome operation down there would be in good, intimate hands.

The Nazis were not frantic about the possibility of General Maxime Weygand's independent action against them in North Africa. Weygand's outstanding characteristic was his loyalty to Henri Philippe Pétain just as it had been with the late Marshal Ferdinand Foch in World War I, Berthier to Napoleon. But Hitler was amply enough worried about Weygand not to take any chances, and the death of General Huntziger, meaning negotiations over who would be the new War Minister, was the occasion and the moment for the showdown.

Weygand was summoned to Vichy from Algiers. The marshal himself called him in, and the thought in France on the day after the Huntziger funeral was that Weygand was being brought home as the new Minister of War. But he wasn't. Politicians have always been a thorn in the tunic of Weygand, a fact that has distorted his whole career. They have always offended this honest man; held him back. Weygand, in turn, born a Belgian, has from his earliest days been properly and completely suspicious of them.

This suspicion brought Weygand into conflict with Darlan and Darlan's henchmen, violently, as early as the fall of Paris. For when the French Government blackballed the Churchill-Reynaud proposal to move to North Africa and fight from there instead of electing to sign an armistice to operate a captive government at Vichy, Weygand opposed this fateful decision. It left the French Government at the mercy of the Germans, and from this basic mistake springs the subsequent delinquency of Vichy France. Its frailties naturally followed.

Weygand himself was glad to leave France, rule North Africa by virtue of a decree under which Marshal Pétain placed him in command both of the government and the armies there. But when he was called back the day after the Huntziger funeral, he was being called back to be fired. I knew it. Weygand came up to France by plane, but he stayed in Lyon several hours in order to wait until the

Abetz delegation was out of Vichy. Then he came into town. I met Weygand at the Vichy airport. He was received like a returning Roman hero. The Marshal's Guard was turned out full force. Drawn sabres flashed in the Vichy air. Weygand bowed in an open car. I do not know whether he knew he was to be fired, as I did. I rather think not. But in any case, Abetz had cast the die. General Weygand would not only be removed as governor of North Africa, he would resign as a soldier of France. Abetz put the finger on Weygand. I had a world scoop.

The Gestapo Boys Play Tag

THE DISMISSAL of Weygand was news. A world beat doesn't happen very often. Maybe once in a lifetime. I had it in my head and on my hands. Naturally, I couldn't get it out from Vichy. Further, the French Government would deny it if I said it, scandalized at the thought, for General Maxime Weygand, chief of North Africa, late commander-in-chief of the French armies, was to have been quietly kissed out of the picture. That was the Nazi idea of finesse. And they planned to have no one realize that Weygand was out until long after it happened.

There is only one press wire out of the capital. It is in the Hôtel de la Paix, a high-speed wire to the international terminals, with a relay at Bordeaux. This relay is in occupied France, and every newspaperman knows that the German Intelligence in Bordeaux takes a "dropped copy" of all the traffic that goes out to the world over that wire; has an instrument which records everything that goes through.

I must get out of Vichy; somehow break my news. I got a plane early Monday morning and flew to Lyon. At the airport there I asked for the best hotel. I wanted to locate a concierge who could pilot me, and I did not want to tarry around France. I went in a taxi to the Grand. No luck. The concierge just shook his head when I asked if he would go to a police station with me, one from which I could send a cablegram.

"I cannot leave," he said. I hired his son, neat blue suit and all, to show the way.

Raining, no taxis, and too far to walk. The little boy and I got on a street car. I looked at my watch, knew there was only one plane out, figured I would go to Spain. All France's horses and carts seemed jammed on those tracks. We got off and broke into a run.

First the main telegraph office to get a cable form. The

little blue figure squirmed through the line and emerged with the proper sheet. Then the central police station next door for the control stamp of approval. This was the rub. The lieutenant would have to see the message in French and English both, approve it for transmission. I sat down and wrote my cable: AFTER TALKING FUTURE OVER WITH HIS VISITING COUSINS GRANDPA AT MIDNIGHT SUNDAY FIRED HIS SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENT SANDY FOREVER. SPEAK LOUD AND THEN BLOW NOSE.

Of course, what I was saying to the United States was that Pétain had let out the African general, gone the whole distance, the night before. This was a scoop. Shout it! It would be denied, there would be a chorus of noes. Blow them, blow the denials aside, no matter what any one said. But I could not figure how to pin it on Abetz, how to say and emphasize in this "cryptic," as such wires are called, that it was he who did it. I just couldn't work Abetz into the wire as I sat there writing at the little desk in the police station. If the lieutenant ever spotted an important name in the message, I was through. Finally, it occurred to me to sign the Nazi's name at the end, use a descriptive little three-letter prefix that would bury the telltale letters of his name and at the same time tell a story of its own. I signed my cablegram: SOBABETZ.

I held my breath while the policeman read it. He glanced at me and the little boy. His visa stamp poised in his raised right hand. He stamped the wire. I turned slowly and walked out to the street. Then I ran.

"Urgent," I said to the girl at the cable cage.

"Cost a thousand francs," she said. For that much, couldn't I see it go?

"Yes," the girl smiled, the operator would send it now and if I wanted to, all I had to do was look behind her in the cage. A man threw his key. I heard him signal the relay at Bordeaux.

"Pfft," he whistled a few seconds later. "It go."

I went directly from the cable office to the airport, left Lyon at noon. I picked up the southbound Lufthansa International plane for Marseilles and Barcelona. For nearly two hours we flew over forests, vineyards, the château country of unoccupied France. Such lovely country but so

little food grown there. Not food-growing country, as in the occupied area. Another of the great ironies of the war : The food situation is basically far better for the French who remain in the section occupied by the Nazis than it is for the French in unoccupied France.

Rations are small, food tickets needed for nearly everything. "Coffee," which is a bitter, dilute mixture, is never served until after three o'clock in the afternoon. Of course, no sugar, cream, or butter. Practically no meat. The bread is excellent, to the limit of your ration tickets, and whenever you get soup, it is very good. No eggs at all. And no cigarettes. Admiral Leahy, our ambassador, with his typical thoughtfulness, gave me the only supply of cigarettes I had in France. Except for this I would have had none. They simply don't exist. Hot water is scarce, the fuel situation is bad. No gasoline for cars or taxis. Abetz's sixteen Maybach-Zeppelins looked fantastic. The taxis are horse-drawn carriages, the horses terribly thin. A few bright, new three-wheeled "Jinrikisha" devices, a little hooded seat for yourself and another, attached to the driver's bicycle. Good time they make, with a surprising load. Take sugar, cream, butter, meat, eggs, cigarettes, hot water, and gasoline out of your life ; add fear, humiliation, no job, and no future, and you approach the realities, if not the psychological viewpoint, of a French man or woman in unoccupied France. The blunders don't seem so craven ; the stupidities are softened in the pity of the day. The tragedy of the Maginot Line seems less a matter of concrete and shortness, the inferiority of plans France had drawn. You pass over much that is easy to question : Georges Bonnet and his scandalous deals with the Germans ; the Popular Front with its harm long since done ; the route of soldiers who laid down their guns. You live and move where it has happened, where glory is dead and freedom is a ghost, where all that we know in life has left their dreary world. How strange it would seem to say, "What could you expect ?" when you stand there, stand where man has only his soul.

I had not been thinking of the passengers in the plane as I sat looking out the window, but somebody tapped me on the shoulder. I turned my head, know I showed a look

of surprise. It was Olavo Eca Leal, the dark, small man of the Berlin radio.

"I did not think you were leaving Vichy so soon," he said to me, "but I am glad to see you."

The thought flashed through my mind that when we met in Offenbach's office in Berlin I had not told Leal I was going to Vichy. You get pretty sensitive now about points like this in your travels in Europe.

"How about Lord Haw-Haw?" I asked my hatless, fur-collared friend. "We work in the same studio each night," he said, "but I'm on a month's vacation. Haw-Haw's brother is in jail in England, but Haw-Haw doesn't seem to give much of a damn. He is getting four hundred dollars a week now, got a raise in the middle of the year, but drinks a lot, and sometimes he's a little hard to handle."

Leal worked with "Jane Anderson" too. Jane Anderson, who broadcasts so violently from Germany to North America over short wave, married first to an American composer then to a Spanish nobleman, has had a stormy career in Europe. She worked long ago on London papers, was jailed in Madrid during the Spanish Civil War, emerged finally as a vehement haranguer over continental stations. She, late middle-aged, had a special sneer in her voice which attracted the Nazis. Some time ago they put her on the most powerful transmitter that assaults the air in the United States. The British now call her "Lady Haw-Haw."

Both Lord Haw-Haw and Jane Anderson patter their way through the whole mirage of Anglophobe arguments, taking leaves from the book of any one the world over whose remarks can be construed as anti-British. Of course, they grasp at every scrap of material they can get from the United States, and American names roll off their tongues like cascades of nectar.

Great Britain seeks and obtains the help of the United States, says Haw-Haw, in order to preserve the British Empire. What saps you Americans are. And, furthermore, what saps the British are. By taking this aid, they are mortgaging themselves to their most natural rival. It's as simple as all that. Not a word about *Standische Wirt-*

schaftsordnung or *Völkerwanderung*. Oh no, those are German words. Difficult over the radio.

And as the Germans proceed with conquest, step by step, the Nazis will try to soften us up by feeding out stuff that this is a "wrong war," just as "Ambassador" Dieckhoff and the top Nazi propaganda men tried to feed it out to me in Berlin. Hush, hush. This isn't the right war. Somebody must have mixed the tickets. The real war, ultimately, will be between the white and yellow races. Can't you see that? America shouldn't be fighting the Germans. Of course England should not be fighting the Germans. And, certainly, Russia should not be fighting the Germans. (By now we have nobody fighting the Germans.) America, England, and Russia should be fighting the Japs.

"Are you going to fight the Japs, too?" I asked Dieckhoff on this occasion. He pouted his lips. He really looked a little hurt. "We can't get at them," he replied.

They do not say that this is not a war of the English, the Americans, the Free French, or the Dutch. They do not say that this is the *people's* war—the people's war against the evil thing that is Nazi. They do not say that they see running through this war in such resistances as the Poles' and Czechs', who no longer can fight from their homes, amazing evidence of the spirit of humanity. They do not think and speak as free men think and feel: *Peace is indivisible*.

The whole matter of radio is very near and dear to the hearts of the Nazis anywhere, used at every turn in their espionage and fifth-column work throughout the world as well as in their propaganda. Good-bye to most worries about instructing one's spies abroad. The agents just tune in on the Nazis' short-wave programmes, pick their instructions out of the air from code buried in the words and music and in the announcer's glib talk.

Part and parcel of the systematic development of German radio for Nazi war was the immense expansion abroad by Telefunken, the Government-owned construction and transmitting company. Telefunken built stations everywhere, from Asia and the Belgian Congo to the Arctic Sea, good equipment pressed on the foreign buyer at bargain prices and always staffed by at least one German engineer.

This man can and does operate for the German Army and Navy Intelligence, and for the Gestapo, no matter where he is. Most of these technical men were trained in the Hitler Youth Radio Academy at Göttingen, and they know their espionage business from the ground up.

This is very important, for radio stations throughout the continent are as hard as a fortress for a visitor, or even a man on the programme, to enter. When any *Putsch* takes place, the local radio station is always the first thing grabbed, and no continental country takes any chances on this. Rules cover everything. I made a broadcast to the United States from Stockholm and again from Vichy over the Blue and Red networks of the National Broadcasting Company. As I sat there in a little studio in the outskirts of Stockholm, four Swedish soldiers stood at my elbow.

Of course, the censor sits there too, has a copy of your approved script, and many duplicates, before him—and a handy switch to cut you off instantly if you depart from the agreed words. But it is the full-kitted soldiers outside and inside the building who are impressive. They patrol a high fence, bayonets drawn, and accompany you from the entrance barricade to the studio. They stay with you at the microphone and escort you out when you leave.

The same at Vichy. I broadcast from the third floor of a dingy old opera house. It was very cold in the microphone-room, and, of course, late at night. I wore in Europe a heavy gabardine overcoat with a thick woollen lining buttoned in so that it could be taken out and used as a warm sleeping garment when needed, as in Finland. The soldiers of the Marshal's Guard, wearing their strange white gauntlets and comfortable thick capes, had never seen a coat just like that before in the Vichy radio station, and I suppose they thought it might hold a grenade, a machine-gun, or anything smaller than a tank. In any case, there was quite a little huddle about that coat. And then the censor, M. Maurey, a delightful Frenchman, a graduate of Princeton, told me the soldiers thought there must be some rule against wearing such a concealing coat so near the control room. Would I please take it off, give it to a Marshal's Guard to hold? There was nothing to do but remove it,

shiver. And shiver I soon did, as I spoke over the air waves to America.

The plane was near Marseilles now. We sighted the immense aluminium plants, controlled by the Germans, circled the great modernistic seaplane base on the inlet, and rolled to a stop in front of a squadron of trim, sparkling American Lockheed planes standing on the apron of the field. A unit of the French Air Force, disarmed. No guns or bomb racks. Tigers with their claws pulled. No camouflage, bright stripes on the high tails, orange and yellow paint dabbed smartly on their noses. They looked like sleek little silver birds beside the giant, ugly, bomber-type Junker.

Up. Over the Mediterranean, no ships moving on the quiet sea. Dull blue to-day under a few scattered clouds; ripples on the shore formed into spray against the low rocks. A road to Spain hugged the shore, directed by nature into the long way around. Now, across the Gulf of Lions, romantic name, next the sight of the Spanish coast.

I went forward and asked the surprised pilot if I could come into the control room. He motioned me on, and I stood at his side. The radio operator was busy working his stations at Stuttgart and Barcelona. For military reasons, they do not fly a beam. The co-pilot was getting ground bearings as we passed over the shore line. Ugly little German words sprung out in white paint on all dials. A large revolver hung in a holster by the window. So this is how the Nazis sat in a German bomber. So this is the way they looked and acted when they flew. I thought of Bristol and that twisted bicycle on the floor, all that these movements meant wherever Nazis in cockpits like this could reach a free world. I turned and walked back in the cabin. I did not want to stay there any more.

Rocky cliffs guarded the ancient land. Barren plains, cut by dry rivulets, stretched below as we flew along the shore over the province of Gerona. Low now, and very slow. Easy to see the bull ring at Barcelona. The city stretched through the plains, much larger than I expected. I remember I was surprised like this, one time in the air, to see the size of Montevideo. We landed in a dusty wind at the airport far out of town.

The Spanish police were smiling and gracious, not very trim in their awkward puttees, but helpful in the way they handled things, anxious to assist the group whose passports were in the hands of their chief.

I saw Leal get his passport back. Every one else in the plane got his passport back, too, after the inspection. But when I asked for mine, the Deutsche Lufthansa representative said they would have to keep it at his airline office until I went on to Madrid in the morning. I told the Spanish chief I didn't like the idea of being in Spain without a passport, and he went into a huddle with the Nazi. I liked the way he went about it, but the Nazi kept the passport. I knew he wanted to photograph it, build up negatives of all the visas and control numbers to supply the forgers in Berlin. It was the same old Gestapo operation ; they never missed a chance at my passport.

Nearly an hour's ride into Barcelona. Lamps were lighting in the houses on the way ; night falling gently on the warm Spanish countryside. Burros and donkeys walked slowly in the road. I heard Hemingway's bells begin to toll. It was dark as we started to drive through the broad streets of the city, great wide avenues lined with close-packed trees. Automobiles. How strange they looked. And taxis to take any one to the Ritz.

A German was waiting for me in the lobby. A stocky sort of man, with widely parted teeth. He went upstairs with the boy who carried my bags. He pulled some kind of leather identification case out of his pocket as we walked down the hall, speaking to me in French as we reached my door. He said he was with the Sûreté Nationale. I told him to come in, and we sat down. I asked the bellboy to wait, wrote out a telegram to our embassy in Madrid. It said I was in Spain, would be at the Ritz that night, that the Deutsche Lufthansa held my passport, and as far as I was concerned I intended to reach Madrid to-morrow. Then I read it out loud in French to the bellboy. He looked considerably bewildered. He certainly had no idea what I was saying. But the Nazi Gestapo visitor understood.

Apparently this was to be a Gestapo fast one in French, as confusing to the Nazi as it was to me, but they always took the long way around, and somebody's idea this time

was for the man to palm himself off as a member of the French secret police. I knew it was tied in with my Weygand news, but I could not know how far they intended to go. I didn't want to fool around, because my French just wasn't anywhere near good enough for that. So I asked him to speak English, and, without batting an eye, he did.

"A Spanish paper this evening has printed your story about General Weygand," he said, taking a copy of a Barcelona newspaper from his overcoat pocket and showing me the headline. It was dated from New York. Of course, it had been cabled back. This meant it was now all over Europe.

"This dispatch is not true," said my growling friend, "and my Government wishes you to retract it."

"What government?" I asked.

"The Government of the Republic of France."

"Why doesn't Vichy deny it? Or have they?"

"I am sure they will."

I told him I thought that was all that was needed, and when the denial was followed by the triumphant return of General Weygand to Africa, in glaring contradiction of my report, the truth would out and I would be ground in the dust. And meanwhile, I thought it was a little silly to talk about a retraction from me. Besides, I told him, I knew my statement was true, or naturally I wouldn't have sent it. This was a little over the head of a Nazi's conception of journalism, but he just blinked a watery eye and knocked the ashes off his short cigar. Then he got a little mean.

"You will leave this to me," he said. I didn't like that very much. I got up and walked across the floor.

"Now look, my friend, you know and I know that you haven't anything to do with the French, and that the French haven't anything to do with you. I don't mind your questions, because it's all in the day's work. You may not happen to know Weygand is now fired, or that Abetz did it, but I do. So suppose we let it go at that."

Then he made a remark. One of those remarks that somehow just seem to open the door to inspiration, come in your ear, compose their own reply in the bubbling delight of a happy solution.

"Who told you?" this Nazi plug-ugly asked me.

I found myself leaning over close to him. He seemed to strain forward a little, a satisfied little smirk on his face, as though here's what he got for being in on secrets. His jaw stuck out, his fingers gripped the arm of the chair. He cocked his head and glared: "Out with it!"

"Abetz," I said. And that was that.

I had to go into the other room. I simply couldn't keep my face straight. This meant Gestapo calls fanning out of Barcelona, to Vichy, to Berlin, all the little bureaucrats in busy huddles, then all the fast little steps buzzing into huddles with the bosses, the bosses into huddles with the other bosses, all the hush-hush business in motion, dipping and diving, whirling and turning around the vacuum in the centre, which would be Otto Abetz! Abetz—rat-eyed Otto Abetz—murderer and thief, member of the Nazi liaison staff with Ribbentrop, Goebbels, Rosenberg, Borrmann, and Ley, the blackmailer of French Foreign Minister Bonnet before the war. Abetz, expelled from France only to return as ambassador with the power of life and death in Paris. Abetz of the Majestic Hotel.

When I came back, the man was gone. I ate some oranges and then went for a walk.

Spain and the Hutsut Song

WHEN I GOT DOWNSTAIRS, Leal was in the lobby. He introduced me to a very pretty girl. She was Spanish. And she spoke a little English. Spanish women can be very beautiful, undoubtedly the most beautiful in Europe when they don't get too fat, and this señorita was not too fat. They favour black from head to toe, no contrast with their sparkling hair and their dark eyes except a splotch of colour some place, such as a scarf or a bright touch at their waist. They smile easily and often. The Spanish are nice people.

Leal said good-bye. He was leaving me with Señorita Montoyga.

"I will walk with you," she said.

As we stepped out of the hotel entrance, the doorman came to a wide salute. A hearty figure in a bulging uniform, a curious little hat cocked over his eye, red-faced and puffing, he looked like a sergeant in *Carmen*. No taxi, thank you. We walked down the street, a broad mosaic sidewalk, like Lisbon or Rio, lined with glorious trees.

Barcelona is a very large city. Well over a million people. We walked in the old section, to the cathedral. Magnificent stained-glass windows. Fountains in the lovely square. Bright little shops were closing for the night now, one by one; a few straggling customers standing to chat, packages in hand, before they went home. Steel shutters going up with a clank and a groan, unfriendly things. But the tiny cafés, gleaming with coloured tile, were full in the easy crush of their evening business, casual and quiet as it was. An open-air street car lumbered by, clanging its noisy bell. Little boys hung on the back. Some kind of spicy odour in the warm breeze, I don't know what it could have been. Turning a corner, a gray-haired old beggar stopped us. We gave him a small coin; he crossed himself and shuffled away. I looked at Señorita Montoyga, taking little steps in trim little shoes as we walked along.

"Have you ever been out of Spain?" I asked her.

"No."

"Out of Barcelona?"

"No, I live here."

"Does it seem strange to you that any one should travel such a distance, be here in Spain, walk on this street to-night, leave for Madrid to-morrow?"

"Yes, but Americans travel a great deal. They are so free to go. I am a woman, but I am lucky."

If she said why, I didn't hear her. Those were the words of another girl on another street, a brave and marvellous Lotta girl as we walked—bent forward—in the frozen snow in Helsinki. We were going for her car, so that she could drive me to a flying-field of the Fighter Command. There was no warm breeze, no scent of spice in the air; the ruts were deep and hard in the pitch-dark street, the wind was bitter cold. We turned a corner that night, not to find a beggar; that night we found a light. It was a furtive, hooded lantern that seemed to say it could give much more light if it wished to. But there was danger in light in Finland, danger from Russian planes that came over so often. Danger this night that sent these quiet Finns from their street into cellars below. The Lotta girl had pinned my yellow arm band on my sleeve, marking me with authority to stay out in a raid. Donald Day had given me the band; Donald Day who had stayed and married and lived in Finland since coming there for the *Chicago Tribune* years ago.

The Lotta girl took little steps too, crunched along as we stared up at the dreary sky. We heard the planes, and she took my arm. Was it the cold air that made these monsters seem to whine? How the earth seemed to shake, or was that the ack-ack fire bursting the snowy air?

The automobile we were expecting to use would not start. We took a sleigh, followed the main road a short distance, and then turned off on another which veered into the thick woods. The Lotta girl asked me to handle the reins while she stood up, braced against my shoulder, peering through the darkness to guide the way. The road was hardly more than a woodsmen's trail, winding this way and that, beset with sharp turns and stony hillocks.

Suddenly the road left the solitude of the crowded trees and burst on to a broad clearing. The horses paused as though startled by the openness that stretched before them. We tied them under the trees for the best protection and walked across the uneven field to the hangars buried in the opposite woods.

There were many Lottas at the hangars, bundles of gray, round figures, their breaths steaming in the light of the moon, servicing the planes their men flew, filling snakelike ammunition belts for the hungry guns in the wings, metallic and cold. My companion stopped to dress a bloody tear in the arm of a fine young boy. "We need so many things," she said. "But I, I have these bandages. I am lucky."

Señorita Montoyga was turning me around. Her arm tugged hard, and she spoke very slowly. "We have had our war. I do not like to think about war. To-night I like to dance."

We went back to the Ritz. "It's the very best place, you know," she said.

Either I have always been badly misinformed, or the Spanish taste for music has suffered a terrible setback. This much I know : in the very best place in Barcelona it has suffered a total collapse. We descended into the Ritz's café to the perplexing strains of the "Swedish" Hutsut song, then we settled down to it for the evening. The orchestra, *en masse*, sang the words in Spanish. I never saw so many people like the same thing so violently and so endlessly. And my little companion knew the orchestra too well.

"Here is an American who has been in Sweden," she said to her friend, the leader, as we passed. "Come, and he will tell you what it means."

Come he did. Not only the leader, but the entire band. At the first intermission they showed up at our table on the run. So I was from America, where the Hutsut song originated and, miracle of miracles, I had also been in Sweden. They had never talked to anybody who had been in Sweden. Now, what did the Hutsut song mean? A dozen Spanish eyes looked at me in wondrous anticipation. I knew they were in for a letdown.

I tried to explain that every one I saw in Stockholm was

completely mystified by the Hutsut song. Just plain baffled. In Swedish, a "rawla" is not a boy or girl, as the lyrics insist, and a "rillarah" is not a stream. The Swedes couldn't understand it; they only knew that there wasn't a Swedish word in it, no matter what the composer said.

"How did an American happen to write it?" my Swedish friends had asked. "We would like to know what Hutsut means."

When I told this to the boys in the band, they were badly confused. I told them it seemed odd to hear this "Swedish" song going great guns in Barcelona, while in Stockholm the craze was for bigger and better tangos, all kinds of Spanish music. They shook their heads and drank a little wine. "We are a new kind of band," they said.

I left Señorita Montoyga with the leader, encountered my friend Leal reading a newspaper in the lobby, said good-night to him, and went to bed.

"I'll see you in the morning," he called to me as I mounted the stairs. And in the morning he did.

The plane left very early. I got up at dawn. The city hardly seemed to breathe under a rain-washed sunrise. I found I could get an immense breakfast at the Ritz; oranges and grapes, coffee with milk and sugar, ham, eggs, good toast. How long since I had seen anything like that? But somehow it didn't seem just right. You know what I mean. It wasn't a case of feeling sanctimonious. Not at all. It was only that I had been with so many hungry people, such desperately hungry people. I couldn't see any end to their hunger, these friends; neither could they. And this breakfast table was just putting it on a little thick. I never enjoyed the good Ritz food I got in Spain. Somehow I was conscious of every bit of it. Brendan Bracken in London had told me I would have that feeling. He was right.

It was too early for a taxi. I had to walk to the Deutsche Lufthansa office, at least half-way, until I put myself and my luggage on the back of a cart. Like a tableau, "The History of Transportation," the old to the new, or some such thing, I arrived at the Lufthansa office. Leal was there in the airline car. "Here is your passport," he said. Gestapo service with a smile.

The rain had settled the dust on the long, winding road

to the airport. A few scars of the Civil War here and there, a row of buildings blasted, walls bashed in, but only a few. This was the country ; it was stirring itself at sunrise, and in fields and villages the world over this is very much the same. We waited for cows to cross a bridge, just as you wait for cows everywhere. Chickens ran across the road, pigs were grunting as they always do, a dog raced the car, and horses neighed. Man was the only strange animal.

We took-off at nine o'clock, lost the glorious coastline quickly, headed inland over barren hills. Not a village ; not a tree. Aimless roads that looked so futile. But by air it was only two hours to Madrid. We landed on the immense field at eleven o'clock in the morning. I never saw Leal again.

It did not seem possible that so many miles and miles of close-packed buildings could have stood through the years of bombings as they did in Madrid. I expected to see on all sides the scars of those endless attacks, but, instead, the great teeming city might for all intents and purposes never have seen a war. I thought that at least the highest and most imposing buildings would have been demolished, and, of course, a few were, but, by and large, buildings or the dwellings in the city as a whole were not wrecked. They were not even badly damaged. Certainly all these delicate monuments, the cluster of Government buildings, the incongruous assortment of ugly modernistic apartment houses couldn't have stood the bombing. But they had. I hardly thought Madrid would look like this.

Madrid had been put under siege for thirty months. The living conditions, especially hunger, became terrible. The water services, light, and communications were cut off, a million people were encircled in the relentless grip of war, and yet, amazing as it seems, there was never an epidemic in Madrid. Hunger and cold, but no disease. No one in Spain could tell me why.

The Italian and German planes came over many times a day, month in and month out. Russian planes fought them in the sky over the Paseo de la Castellana. Dive-bombing, like so many other things the Nazis experimented with in Spain to test them out for Germany's larger war on the continent, was practised here. Long-range bombing too.

The Germans bombed Madrid one night from Hamburg. For practice, Goering ordered a flight of the Condor Division to take-off from Hamburg, fly high and undetected over France, bomb Madrid, and return non-stop to Hamburg. Even Franco did not know this until after the war.

As the first great modern city to be bombed by fleets of planes, I remember the impact of the news and photographs of Spaniards living in the subways. How long ago that seemed ; how sensational it seemed then that people could be driven to this. How natural it seemed now that people would take this shelter, take it as a matter of course, use it as naturally as any other facility a city offers.

When I stood in the subway in Madrid it was this naturalness, and not the drama, that struck me. Possibly this was due to the subway itself. New, built only in 1924, it is spacious and elaborate, comparable only to Moscow. The Madrid subway is really something. Completely encased in sparkling white tile, you descend beautiful broad steps from the street. You strike a landing and go on down again, for the subway is very deep. You are really far underground. The platforms are immense, the tiled walls of each platform meeting in the bow of a great arch over the tracks.

I thought of Harry Hopkins' experience on his visit to Stalin in Moscow, immediately after Germany's attack. On this initial visit Hopkins was alone. He went by flying-boat from Scapa Flow to Archangel, a long and dreary trip, then by Russian landplane to Moscow, the pilot doing a little hedge-hopping on the way. It was tough going, and Hopkins was all in. Stalin warned that the Nazis were coming over nearly every night, explained to Hopkins that he should sleep in an air-raid shelter, told him that his Russian OGPU escorts would show him where. But the President's envoy spent that night at our embassy.

No cordial greeting from Stalin when they met at the Kremlin in the morning. Hopkins knew instantly that something was wrong, and it was. Stalin's first remarks were a challenge :

"Mr. Hopkins, you did not spend last night in the shelter !" Apparently, when Stalin said something, he meant it. And Hopkins decided that Stalin would not have

to say it more than twice. He explained that he had been anxious to visit at the embassy with his old friends, Ambassador and Mrs. Lawrence A. Steinhardt, but that by all that was good and holy, he would go to the shelter that night.

When the time came, the bodyguards took Hopkins in hand. Roaring down the middle of the broad streets, a cavalcade of black Russian Buicks drove him to the Moscow subway. Here, at a main station, they put this lone American on an immense escalator, double-speeded him down, catapulted him into the throng of Russians huddled on the platform below. But he was not to stay with these people very long. One of the OGPU men opened a door off the platform, and Hopkins advanced alone into a room. So this was why Stalin had been annoyed when he hadn't showed up; innocent as he was, Hopkins guessed he seemed rather thoughtless. At any rate, you could not rule Stalin out for not trying to be hospitable.

The room was loaded with flowers and fruit, champagne in ice-buckets, and a buffet of food. And against the Moscow subway tile on the wall stood the majesty and comfort of a gigantic Russian four-poster bed. Hopkins had carried from England only a small valise. He put it beside the champagne buckets and turned in.

The scars of Madrid's war are on its edge, the rim facing the great Franco assaults from the west. This is the University City section. Here the Nationalists attacked, and the Loyalists defended, with a ferocity matched in bloodiness and bitterness by no other chapter in modern history. The Loyalists stood on the low heights on this exposed side of Madrid, sweeping the long slope that falls gently to the barren valley below. Buried in their maze of trenches, living for endless months in the fox holes and trenches I saw, the Loyalists and the Franco troops faced each other, two miles of this smooth slope between them. Two miles of their own Spanish land.

Thousands and thousands of Spanish men, crouched low, heads lifted, their eyes ablaze with the hate of a violent race, started up this gentle slope to meet Spanish fire at the top of the hill. Thousands and thousands of bayonets crossed; ghastly Spanish knives cut deep at Spanish throats in bitter

ness and despair. Untold thousands writhed and died on this stretch of dull red clay. But the city never fell.

The city had finally surrendered, and this chapter was the worst of all. It was the end of the war. Madrid remained the last stronghold in Loyalist hands ; it stood alone in its dreadful siege. Dr. Juan Negrin, the Loyalist Prime Minister, and Julio Alvarez del Vayo, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, had gone to seek the last and final aid of France. In this they failed ; Madrid was lost. It was surrender or useless slaughter. Negrin telephoned Colonel Segismundo Casado, the Madrid commander of the Loyalist troops. He told Casado the situation, told him to surrender. But Casado himself had lost control. The city turned on itself. The great seething mass, the central purposefulness of all these months now gone in agonizing despair, dissolved its bitterness against its own. Every one blamed another. No longer able to fight together, for weeks they fought and killed one another. The only remaining Loyalist planes shot one another down into the streets of Madrid. This was the end of their war.

Here, as throughout Spain, a proud people were torn asunder, to build up hate for all the years to come. It seemed to be the dreadful climax of their national history, for nobody has ever united Spain. When you consider that the proud Catalonians in their section have always regarded themselves first as Catalonians and then as Spaniards, and the fiery Basques in their province first as Basques and then as Spaniards—and that there are forty-seven such provinces—and then you apply the profound distortions of this nation through war, this fundamental is all too plain : Franco has certainly not united Spain to-day.

There are 250,000 political prisoners still in jail, and I doubt very much if the immense bitterness of public opinion would permit Franco to release these remaining men and women even if he were willing to do so.

His Government is distinctly a minority government, by no means as free to control the actions of Spain as we have a tendency to suppose. This condition is due to several fundamentals, and, in the sense that the name " Dictator " implies the ability to " deliver " the nation in accordance with the policy of the leader, Franco is not a dictator. The

Axis has no control to work through in Spain. Franco, or nobody else, will or could "deliver" the Spanish people to anybody.

His problem starts with Spain and ends with himself. The Nationalist movement was not a Franco movement ; it was not the upsurge of any Franco following among the people. At the start of the Civil War, Franco was not a "man of the hour" or anything of the sort in the Nationalist cause. He wasn't the rallying point for the thoughts and emotions in it. He wasn't even its leader. Franco was a soldier, a very quiet and able general. But even as an officer, he wasn't at the top of the Nationalist Army. Not the mental or spiritual leader, not the Army leader, Franco was the number-three general. The movement had crystallized around others, but fate crystallized around him. First, in the early days of the war, the number-one Nationalist leader was killed in an aeroplane accident. Shortly afterward, a second accident in the air took the life of the next in command. Authority descended to Franco.

The Civil War left him the strongest man in Spain, but as he is himself of a nature which we in America would hardly associate with his career, and as he is the result rather than the impetus of the movement, our usual conception of Franco is totally out of focus. This does not mean that Franco is the "front man" for anybody, or that he is a tool. He is the absolute top man in Spain ; there isn't even a distant second, and he is an excellent Spaniard ! But being top man in Spain has its very definite limits.

On personal grounds and in affairs of State, he is extremely independent. The generalissimo simply does not make commitments. Every foreign diplomat in Madrid can testify to that. He shunts off the factions which press him first on one side and then on another, and he does this very well. He shunts them on to Serrano Suñer, the dexterous Minister of Foreign Affairs, or on to his very able and wise brother, Nicolas Franco, the present ambassador to Portugal and really the *alter ego* of the generalissimo himself. These are the men, with Juan de Cárdenas in Washington, through whom Franco directs the policy of Spain.

This he does from the seclusion of El Pardo, an ancient palace, twenty miles from Madrid. There, the generalissimo

is surrounded by his family, and there he stays. Next to Dr. Antonio d'Oliveira Salazar, the great statesman of Portugal, he is the most difficult leader to see in Europe, the most unapproachable man abroad. Deeply religious, very abstemious, Franco meditates in the confines of his feudal pile. He seldom visits any Government office and never appears in public except on the rarest of State occasions. He is attentive and clear, modest and cautious, plain in his ways. But he is sitting on a volcano.

Madrid, Franco, and U.S.

Navy Wings

FRANCO MUST SUCCEED in staying out of World War II, or any solution of Spain's internal problem is hopeless. By the same token, he must stay out of war, or any solution of his own personal political problem is hopeless. It is peace or another revolution in Spain.

Along with Greece, the food situation is the most desperate in Europe. The son of the former dictator, Miguel de Rivera, is Minister of Agriculture in Spain. He told me that Spain had 40 per cent less acreage under cultivation than before the Civil War. The people in whole great sections are gnawed by actual starvation. Spain lost a million men in her Civil War ; she lost her work animals, her railroads. She has no gasoline for the tractors on the larger operations, no gasoline to distribute by trucks any of the surpluses even from the areas where they exist. She cannot supply life to her people.

Scarcity contributes to scarcity. Here, again, time runs out. Spanish soldiers from her cities could not get jobs when they came back home. They have had no jobs since. They lived, but they did not produce. Prices rose ; now they are becoming very high. This was the first problem that Juan de Cárdenas in Washington told me about Spain, for it is the fundamental problem of his unique and unhappy land : scarcity and the steadily rising prices.

No one realizes the political dynamite in this situation better than Franco. And he has used it consistently to discourage the Germans. " If you come through my country," he told Hitler when they met at Hendaye, " I cannot be responsible for the actions of my soldiers." This is true. And it is effective. But it does not solve the Spanish problem

for the Spanish people, and it does not solve Franco's problem for Franco.

And his relation with the Axis solves nothing. Serrano Suñer is the spearhead of this contact and is intensely pro-Italian. His congeniality with the Axis starts in Rome. Serrano Suñer, a rather gay and festive young man, and a rather extraordinary Foreign Minister, is Franco's brother-in-law. The older sister married Franco, the younger married Serrano Suñer. The relationship is important, for he is a storm centre in Spanish politics as well as in foreign affairs. In fact, a pastime of those strange expatriates who haunted and then fled the Ritz Bar in Paris and who, without breaking the stem of a single glass, descended to take up residence at the Ritz Bar in Madrid, is to guess when Serrano Suñer will be fired.

But it is not so simple as that. Spain's relations with Italy are very dear, very deep, and very close. They have many common roots, including the ancient roots of the Catholic church. And Mussolini was Franco's first friend. He got his first help from Italy, and it is Italy in the Axis, and not Germany, which holds Franco's affections to-day.

That is a fact not to overlook. It is a key in the riddle of Spain. It is a pivot on which Spanish policy turns, a fact which must touch all that Spain does. It has its place in her relations with France in one way, and with the United States and Great Britain in another. Alexander Weddell, our ambassador in Madrid, whose fine career extends from Zanzibar to Buenos Aires, was one of the first to fully evaluate this fundamental. He has acted with subtle acumen on it, shown longheadedness in this and many other ways in Madrid.

When Mussolini took his bumptious hop, skip, and jump into war at what he calculated was the painless last moment, and when his astigmatism convinced him that the German sun he thought he saw was sure to rise, rise into the glory and brilliance of a quick and final victory, there was great pressure on Franco to declare himself into the war at the same time. Count Ciano practically announced that Franco had done so.

And the expatriated cynics of the Ritz Bar in Madrid still announce that if it ever seemed certain that Hitler

would win Europe, Spain would toss herself in at what she calculated was the last moment, in order to say, "Remember me? I've been here all the time." But they are not looking at Italy.

As Mussolini and his Fascists become more and more the stooges of Hitler, and as their country becomes more and more a home front for the German troops, the pall of Hitler's friendly hand falls as a pall none the less. *The fact is that Franco does not want a Nazi victory.*

And the chief job of Britain's ambassador, Sir Samuel Hoare, the most important and influential Englishman on the continent of Europe, is to convince the Spaniards that there will not be a Nazi victory. Amazing as it seems, and it is a graphic reminder of what has happened in Europe, Sir Samuel, in Madrid, is the only British ambassador left on the whole continent. He is the fulcrum for the entire British position on the continent and, regardless of the controversies in London which surrounded him when he was Foreign Secretary, he mends England's fences in Spain in a remarkable way. You can sense the result of his work as far away as Finland and Sweden and as near as France.

"I think the only way to get along with the Spanish," he told me one day, "is either to say 'no' if you have to, or when you can say 'yes,' be sure not to put any strings on it." All factions in Spain agree to that. And so does every Spaniard.

The German ambassador doesn't seem to think this way, and that fact is all to the good. He's the famous Dr. Eberhard von Stohrer, formerly German Minister to Egypt. A top figure in Ribbentrop's hierarchy, the key man as organizer of Ribbentrop's Foreign Office espionage, von Stohrer came to Madrid in 1937.

He moved in with a rush, and his agents spread out with a bang, into the Balearic Islands, into the Canaries, into Portugal. He had been in Madrid before, in World War I, had become badly involved in German activities against the Spanish Government, and was finally expelled from Spain. But now he was back, and again he was making the Spanish mad.

August 1939. The Spanish were incensed beyond all description when Hitler signed his pact with Stalin. Noth-

ing could possibly have been done to upset Spanish-German relations more, and it was done only nine days before war began. Here, in this act, was heresy! To hell with Hitler. It threw Spain into the arms of France. But appalling as it seems, the French stood there and missed it. They didn't turn a hand to play for Spain. In spite of von Stohrer's blunders, for the diplomatic bomb that exploded sent its splinters in his face, the blessing of the event was lost. Forever. And, ironically enough, the man who stood on the spot where it was lost was the present Marshal of France, the French ambassador, Henri Philippe Pétain.

Von Stohrer weathered the storm. He was on a visit to Berlin when I was there in 1939, and I saw him again in Spain. He was getting out of his automobile in front of the Ritz Hotel when I ran into him in Madrid.

"You have just come from America," he said. "Tell me, how do they feel about the war?"

"We are getting stronger every day," I said. He paused a little, and didn't say anything more.

The Nazis have a big influence in Spain, but fundamentally they need to ask more than they can offer. Actually, they represent a bigger threat than a promise to Spanish self-interest. Iberian Peninsula war plans that may be good for Germany are war plans fatal to Spain. Certainly, even more than the British and ourselves, the Spanish are interested in whether Hitler occupies Spain. Obviously, they don't want him there. Obviously, they want their own country. But what can they do about it? They may even have to call in Hitler if the volcano erupts.

And what will keep the volcano from erupting, throwing these twenty-three million people and their great coastal area bordering on the Atlantic, on the Gibraltar Strait, and on the Mediterranean Sea, into the area of the New Order? Only an Allied victory, which will open Spain's ports to the world. But, here again, time runs out. The prize is great for the United Nations, the penalty from time is tragic beyond all human measure. Once more, the importance of time in our victory challenges imagination. Time!

I wanted to talk with the Papal nuncio, Gaetano Cicognani. By personal force and the authority of his office, this wise churchman is one of the great figures of Europe, one

of the great influences throughout the Catholic world. In Spain, the Papal nuncio is not only the personal envoy of the Holy See, but at the Vatican the Papal nuncio of Spain is the dean of all His Holiness the Pope's personal envoys abroad. By church protocol, he is the only man allowed to walk beside His Holiness the Pope, has prerogatives and authorities dating back to the earliest days.

Ambassador Weddell made my appointment to see the nuncio, and I visited him at the palace the next day.

Overlooking a shaded plaza in the old section of Madrid, the ancient palace was bright in its solemn grandeur that morning. A warm sun shone through its magnificent windows, brought life to its galleries and halls. The great apartments of the nuncio are on the second floor, facing the trees in the park below. To reach his apartments, I mounted a succession of long, low stairs ; I seemed to walk on and on for half a block. At the top, on a landing, the escorts stood, solemn, kindly looking men in their robes of office. We entered the nuncio's apartments. I was escorted through room after room, each hung with glorious tapestries or a treasure of the old masters. In one room, heavy crystal chandeliers and wall brackets ; in another, great Renaissance tables and a magnificent clock. Quiet, you could hear each step on the marble floor.

The Papal nuncio was waiting for me alone in the last room we entered, standing in the doorway, smiling and extending his hand. The escort bowed and closed the door.

The nuncio asked me to speak slowly. "My English is a little unreliable," he said. We talked of time and what, unchecked, time would do to Europe. We talked of the Catholic church and its vast problem in this violent world. We talked of the Catholic church in the United States, its place in Spain, and what it faced in policy through the areas of the war as a whole. We talked of Hitler.

We talked of Catholic countries, literally Catholic countries because of the predominance of the Catholic church in each, having every kind of government represented among them. These differences were ancient, and the Catholic church had existed on the age-old principle that every nation contains its own qualities of government, some

fluid, some fixed. This is the way the Catholic world had always lived. And applied to it all was the fundamental of the Catholic church. The nuncio defined this for me in these words : " The first principle of the Catholic church, deepest in its canons from the earliest time, is to isolate its position with its people from the nationalistic distinctions in every nation. This is the fundamental concept of all Catholic church policy."

I reminded the nuncio that many millions in the United States feel that the Catholic church has failed in its professed mission to bring peace on earth ; that with all its prestige and power, it has somehow not been able to win acceptance for the primacy of the spiritual, or even to preserve the moral order. I said that sober critics—even hopeful critics—feel it has failed to save man from his own destruction or society from its own disintegration and that it has forsaken civilization by not becoming a force in the present world struggle.

" These would be discrediting criticisms if they were tenable," the nuncio told me, " but honest as they are, they spring from a fundamental misunderstanding of the mission of the Church and the status of the Church in the civil order. This leads to an unfortunate basis of evaluating the Church's conduct and accomplishment. The Church seeks the sanctification of men and the salvation of their souls. It has made itself clear in condemning many conditions and practices in society. It has defined its view of the values and principles which should prevail. You have only to read two Papal Encyclicals—the *Rerum Novarum* and the *Quadragesimo Anno*—to determine the Church's conception of what is wrong in the world of to-day.

" The Church has always opposed all forces which desecrate or degrade man," the nuncio went on to say, " or which deprive man of an adequate opportunity to rise to his highest estate. The Church does not seek to save one nation and defeat another ; it seeks to save *all* nations. Persuasion is the Church method. This is the application of Catholic doctrine. The Church considers that it must be not only in and of the world, it must be apart from and above the world. The Church attacks and defends with the sanction of a purely spiritual and moral authority, not with the

coercive power of a State, no matter what the trial to the world or the trial to the Church itself."

Yet Germany, as the nuncio knew so well, was a powerful nation proclaiming its own "religion," claiming that there is not room in man for two devotions—God and the Nazi State ; setting up an ideology of pagan force as the spiritual purpose of life.

We talked for many hours. I left him in the perfect quiet of that room ; walked a long time in the parks of Madrid before I remembered that I must telegraph my office that I had had, and was cabling later, the first interview ever authorized by the Papal nuncio of Spain. I owed it to the great churchman to compose my dispatch very carefully. I found I could not compose it at all. I never wrote that dispatch. Every time I finished a paragraph my typewriter keys seemed to say, "This will be misunderstood."

The Marquesa del Mérito had very kindly arranged a party for me that night. Her husband, the marques, who in Washington had invited me to go boar shooting when I reached Spain, was now at his place in Córdoba. This is a far southern province, and it was impossible for me to visit there and go on the hunt. The marquesa, however, had remained in Madrid and could not have been more gracious and hospitable to me in her husband's place.

Ambassador and Mrs. Weddell, Sir Samuel Hoare and Lady Maud, every one in Madrid was devoted to the marquesa. Everything she said, everything she did, had such gentleness and charm. Bright, cheerful, generous to a fault, she introduced me to many of the most delightful people I met in Europe ; the Marques de Orellana ; Señor Dr. Pablo Garnica, president of the great Banco Español de Credito ; Marquesa Clauta ; the French Ambassador and Mrs. François Piétri ; Xara Brazil ; Bill Brewster, from New York, who was in Spain for the Texas Company ; and most of the Government people.

We went everywhere, to the theatres and the revues, the Neuvo Club and other places, the homes of so many of the marques's and marquesa's friends. When we parted, it was to meet in New York in February. The Méritos planned to come over then. But the marquesa was taken very ill just as I left Madrid. The morning after she and the

marques reached New York, this lovely lady died. This happiest chapter of my visit in Spain has seemed strange and unreal since that day.

There were several reasons to go to Gibraltar, but the British had put heavy restrictions on down there, made the fortress and the defence area of the Crown Colony taboo. General Lord Gort, holder of the Victoria Cross, hero of the B.E.F., senior field commander of the British Army, was in charge.

Gort was an old friend of Sir Samuel Hoare, and Sir Samuel had been very kind to me. Ambassador Weddell requested him to fix it up with Lord Gort for me to visit Gibraltar. Sir Samuel telephoned Lord Gort and made the deal. I was to start the next day.

I needed a special pass from the Spanish Foreign Office to leave and re-enter Spain at that border. The Foreign Office in Madrid does not open until four o'clock in the afternoon, which is immediately after lunch. It closes again at ten. Then there is the separate routine with the Spanish police, both for Madrid and at the border town of La Línea de la Concepción. Nicolas Franco knew most about this, and he eliminated it all by giving me a personal note. I was set to go to Gibraltar.

The United States Navy has a plane in Madrid for our naval attaché. He is in charge of Spain and Portugal, and this immense area lacks transportation. He simply could not function in these two hundred and thirty thousand square miles without a plane. And, besides, we have a remarkable attaché in Spain, who is known all over Europe and throughout our Navy, too, for the work he has done in the Iberian Peninsula. His name is Commander Ben Wyatt.

Wyatt was one of the earliest aviators in the Navy; one of the first men in the world to land a plane on a moving ship. He made the original Alaskan survey trips, served with the fleet for many years, took some part in nearly every development affecting naval aviation. He can fly anything that has wings, and fly it anywhere. The Portuguese and the Spanish are just crazy about Ben Wyatt.

The *Ark Royal* had been sunk in the Strait, and the survivors had been taken into Gibraltar. I did not know she had been sunk until Ben told me, because I was in Berlin

when it happened, and the Nazis had not announced it. They couldn't. They had "announced" it months before and had already decorated a submarine captain for the "exploit."

It was Ben's job to go down there, interview the survivors, get as much added data as was available from the British officers who had been aboard, and make his report to the Navy Department in Washington. Ambassador Weddell and Ben arranged between them that Ben would leave at once, and Ben was ready to take me with him the next day.

We got up before daylight and drove to Barajas Airport. We left the car in a shed and walked across the dusty field. We came around the corner of a hangar, and there was our plane. To me it was the brightest, cleanest, trimmest ship I ever saw. With the sun just coming up over that barren ground, to see that proud, sparkling, clean-cut American airplane standing there, the words UNITED STATES NAVY bold and clear on its silver fuselage, made me stop where I stood in the dust. I had been flying all over Europe, in camouflaged British ships, Swedish planes, funny little French planes, the ugly German Junkers. And finally I was in the centre of Spain, an American standing on the dismal field at Madrid as I had stood on fields all the way from Scotland to Helsinki and back. And here was the long arm of the United States Navy. I had travelled a long way from home, ninety-five hundred miles the way I'd gone, but I wasn't far from the Navy. Ben laughed when I went over and put my hand on the red, white, and blue stripes on the tail.

"I know how you feel," he said. "I felt that way once myself in China."

Peanut Oil in Mare Nostrum

WE GOT IN THE PLANE, fixed our parachutes. Mercer, the Navy mechanic, turned the Whirlwind engine over. We took off in a foot. That ship just kicked up the dust and flew away. Purring like a beautiful kitten, strong and fast as an Indian brave, holding itself close and firm and free, this American ship turned south. We were flying to Málaga, on the Mediterranean ; from there we would go by car.

Ben wanted me to have a close look at the Civil War front on this side of the city, dropped low over the maze of trenches and dugouts, showed me where Franco's last pincer movement had stalled for many months.

"They were bad with their artillery, just wouldn't seem to concentrate it. I don't know why."

And in a moment or so : "This," he said, "is the exact geographic centre of Spain." Our shadow raced across the endless rolling plains.

St. Ferdinand's Cathedral stood unbombed at Toledo, every delicate cornice gleaming in the hot morning sun. Donkeys in the narrow streets, wine carts and wagons waiting to cross the ancient Moorish bridge. This was the artist's heaven of line and colour. This was Toledo.

We were over one of the most glamorous cities in the world, and one of the oldest settlements known in Europe. It had been a Carthaginian trading station. Livy knew Toledo : *Toletum urbs parva, sed loco munita*. The Romans captured it two hundred years before Christ. Eight hundred years later it was here that Catholicism entered Spain and that councils of the church were held in the middle of the first century. Toledo was the centre of Visigothic Spain.

The Moorish conquest came toward the end of this period, the end of the first century. The Moors made Toledo an independent state. For three hundred years it was the centre of Arab and Hebrew culture. Then Toledo

was captured again by the Spaniards—thirteen hundred years after the Romans seized it from the Carthaginians and at the time in British history marked forever by William the Conqueror as the Battle of Hastings.

Ben and I shook our heads. That was too early for us. Or for the United States Navy.

Beyond Toledo, the country becomes heavier with brush. It is crinkled with short, stubby hills. This is the build-up for the Spanish "bad lands" in the province of Córdoba.

An immense section of this area is nearly impassable, an Amazon jungle stretching for miles. I have been in the air over much of Brazil. This section of Spain is more arid, but it is the same immense thicket stretching for miles and miles, just as dense. It is as wild as any country I ever saw, and there is no place to land.

Ben pointed for a corner of this section, near the town of Córdoba itself. He was heading for the estate of the Marques del Mérito. We circled the main lodge and its grounds, but we could not see our friend. Serrano Suñer was down there on the hunt with Mérito; they might be away from the house for days.

Jagged mountains with saw-tooth sides and snowy peaks were dead ahead. Ben went into the snatches of clouds at ten thousand feet, put the plane neatly through a yawning pass. In an airliner you get transportation, but in a little plane like this you fly. The gorge's walls seemed near and forbidding, the rocks were barren and sharp. Our shadow was close under our tail. This took a good pilot, and that's what Ben was.

We broke out on to the sight of the Mediterranean. It was easy to see across the strait. We were looking at the mountains of Africa, dark purple in the haze of the noon-day sun. The distant shore line seemed to smoulder on the horizon, a wavy belt—a sullen barrier—emerging like a wall from the gentle blue sea. You felt at this first sight as though this continent were in character, its immensity, its detachment, its brooding and hazy force, heavy and muffled, not yet settled in its destiny.

Málaga, below, was a picture-book setting; toy houses of every colour, slate roofs that were broad to catch the rain,

little squares with toy trees and a miniature church, a harbour and a slip just where they should be. And there, on the edge of the houses, was a plaza and the round pink walls of a tiny Colosseum—the inevitable bull ring of Spain.

"They do it a little differently in Málaga," Ben said. "Every now and then they feature women bullfighters." Like the women boxers at the Palais de Friedrichstrasse in Berlin.

A Spaniard puts great store by how a thing is done. Manner and form mean so much. To take as an example their bullfighters, it is the way the matador touches the bull's flank while eluding his horns that induces top applause. The bullfighter gets more cheers for touching the flank than he does for missing the horns. The matador is tested in Spanish eyes by his indifference while baiting the bull, and Spanish cheers depend on how casually he twirls his flowing cape. The kill must be executed in a certain style, a single thrust. The matador's bow, the sweep of his hat, influence his place in Spanish hearts. A real Spaniard wants to die gracefully. He would rather die than show fear. "Better to die on your feet than to live on your knees," was the dictum of both sides during the Spanish Civil War. This goes, too, for the women of Spain.

But there was no bull fight in Málaga that afternoon. This was not the season for toreadors or "toreadoresses." Málaga showed only a few wisps of smoke, and few signs of life, for it was the hottest part of the day. The streets were empty, the vineyards untenanted. This was the Spaniards' time to be home.

We located an old military airfield on the outskirts of town ; circled it twice to get the wind and our bearings. It wasn't a good place to land. One feature was fixed and the other was moving, for the field was pockmarked with bomb craters and goats. We had to find a goatless, craterless straight stretch across that field or we didn't have the winning combination. Herds of goats can be very difficult to outguess in an airplane.

Sometimes when we dropped low, skimming the weedy field, the goats scattered. But when we circled back and returned to the spot, so had the goats. Sometimes they

didn't scatter, they just went around in circles. But, in any case, this was no time to get a goat in our propeller.

"Of course, we can stay up here all day and run out of gasoline," Ben said as we zoomed around this field, "but here goes."

He put her down in a flat spot the size of a handkerchief, kicked the rudder over, cut the switch, slapped on the brake, and skidded the ship. The Navy was sitting as nice as you please on the airfield at Málaga. And the goats never batted an eye.

I walked through the dust to a shed near the road to telephone the American consul in Málaga. Could he request a squad of Spanish soldiers from some garrison to guard this plane? While we waited for this guard, Ben and I got ready to rope down the ship. By the time we had finished sinking the stakes and making the plane fast, the Spanish infantry arrived.

They came down the road in a clattering truck, jumped off, and waved a cheery good-bye to their driver. Formed in a squad, full-kitted for a long war, they marched grimly at us from the edge of the field. The sergeant brought them to a snappy halt. Guns rattled off their shoulders, thumped the ground. The men stood at fairly rigid attention. It looked too much like a firing-squad to be amusing.

Ben had a long talk with the sergeant, ending in the distribution of our priceless cigarettes, and the men began to pitch their tents. The automobile from Gibraltar had appeared by this time. With cheers and farewells, we left this beehive scene in a cloud of dust. It was going to be a sixty-five mile drive to Gibraltar.

This road runs along the sea, winding as the shore does, climbing the rocky ledge or dipping to the edge of the soft beach. Great clusters of olive trees line the highway, terraces of vineyards mount towards the hills. Lazy little towns basked in Spain's sun. Berlin was the ugly world of colour in camouflage. This was the world of colour in charm. Houses pressed close to the edge of the street. Gay bird-cages stood over the arches of the doors. Windows shook with flowers, fountains bubbled idly, inviting any and all. A woman in a shawl and a wide striped skirt, and a girl with long, black hair, waved as we went by. So did

a little boy who was fixing his nets as his father worked with a sail.

After an hour we stopped for lunch. Ben and I climbed on a dune overlooking the Mediterranean. We spread our coats and settled down to our wicker basket. *Mare Nostrum* was as smooth and gentle as though there must always be peace.

A little freighter, the *Leda*, stood inshore. She was breaking up. Her stern blown off, her forecastle gaping. She had been sunk by a torpedo very close to this shore. This quiet, blue sea was a graveyard. Ships disappeared with the fall of each night. To-night men would go down in the distance out there, suddenly struck by the Nazis below, struggling for life. Batteries were charging in black hulls, torpedoes being adjusted, as we sat in this sand. Strange Nazi emblems flashed under this sea; "*Heil Hitler*" echoed in reply to commands. These waters were infested.

And what of the dark-purple continent we could see in the distance, declared to our eyes by the sullen barrier of the Atlas Mountains of Africa smouldering there on the hazy horizon? What of this Africa, unfixed in its destiny, which I heard referred to so often in Berlin.

Africa in the tentacles of the New Order, a "must" in Nazi geopolitics, has been basic in Nazi plans from the beginning. And it is a weird thing they contemplate. Of all the principal metals, and the so-called strategic metals, Africa lacks only cadmium. The Nazis see there more than half the world's supply of vanadium and most of the uranium—the source of radium.

They see most of the world's bauxite, chromite, manganese, mercury, and potash. They are pointing for unlimited iron ore, magnesite, and sulphur and for rubber, cotton, and diamonds beyond all dreams. One third of the world's copper is in Africa's Katanga region. African rock holds far more gold than the ground under Fort Knox.

Africa's turbulent rivers and great waterfalls are not scenery to the Nazis. They represent power equal to two-fifths of the world's hydro-electric energy. And there, behind those hazy mountains, moves boundless man-power—docile, and as cheap as China's.

Already the Germans are building the strategic trans-

Sahara railroad to Dakar. They are improving France's Ivory Coast seaport of Abidjan. Peanut oil is used now in German submarines. Immense stores are being obtained from the French areas in West Africa. This lubricant, oozed from African kernels, turns propellers below the surface of the Baltic, powers the undersea route from Sicily to Tripoli, pulses dark Nazi hulls deep in the waters of the Atlantic.

It sank the *Leda*. Thirty-seven men had been blown to pieces, died under the blue sky—meek of the earth who had no greed, no malice, no scheme ; who wanted only to live their lives, protect their families and their children. The *Leda* was a Swedish vessel.

Gibraltar and the Colorado Miners

TWENTY MILES this side of La Línea de la Concepción—the Line, as the British call it—Ben and I began passing through the Spanish defence zone. An immense sergeant and two riflemen, smothered in heavy ammunition belts, challenged us at a barrier across the dusty road.

Spanish soldiers wear mustard-coloured khaki, sort of a washed-out tan that falls over on to the green side, with yellow and green trimmings. Combined with this is an endless assortment of curious hats : little brown caps with bobbing tassels ; great three-cornered devices of stiff patent leather ; “Rough Rider” sombreros with big rosettes, gathered and ribboned like the First Prize in a horse show ; deep tin hats that come down to their eyes and look as though they were made for men many times the size of the wearer. This particular sergeant had a stubby plume. Rosy-faced, smiling pleasantly, he asked Ben for full particulars.

Ben told him we were going through to Gibraltar to see Lord Gort. The soldier disappeared into the guardhouse, telephoned our description to his superior at La Línea, received word that we were to pass.

Out came our cigarettes ; up went their hands in salute.

The hills were full of Spanish troops on manœuvres. Signalmen used field-telephones at the side of the road. We drove around a machine-gun company on the march, the soldiers leading mules with the knocked-down weapons strapped across their backs. There was larger stuff ahead ; a few anti-tank guns on rubber-tyred wheels, and an assortment of old 75's. Three tanks lumbered along, heads bobbing out like a turtle's from his shell. A broken-down truck stood slanting in a shallow ditch. Infantry in route step turned and looked over their shoulders. An officer rode by

in the side-car of a motor-cycle, turned off the road into a path through the fields.

Full of choppy hills, it wasn't good country for airfields. "They are much farther back," Ben said, "and amount to quite a cluster. But the Spaniards have no planes! They couldn't put any kind of an umbrella over their troops, here or in Spanish Morocco. Just like the French in Algiers."

It's the same old story. No air support, no result but annihilation. It's true all over the world. How would you feel if you were an infantryman marching in this column with a rifle and a fleet of twenty enemy planes came in a dive and then kept coming. Back and forth, back and forth, not one of your own ships to even distract them, dropping bombs that blow ten-foot craters in this road, machine-gun fire in a withering barrage?

When this happens, morale or training is no factor. It can't, and doesn't, mean a thing. The column takes to cover, and when strafing like this is over, only a few men would be alive if they stayed in their ranks. They have to run. They ought to run. But they have lost the battle.

How easy it is to read in a newspaper that, lacking air support, "troops retreated in good condition." Or that men "put up a heroic fight" cornered alone in some gully or crag. We shake our heads and wonder where the enemy got those planes, vicariously pride ourselves on the courage of the resisting men, wonder if there isn't better news from some other area.

But how about the men? How do you feel, squatting or lying there in a flimsy cloth uniform, your sanity spinning with the nightmare of an awful explosion that takes all air, all sense of life, grips your stomach, knocks back your head, shatters your mind in the blinding fury of what may be the haze of smoke or may be death itself you have entered? You do not fight. You lay there helpless. Your shoulders seem narrow, your hands look pitiful, foolish hands that flap on the ground, your nose bleeds heavily—you want to stop it—but how can you turn, your head is numb.

Is this the war, and are you fighting? Someone must know it is nothing but waste. This is no question of strategy untested. This is a matter of cold, hard fact. Troops who live in far-off garrisons look fit and effective as they patrol

the streets and eat in mess, dress alike and salute their officers, move in the atmosphere of military force. They generally are. The rifles they carry seem big and powerful, because no one who sees them carries any weapon at all. But attacking forces never attack with smaller numbers, and their planes come first to blast the way. When this is done, the battle is over; these feeble men can only crawl. Unless a garrison can protect these soldiers—has and uses full support in the air—their headquarters command is not dealing in war.

"Their heavy guns are on the ridge," Ben told me. "They have bought them from everybody. Krupp, Schneider, Skoda, and they are good. Most of them are screened; many of them are buried. This is the secondary defence for the Algeciras district adjacent to Gibraltar."

The riddle about Gibraltar in the minds of many is whether Gibraltar can be taken from land. Is it as impregnable from land as from sea? Well, what I was seeing was the question with, literally, reverse English! And it gave the question two sides.

Spain was preparing its own area against possible attack from the Rock of Gibraltar. If the Rock was being enlarged as much as I had heard, and of course the Spanish knew how much and what kind of expansion this was, the whole significance of Gibraltar changed in a flash. Naturally, it still would be a great bastion to guard the strait; it had always been addressed to the Mediterranean.

But maybe it was being "turned around by the British." Maybe it was being made a safe and elaborate concentration point from which armies of the United Nations might invade Europe. A fortified transit point? Maybe it was being made a bridgehead on the continent.

If so, it would be the first bridgehead. The United Nations had no other.

At La Línea we left the car. Our Spanish driver went to locate a garage, shift for himself. Ben and I walked to the Authority Building.

We were let through a wide road gate under a high arch. A flat white guardhouse flanked each side. A bus came through, taking workers from the Rock. Each stepped out, delivered his pass, and was searched for "bootleg

food." This was hard, for there simply wasn't anything to eat in La Línea. Hungry faces peered through these gates. Pallid skin, terribly sunken cheeks, lips that twitched as though they were trying to speak. Bony wrists and trembling hands. Emaciated eyes that made you sick to see.

My friend, Louis Fischer, points out a parallel between Russia and Spain, which was confirmed to him through his long journalistic experience in both countries. In social development, he points out that Spain was the "Russia of the Mediterranean." Russia of the Czars was a backward, futile autocracy. At the time of the Spanish Civil War, says Fischer, 80 per cent of Spain's twenty-three million people lived in villages. The percentage in Russia was seventy-five. Fischer observes that both countries had radical proletariats and a weak middle-class. "Both had influential aristocracies and very inbred monarchies; both had large but ineffective armies, little manufacturing, and pitiful poverty. Each had defeated Napoleon. Each had successfully defied the French Revolution." Lenin staged first a French Revolution—destroying feudalism by distributing the land. Then, in Fischer's view, Lenin staged the Bolshevik Revolution. Spain had waited one hundred and fifty years for its French Revolution.

But when this came, it appears to me there was a typical disinclination on the part of the majority of the Spanish people to enter the struggle. Throughout Europe, men and women older than about forty have always seemed to me more interested in security than in anything else. The history of revolutions is that they are invariably the work of a minority. They are the struggle of a minority on both sides, with the masses changing over more than once as the chance for victory swings from one minority to the other. Perhaps 25 per cent are violently pro-Upset and 25 per cent violently pro-Present Management. The remaining 50 per cent represent those people who only want to be left in peace.

Ben and I were taken by a sentry into the commandant's room off the archway. He stamped our papers at once, and let us out another door. We started alone, on foot, down the narrow peninsula out into the sea, connecting the mainland with the fortress.

The Mediterranean was on the left. The crescent-shaped harbour on our right, its shore line curving to flank this side with the high Spanish hills of Algeciras. This is not a very long peninsula ; a flat, marshy strip, a little over a mile long and only seven hundred yards wide. At the end stands the Rock of Gibraltar.

Gibraltar, of course, was known in ancient days as the Pillars of Hercules, for so many hundreds of years the edge of the world and the limit of safety for the Greeks and Romans who went down to their sea in ships.

The allusion to Pillars seems natural when you approach the land side of the Rock. It is only the odd perspective of the Prudential advertisement which gives the impression of a single dominant point. Gibraltar is a rectangular range, two and a half miles long, pressing skyward in five great peaks. Rock Gun Point, Monkey's Alameda, and O'Hara's Tower, as they are now called, are all over thirteen hundred feet high. Middle Hill and Signal Station are only slightly less.

The name Gibraltar itself is romantic, goes back to the early days of the Christian era. The Arab invader, Tariq ben Zaid, with doubtful modesty, named it in honour of himself. Gibraltar is a corruption of Jebel Tariq, Mount Tariq. To safeguard this outpost, for his base was in Africa, he built a stronghold half-way up the northern face. This stands there to-day, known as the Moorish Castle.

In the early part of the fourteenth century the site was captured by Spain, only to be lost again to the Moors. By the middle of the fifteenth century it was recaptured, and remained solidly in Spanish hands. The Rock was the personal property of the powerful Duke of Medina-Sidonia for thirty years, until it was incorporated into the King's domains.

The Spanish fortified the Rock. Later they employed for the purpose the great Scotch engineer, Daniel Speckle who made this work the masterpiece of his life. These fortifications stood for two hundred years, and then fell to the British.

The British flag was hoisted by Admiral Sir George Rooke. With British and Dutch forces in the war of the

Spanish Succession, he took Gibraltar after only three days' siege, in July 1704. And the British never lost it.

Their epic trial came in the great Siege of Gibraltar by the French and Spanish at the time of our American War of Independence. As a change in pace from his parade of fiascos against General Washington, Lord Howe won a great victory at sea over the Spaniards. With Rodney, he relieved the men, but only after they had stayed in the Rock four years.

To-day, as you walk along the peninsula, twenty-six tank traps stud the way. These are massive concrete slabs, nearly as high as Ben's head and mine, built out alternately half-way into the single road. You weave your way through them, and it is very careful driving if you are in a car. On each side of the road the whole marshy strip is studded with immense sunken pillboxes, flame-throwing stations, anti-tank batteries. Fresh gun holes break through all over the land side of the Rock. The guns covering this strip and the terrain beyond have the same range toward Spanish land as the guns on the other side of the Rock have toward the Mediterranean Sea. Gibraltar is to-day as impregnable from land as from sea.

There are three zones in the defence area. First, this new development on the peninsula against attack by land. Next, the harbour areas containing immense anchorage and dockage facilities and the new seaplane base. Last, the interior of the Rock itself, developed fivefold since this war began.

At the end of the peninsula, two wide canals join the sea and the harbour, cut across the peninsula and serve as great modern moats. Beyond these, Ben and I entered the Garrison Gate. An officer of Lord Gort's staff was waiting there for us in the general's car.

Getting in, we twisted our way through more tank traps as the road hugged a wall of the Rock. Finally we reached the wider approaches to barracks and cantonments, the town itself, and the three concrete moles enclosing the deep harbour.

A battle fleet stands at anchor, gray and solemn ; ships of all sizes, solid as islands sheer out of the quiet blue surface of the sea. Little boats bob back and forth from the

shore, throwing spray and looking very fussy among these ships of the line. Gulls circle the tops of the masts. Muzzles stick out from squat turrets like great fingers pointing, quiet and easy, so sure of themselves. A blinker was going fast on the top arm of a cruiser, signalling to a sister ship that flew the admiral's flag. "He is flashing that the captain is coming aboard," said Ben. I tell you, Ben Wyatt knows everything.

Great concrete watersheds are now plastered on two sides of the rock, immense white splotches like enamel fillings in a giant tooth. There is only rain water at Gibraltar, and it is caught in this way, piped to deep reservoirs.

There are 2000 tunnellers working in the rock. They work twenty-four hours a day, expanding the whole area inside Gibraltar. I saw these men pressing the walls of the tunnels with their great pneumatic drills, found that a number of them were from our mine district in Colorado. It seemed a long cry from the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company in Trinidad, Colorado, to the inside of the Rock of Gibraltar. But Colorado miners are there. And they like it. I talked with some of these men, and they were especially interested to know I had been in the coal mines at Trinidad. They volunteered to come to Gibraltar and were hired by the three contracting companies doing this work for the British Government.

"This is good work and we feel we are doing our bit," a big six-footer named O'Hara said to me. He had a full-blown Irish brogue. "We don't get any time off, but we don't want it." There were two miles of tunnel when this war started; now there are ten.

An army of workmen for the contract companies is finishing the great new seaplane base in the harbour. This is a big and very important job, for there are no airfields at Gibraltar—a serious handicap. There is only one small landing place, 1250 yards long, with a narrow gravel runway for the Spitfires and Hurricanes based here. It's bad on the take-off, bad on the landing, and, of course, too small to handle anything except individual plane flights. Further, there is no British land anywhere near, and the whole strategic set-up of Gibraltar suffers from this absence of facilities for land-based air operations.

Lord Gort's air force is a sea arm, functioning under Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Edward-Collins, and the new seaplane base is for the purpose of expanding the air support in the only way it can be expanded. The spot bristles with Sunderlands—the patrol model which has served the British so well—and with America's famous Catalina flying boats. These Catalinas are the best-liked planes in the British Navy. Beyond their general effectiveness there is something about them that is just right. They handle well in all kinds of water, take an awful beating from choppy seas without showing it, lift quickly, come down slowly.

"They're honeys," the British pilots say. "Somebody must have dreamed how to make this one."

These planes range far out from their Gibraltar base into the Atlantic, guard the convoys through the ocean for hundreds of miles. This is their Eastern Operation. The Western Operation means the patrol of the whole western section of the Mediterranean. Under their eyes, first through the strait and then on toward Cairo, move part of the men and vast equipment for the vital Anglo-American position in North Africa.

At best, these convoys have come a long way, and their protection runs in long stretches. It is thirty-five hundred miles from Plymouth to Alexandria, nearly the distance of a full transatlantic voyage, even by this Mediterranean "short cut." Over two-thirds of this is in the Mediterranean alone, starting at Gibraltar. The natural "pick-up"—the dividing line—is at Malta, approximately half-way through the sea, and standing at *Mare Nostrum's* fiery crossroad between Sicily and the African coast.

Malta not only guards the route of free men on the way from Gibraltar to Alexandria, but stands also at the north to south crossing which the Nazis use to support their African position from Sicily. So the Nazis have bombed and blasted Malta more heavily and consistently than any single spot they have struck at in the war. The narrowest point between Sicily and Tunisia is only a hundred miles wide, and this "Nazi Gap" north of Malta is the inferno which all convoys cross, the gauntlet which all ships run. Some sea and air replacements go there from Gibraltar—British, Canadians, Australians, and American boys too—

and when you see them come back on transfer from Malta you are seeing veterans of this war.

Gibraltar was full of them. "I see you're a Deke," one of these fliers said to me that night, spotting a little emblem on my chain. "Well, put her there, my name is Coons, I'm a Psi U from Toronto. Do you think you could handle some letters to the folks back home? My mother lives in Morrisburg and my girl is in Montreal." I made a deal to telephone them from New York when I got back. A week later Herbert Coons was reported missing in Libya.

There is no general entrance to the Rock itself. These fantastic fortifications are divided into three interrelated systems: one for the sea approach, another for the harbour area, and the third for the land side—all tied together by tunnels.

I entered the Rock through a small bombproof door, where a single sentry stood. Colonel David M. Thompson of the Royal Engineers was waiting there.

The temperature inside was mild and pleasant. The air was clean and clear. There wasn't any seepage, for the Rock is very dry. "We circulate our air from ventilating shafts," the colonel said. "See here." I looked up a long, round shaft straight through the Rock. It broke out like a pinpoint into the sky. "It takes hundreds of these to do it," he said.

Endless narrow tracks fanned out and disappeared down lighted passageways; switches and turntables spread everywhere.

On one side, off the passage, was an immense hospital, including a series of comfortable wards with five hundred beds. One section held three complete operating-rooms, X-ray equipment, gas chambers, and elaborate recuperation bays.

On the other side we entered the wireless room, as powerful as any installation in the world. Operators were working London and the Far East, contacting the Admiralty and ships at sea, talking with planes over the convoy routes, sending and receiving from Cairo in a continuous stream. The Rock was the neighbour of all friends in the world.

We walked through store-rooms the size of a city block.

Twenty thousand men can live indefinitely in this labyrinth, and this number are stationed there to-day.

Inclined tunnels and elevators take you from the entrance level to the top, and at each of six battle levels the fortifications spread to the great gun emplacements on the inside face of the Rock. Lights flash through these tunnels. Soldiers man the ammunition chambers. Central gun-firing equipment is housed in units like the buried control-room in a battleship. Searchlight stations are everywhere. These giant lights, depressed into the surface of the limestone, sweep in great arcs. Gibraltar can now be put ablaze with shafts piercing the dark for eight miles by land, by sea, and up in the air.

Anti-aircraft batteries bristle from sheltered stations all over the top. Here are automatic weapons, which the British call pom-pom guns, so effective against low-flying craft, and anti-aircraft guns that shoot high and help keep the enemy up ; sounding equipment the same as used at Dover. On top, Gibraltar is a hornets' nest ; below, it is of itself an ideal air-raid shelter.

Standing in a gun-room on the fifth battle level, deep in the shoulder of Middle Hill, and looking along the barrel of a 9-inch gun by the porthole through which it shoots, I saw a great convoy steam eastward through the Strait. A Catalina purred overhead, and on each side three destroyers cut a zigzag course. Beyond this, twenty-three miles away, rolled the mirky hills of Spanish North Africa, to within a thousand yards of which these new guns can hurl their mighty shells, defending the free passage of the Mediterranean and the new might of Gibraltar.

But the defence of the harbour, the new seaplane base and the single little landing-field, is essentially and unavoidably bad. It is bad, and it is serious. For the Spanish guns across the way in the Algeciras area point directly down on this region. These guns, unassailable in the pockets of the Spanish hills, can and would rake these vital points at will. So, if the Spanish guns shoot, the harbour and the naval base go, and so do the new seaplane base and the little landing-field ; the zone disappears as a base for the fleet, and Gibraltar is shut out of the air. This is obvious and inherent, originating in topography, and the British High

Command made no bones about that in talking with me on the spot.

But the Strait will stay open. Vice-Admiral Edward-Collins told me this and showed me how. He could bring the American and British convoys through at night. His operating officers in the British fleet are fully prepared to do so. It would be expensive, but they could do it. The water in the Spanish narrows is very deep—far too deep to anchor mines. It is also too deep for magnetic mines, which must rest on the bottom and whose magnetic field is effective only in very shallow water such as certain parts of the North Sea. And although there is no tide in the Mediterranean Sea, there is a strong current of four knots at the narrow Spanish entrance to the strait. The enemy could not use submarine nets in this bottleneck inlet to the Mediterranean.

Interestingly enough, however, submarine nets play a major part in the marine defence of Gibraltar harbour. This harbour now has a series of three great steel webs, suspended on floats, each with a section which swings open like a gate. No submarine, Italian or German, has ever succeeded in coming through this obstacle, although it is well known that many have tried. In fact, some time ago, the Italians sent a two-man torpedo to make the attempt.

Patterned after the Japanese model, two Italians rode in the torpedo. They made their attack on a black and foggy night. One operated the elaborate propelling device while the other steered it in its zigzag course. They were supposed to go flush with the side of their objective, which, it so happened, was the ill-fated battleship *Hood*. But when they got some distance away they decided it was time to hop out, so they fixed the rudder at the objective and jumped into the water. The *Hood* wasn't even in that part of the harbour. Neither was any other vessel. The torpedo hit the concrete mole, tore the end off, and woke up the town. The two Italians swam around until British sailors rescued them. Lord Gort has the fancy wrist watch of one of these men on his desk in Government House to-day.

How We Invade Europe

GENERAL LORD GORT, holder of the Victoria Cross, senior field-commander of the British Army, hero of the B.E.F., had kindly called his staff officers to Government House : the Army, the Navy, and the Air Commands. I was taken there that evening to meet him and to meet them.

The sentries in the courtyard were in battle dress, paced the cobbles with the clank of hobnailed boots, dim figures in the hazy light of the black-out. The challenge of any sentry in the dark is always an eerie feeling, but the British have a way of making you feel their voice, their bayonet, and their gun all in a single quiet word. . These men knew their business.

I went up the broad steps between the dull, white columns of the mansion. As always, throughout the British world, the knocker shone bright on the door. A soldier opened it, ushered me in through the folds of the black-out curtain to a beautiful Georgian hallway flooded with sparkling light. The meeting was upstairs.

We gathered before a good English fire in the living-room on the second floor.

Lord Gort's keen, gray eyes fairly sparkled as he pointed out one phase after another of the possibilities and probabilities for the days to come, weighing each example with factual data, all against a backdrop of the bold imagination which has won him his place in the hearts of the English armies and English people the world over.

He talked of Finland and my recent visit there, brought forward endless points of strength and weakness in Hitler's expanded military position, high-lighted the problem of German transportation by land and sea, and shifted to the most detailed explanation of Britain's vital North African position. Dispatch after dispatch came to him through the evening.

Patiently, he traced the contrasts in the British and German deployments, led me through the immense task Britain faces on land in the war since the fall of France.

This great soldier knows the battle-lines of Europe as few men ever will, and he knows the German generals as does no other man to-day. He speaks as familiarly of Keitel's tactics and Rommel's tank manoeuvres as though he had trained these men himself. He sees their effective features, but, most important of all, he understands their weaknesses.

There are few men alive who have written an indelible page in their country's history. Here was one. I asked Lord Gort to tell me his own story of the epic tragedy of the B.E.F. Dunkirk would be indelible in the history of Great Britain for all time to come, and this could be the account of the armies' full action from the lips of its leader himself. This is the description General Lord Gort gave me, beginning with the fundamentals of the defeat which expelled Britain's Expeditionary Force from the continent of Europe and ending in the glorious saga of Dunkirk.

From a co-operation standpoint, Lord Gort's chief problem was lack of co-ordination by the French High Command and the disastrous collapse of the French 9th Army at Sedan, which allowed the enemy to cut the Allied line.

From October 1939 to May 1940 the French force remained inactive on the Belgian frontier north of Lille. All winter, spades were used instead of rifles; active war seemed remote.

Meanwhile, Lord Gort explained to me, the B.E.F. grew from three to twelve divisions, of which three had been sent to France only for training, not equipped for the field.

The French line was overwhelmingly weaker than that of 1918. The French had 2,780,000 men under arms, but even this was 500,000 less than in 1918, and it is hard to realize the great difference in the support France had. There were seventy-three fewer British divisions in France, and instead of forty-two American divisions, there were none.

There was no official contact with the Belgians' common plans in case of attack, but General Gamelin, under whose command the B.E.F. was, had an unofficial plan. With the 1st French Army on its right and the 7th French Army on

its left, the British were to move forward. They were to take up positions covering Brussels on the line of the Dyle River, covering the easternmost of five successive water lines across Belgium which provided natural defences.

Hitler attacked on May 10, and this plan was carried out. The B.E.F. took up its position east of Brussels. But the following day, General André Corap's 9th Army collapsed. The Nazis crashed through the Meuse line on one flank, and within forty-eight hours General Henri Gerard Winkelman's Netherlands Army was in a defenceless spot.

King Leopold's Belgians were being mauled, could not hold the line of the Albert Canal along the Dutch and German frontiers. Leopold fell back on the left of the B.E.F. If he had not done this he would have been surrounded.

All Allied troops in Belgium were then formed into a single army under the command of French General Gaston Billotte.

His first order was : " Withdraw to the next line of defence."

Although the British Army was not pressed by the Nazis in front, the danger on the right grew, and the front line had to be extended south toward the Somme. The three ill-equipped divisions were thrown in. The reserves were in action.

By May 19, Lord Gort pointed out, the Allies were back on the line of the Escaut, the last but one of the five water defences. The Nazis reached Amiens that fatal day and cut off the B.E.F. from its bases south of the Somme. And they cut off the B.E.F. from the French armies.

The gap had to be closed and the two armies again connected. Gort attacked to the south ; the French attacked to the north.

The offensive failed. The Germans had torn through France, reached the sea west of Abbeville. This ruptured the whole Allied line. The Germans immediately swung north up the coast to turn the British flank. They did it all in one continuous movement.

By May 23, Boulogne was lost, and the Nazis were in Calais. The Allied front now ran in a wide triangle, with the French 1st Army at the apex about Douai and Valen-

ciennes and the B.E.F. on either side of it, while the Belgians clung to the river Lys from Courtrai to its mouth. This was the climax of the German manoeuvre. This was Dunkirk.

This pocket was pressed on both sides until the great seven-day evacuation from Dunkirk, which began on May 28. The Belgians capitulated. Lord Gort's left flank was wide open. On the right he was being hard-pressed. However, British reserves managed to reach the line of the Yser just in time to bar its passage to the enemy. Still at the apex of the triangle, the 1st French Army was all in. Its men were too tired even to escape.

Gort told me he called for a final effort. And it was made. Under cover of a holding line, the B.E.F. and the 1st French Army were evacuated from Dunkirk. By June 3, 225,000 British soldiers, including 13,000 wounded, and 112,000 Allied troops were brought safely back to Britain. The B.E.F., ill-equipped for war, would live to fight again another day.

Later that night, and the next day, he took me to his office on the floor below, spread an immense map of Europe on the table beside his desk.

I told Lord Gort that free men the world over, millions of us in the United States and in England, were bewildered by the agony of the thought that crowded our anxious minds: How do we get at the Germans? *How?*

"Look at the map," they said. "How can we get on to the continent? Invade Europe? Beat the Nazis in Germany? Win this war where all our leaders agree it must be won? *How?*"

"The Germans have a five-legged horse on the continent," Gort said, "and none of the legs is sound."

And as he talked, never relaxing his gaze at the map, developing the picture of military initiative and attack, I saw unfold part of the same immense panorama that I had seen displayed through the eyes of the great Anglo-American military leaders in London. Inherent in every plan for action was the assumption that we would come forward with the greatest military exploit in the ageless history of arms. Nothing short of this could have any chance of success.

We had to make our own way, beat our powerful and entrenched enemy by sheer force of men and materials and air power far beyond anything the world has ever seen. For example, fifty thousand airplanes in the air at one time ! That's the scope of the thinking that permeated this panorama !

At no place was it even feasible, on paper, to invade the continent—unless you implied fantastic preparations: But it could and would be done, by enough transportation, enough man-power, enough materials—and free men's will to live as free men. On these postulates three feasible roads to invade the continent begin to open up. Each has its prongs.

On the soft underside of the sprawling German turtle, the whole area bordering on the north shore of the Mediterranean, there are four potential prongs for one vast attack. All are based in Africa.

The central route, the main prong, involves crossing from Africa to Sicily, Sicily to Italy, the reverse of the Nazi movement southward. Its main purpose would be to knock Italy out of the war. It is hard to go north-east from Italy into Germany, but it is not hard to spread west along the Riviera on the flank of the vital French bases of Toulon and Marseilles. Here is the great prize for the Axis or for ourselves, the French Mediterranean bases. It is impossible to overemphasize their importance on the whole chess-board of the war.

The western prong would be up through Spain from Gibraltar. More of a diversion than an attack, as difficult and extravagant a route north for the Allies as it would be south for the Nazis attempting to reach Africa. But it has its place. Another peninsular campaign. The Rock "turned around."

The two eastern prongs could be through Turkey and Greece to the Balkans. Along with their interest in threatening Suez by air, the Nazis took Crete in defence of this Allied invasion possibility by way of both Turkey and Greece. Crete obstructs the sea route to Greece and is valuable on the flank of our attack through Turkey. But the land route from Egypt through Palestine to Turkey is open. With United Nations forces crossing from Egypt to

Crete and into Greece by sea landings, these would join the land forces from Turkey in an attack on Bulgaria. This would put us on Hitler's Balkan flank and threaten his whole campaign against Russia. The effect would be cumulative. While the Russians occupied the Nazis farther north, our movement in the southeast could open the Dardanelles as a direct supply line to Russia.

At the same time as such wide attacks on the "soft underside" of Europe, the hard top shell offers potentialities in Norway. The Norwegians seem more ripe for co-operation than other neighbouring countries, and their type of terrain makes such co-operation unusually helpful. Hard country, but good for attackers under such circumstances. Bad country for mechanized forces, which is Germany's strength in other places and is our weakness. Would Sweden help on her long Norwegian border, fight the Germans as they came across Sweden to support their Norwegian position from the rear? Sweden might have to—or be occupied by the Nazis in the process of Germany's own "defence" of Norway. It's the problem so anxiously discussed when I was in Stockholm.

Between the potential attack in the south on the soft underside and the simultaneous attack at the most distant point on the north at Norway, is the central potentiality: invasion across the English Channel into France and Belgium. This bridgehead could be between Antwerp and Boulogne, and all the Nazi-controlled Paris newspapers, ironically enough, but not featuring the humour in their thesis, have stormed violently to the French population about this possibility of "France's enemy," England, desecrating France's shore by this route.

This invasion route contains an important counter-effect, of course, on Germany's plans for invading England. This feature couples itself with the fact that the Nazis would also be deprived of their valuable submarine bases at Brest and elsewhere, and of air bases from which they fly against England and against the sea lanes of the Atlantic.

Besides Antwerp and Boulogne, it would be feasible for this Anglo-American bridgehead to include Ghent and Courtrai, and possibly to extend to Brussels and Lille. Air supremacy could, in principle, be established over that

coast. The whole bridgehead is within practical range of British fields.

Owing to the short haul, much less shipping would be required for this attack than for the others. The flanks of the invasion route could be screened by the Navy.

The terrain is crowded with rivers and canals, offers perfect advantages for inundation, as support from the Belgian and French miners around Courtrai and Lille would be almost certain.

Germany would then be fighting on four fronts: the Eastern Front against Russia; the Northern Front in Norway; the Western Front in Belgium and France; and the Southern Front, with its three prongs from Turkey and Greece to Spain.

And she could look for fifty thousand red, white, and blue planes in the air. A hundred thousand in reserve; two hundred and fifty thousand American, English, Canadian, Australian, New Zealand fliers, according to our plans and the Empire Flying Scheme.

Comparative man power? At its height in 1941, before the heavy Russian losses, Germany had 260 divisions. Of these, 170 were concentrated on the Russian front. The highest pre-war estimates regarded Germany's fighting potential as eight million men, 10 per cent of the population of Greater Germany. But this is now regarded as too high, and the German potential—the man-power which Germany can maintain indefinitely in the Army, Navy, and Air forces, without disrupting production—is considered to be seven million men.

This is approximately the size of the German armed forces in 1942.

Great Britain has four million men under arms. The United Nations, mostly the United States and exclusive of Russia, must one day supply eight million more.

London Again—and Salazar

AFTER TWO DAYS at Gibraltar, Ben and I drove back to Málaga. We were greeted by our friend the Spanish sergeant and his snug little band of riflemen encamped in the shadow of the plane.

The ship was in perfect order. We began passing around our ever welcome, ever valuable Luckies.

Ben telephoned for a gasoline truck from town, having made the arrangements by long distance from Gibraltar. We got busy filling the wings.

I had the metal nozzle of the hose plunged into the tank feed, the gas vapour shimmering in the hot air, when one of the soldiers sauntered up to have a good look. As he leaned over, one of our cigarettes burned gaily in his mouth. The next thing I knew, he was flat on the ground. Ben had seen him, suddenly clipped him from the back at his knees. That United States Navy plane, the Spanish percussion cap, and I had been on the verge of a nice high ride. Ben Wyatt has eyes in the back of his head.

The soldiers shooed the goats away, and we took-off. We landed at Madrid in the dark, just as they were putting the lights out at Barjas Airport for the night.

I found a message at the hangar from Sir Samuel Hoare. It asked me to come to the British embassy at once.

Sir Samuel is sixty-two. Medium height, clean-shaven, and trim, he has the action of an athlete. And his action has packed into these years one of the most remarkable diplomatic careers in modern British history. No man in English public life to-day, including Winston Churchill, has held more offices under the Crown.

As early as 1905, when he was twenty-five, he was Private Secretary to the Captain Rt. Hon. Oliver Lyttelton who was Colonial Secretary. He has been Secretary of State for Air, which was the title of that office twenty years

ago. He has served as Secretary of State for Home Affairs, Secretary of State for India, and First Lord of the Admiralty. Sir Samuel preceded Anthony Eden as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1935.

I had seen a great deal of Sir Samuel in Madrid. Generally we would meet in his library at the embassy or at his lovely home on the Avenida del Generalissimo Franco, where Sir Samuel could relax and where Lady Hoare made everything so pleasant in her happy, gracious way.

It seems that Sir Samuel had been sending daily reports of our conversations to London. He had received a message that afternoon. Would I make a detour to London for a series of meetings instead of going directly home?

This was serious. I was booked for the United States on the clipper flying November 27, two days later. This detour meant I would have to give up my clipper space, work out a new passage on the next plane to go.

Things were tightening up awfully fast all over the world. This was certainly no time to give up a clipper passage, and I knew it. So did Sir Samuel.

Sir Samuel promised me that the British would take me out of Lisbon the following day if I would leave for London at once, and that they would take me back from London to Lisbon whatever day I needed to get to Portugal for the next clipper.

I talked it over with Ambassador Weddell in the morning and gave up my clipper seat.

But now my passport was valid for Germany and not valid for England. It had been valid for Germany, and that had been killed the day I left. Then it had been made valid instead for the United Kingdom, and Sir Gerald Campbell's office in New York had issued the British visa. The State Department had killed this validation for me in Stockholm, reissued the right to go to Germany, and that is the way my passport stood in Madrid. This was enough of a freak document already: two German validations and a German visa tucked in and glaring out of the same pages as a British validation and a visa from Great Britain.

That morning the German validation was killed, a second validation for England issued. "Hang on to that passport for some museum," Ambassador Weddell told me.

"It's the only one. It's never happened before. And of course it will never happen again." He knew we stood on the last-minute edge of war.

I got a Spanish plane to Lisbon that afternoon. We took off for the Transmontane Mountains, flying along the Tagus River through the foothills.

"It's a friendly, lovely country. Portugal has everything. The bleak peaks of the Serra da Estrella are like the Alps. At the base, the land is the land of the Scottish moors, covered with heather flowers. The long Lagoon of Aveiro and the inland lakes look like Holland from the air. Near the coast, the drifting dunes are as rolling and white as the sands of Sahara. As you near Lisbon itself, the terraced vineyards on the steep banks of the winding Tagus, old Portuguese castles crowning the hills, look for all the world like the gorge of the Rhine. No wonder Portugal is called Lusitania.

The sun beat down on Cintra Airport; Cintra, that quickly made me think of Charles. He and Elsa had hoped to come over to the United States again soon. After what I had seen since I had left Stockholm, I knew that wouldn't be. After the war? How strange that sounded. Would there be any end to this war? Certainly not another "11 a.m., November 11, 1918." Surely no definite, specific, end to the war. Maybe it would waste away, one belligerent area after another dropping out in the manner in which they came in.

I believe this total war will end in many stages, each overlapping the other, as it began. I can see it retracing its steps, pacing down the hill in the halting manner that it paced up.

And here, in this ancient and honourable country, England's oldest ally, lived a man who might one day—of all the men in Europe—point the way to economic rehabilitation: the Prime Minister of Portugal, Dr. António de Oliveira Salazar.

When I arrived in Lisbon from the United States, I had enjoyed several meetings with Ricardo da Silva, president of the Banco Espírito Santo e Commercial, Salazar's closest collaborator in the economic miracle of Portugal.

When Dr. Salazar had been called to the Government

from the University of Coimbra, and started the tedious labour of overhauling this bankrupt and demoralized nation by sheer weight of peaceful and wise action, he had leaned heavily on Senhor da Silva. Senhor da Silva gave me the most intimate view I had of this remarkable man :

"It seems strange to Salazar when statesmen are amazed that in spite of the crisis of the thirties, which devastated the world, our budget has been balanced during the last ten years and that Salazar's social reforms have been accomplished not by deficits but within an expanding condition of annual credit balances. It seems to him that this is to boast of a matter which should always be the case.

"A deficit and all its attendant political and social evils, favouring the party in power up to a final point, had always been inseparable from Portuguese affairs," he pointed out. "The relative weakness of our basic economic position, the action of our governments in shrinking from imposing taxation as long as they could borrow, administrative disorganization which nevertheless siphoned more and more of the people's freedom into the orbit of centralized governmental authority, all were taken into account by Dr. Salazar. He was determined to free the people of the burden of their own Government's stupidity and greed, through which, under the guise of humanitarianism, the Portuguese were working for the Government instead of the Government working for them.

"He is called the most inaccessible man in Europe. He is called impossible to see, and it is true that he is the least visited of any Chief of State on the continent. He is just busy—working for Portugal. Otherwise, he would dissipate his efforts and his days in endless talk. It simply doesn't appeal to him."

The first thing Salazar did was to reduce the Government pay roll one third. A year later he reduced it one third again. He no longer took recourse to the issue of banknotes and treasury bills. On the contrary, Salazar increased taxation and began to reduce the debt. Finally, the external floating debt had been completely liquidated. He gradually began to decline the renewal of treasury bills and to redeem them when they fell due. Portugal's discount rate fell from 11 per cent to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

He established the principle of compulsory education, entered into a programme of social legislation, workmen's compensation and insurance on a pay-as-you-go basis, local housing projects underwritten by the central Government but voted on and paid for by the local community.

Señor da Silva knew I would be in Portugal a second time on my way home, and he had told Dr. Salazar of our discussions. When I had reached London on the way to Sweden and Finland, da Silva cabled me at the Dorchester. He asked me to notify him before I reached Lisbon on my return trip. I was to have a visit with Prime Minister Salazar.

When I got out of the Spanish plane at Cintra, I telephoned da Silva from the airport, told him of the detour to England and that I was leaving for London at dawn the next morning. My meeting with the Prime Minister would take place as soon as I got back to Lisbon.

Leaving Cintra, I went at once to pick up my London passage and get my British visa at the British embassy. It was late, and it is a long way in from Cintra to the centre of Lisbon itself. I didn't have any time to lose.

Sir Ronald Campbell had the visa ready that night and told me the British Airways people would be looking for me at the plane at dawn.

I checked into the Palacio Hotel in Estoril for a few hours' sleep before I left for London, bought a dozen oranges to take to Ambassador Winant and Averell Harri-man, made a package of a thousand boxes of matches for American and British friends, put as many lumps of sugar in my pockets for them as my overcoat would carry, left a call for 4 a.m., and went to bed.

Out by dark in the morning, the moon lit the car's winding way. Pale rays gleamed down on this gentle country, cast an even glow over the hills and valleys, touched the silent houses along the twisted road, put the hill's strange and romantic castles in soft silhouette. "Airport," a pointer said at a turn in the highway. How out of place this sign seemed in these age-old Portuguese hills.

The camouflaged, unarmed British plane stood dark on the field. The Dutch crew was waiting in the office. "Hello again," the pilot said. It was he with whom I had made

the mistakes the English have made in the war. I am confused by the manner in which some of our commentators smoke their comfortable pipes over the radio and belabour the obvious. But the fact is that there are a lot of things about England's part in this war which are amazingly good. And one of the worst things that could happen would be to have some kind of parlour-bedroom-bath sentiment grow up that tended to set England back in our affections and our loyalty. That is, of course, exactly what the Nazis want. Make us dissatisfied with each other and they win the war.

We are allies and, since the fall of France, we face as desperate a problem as two countries ever faced in all history. We face it together. But the English face it even more than we do. I believe it would be helpful if some of England's critics had a little better idea of what it means to live in England before they inadvertently play the Nazi game by dulling the fine edge of our mutual sympathy and support. They wouldn't like it there to-day. The British, it seems to me, deserve a new kind of credit for the way they are taking to-day's life in war-time London, and I think it would be healthy to hear more said about that.

It just isn't possible for us to sit in the United States, have the life we have, and put ourselves mentally in the position of what our life would be in England if we were Englishmen and Englishwomen.

Stand with forty-five million people who have over their heads every hour of the day and night the ceaseless threat of death, destruction, or invasion ; who may at any moment never again see or touch or hold in their arms those who are dear to them ; whose lives may become, in a blinding flash, as twisted as the bicycle I saw on the bashed-in floor of the vacant house in Bristol. The threat alone—pressing on the hearts and minds and souls of each man and woman and little child—is enough to separate their lives from ours so widely that I think it is a downright impertinence for any one in the United States to cock his eye at our ally and say glibly, "The English are stupid, they should do better."

Thursday noon, I was notified the first clipper would leave Lisbon for the United States on Saturday, December 6, and that my Priority had been cleared in Washington to take this ship. This meant I must be aboard the first plane

out of Bristol, flying from there in the morning to reach Lisbon Friday night. The next step was to work this out with the British Air Ministry that afternoon.

The Air Ministry came through on the arrangement a hundred per cent and notified the British Airways that I was to go out in the morning. I left London on the train for Bristol that evening to fly at dawn the next day.

At daylight we were in the air, the back stretch on this detour of an extra twenty-four hundred miles, and my third trip with the Flying Dutchmen. The wind was behind us, and we made wonderful time. We went like lightning; the wind was blowing me home. But it blew too hard. The ocean below was angry and rough: whitecaps and rollers and deep troughs. This weather had stirred up the sea. We passed over Oporto and flew down the coast, waves crashing high on the rocks. "That clipper won't take-off to-morrow," the pilot observed. "No landing at Horta in weather like this." He was right. That was the news at the airport in Cintra.

The clipper would go. But she would fly only with mail—must skip Horta and fly through to Bermuda. The next east-bound clipper would reach Lisbon as soon as it could. I would leave Lisbon on it, start home, the middle of next week.

"You are getting to be a steady customer," said Manager Andiade at the Palacio Hotel. "Where do you go from here?"

In the morning I had a message from Señor Ricardo da Silva. My meeting with the Prime Minister would be at seven that night. That way we would have a leisurely evening.

I went to the immense white Palacio de San Bento, in the centre of Lisbon, mounted the long stairs leading-up from the street. The guard at the door had my name on a card, asked me to wait while he phoned. The great hall was dim and still.

The Prime Minister's secretary came down to the door, ushered me into a private elevator that he ran himself. It stopped at the second floor. We walked down a long corridor that was really a balcony, facing the aperture in the centre of the palace. At the end of the balcony we went through

wide doors. The chamber was flooded with light. We went through to the room beyond. His Excellency was waiting in his office.

This was the secluded man, one of the century's most eminent scholars, an economist and humanitarian of immense prestige in the highest intellectual circles throughout the world, who might some day be the only acceptable medium through whom a realignment could be accomplished in post-war Europe.

So they had said in London. I had heard this in all the chancelleries abroad. They knew his policies and his fairness in Finland, in Sweden, in Spain.

Unencumbered in any direction and with a phenomenal reputation for personal wisdom, he stood as the one man amid all the tensions who had the equal and absolute confidence of eastern, central and western Europe, Scandinavia and the Balkans alike. All the policy-makers in the free areas of Europe saw in Salazar a future force for good.

My first impression associated Salazar with President Ryti. The same quiet, kindly eyes. The same small stature, the same light step. Approximately the same age, Salazar was fifty-five. The same sense of eagerness whenever he spoke, the same helpful manner as he sat and listened, as though he hoped to agree with what you said. The same penetration to the crux of the case. The same clear note of utter sincerity.

His views and his habits, his celibate life, are clearly ecclesiastic. He thinks directly in terms of all people. It did not seem odd or stilted to hear him say, "True liberty can only exist in the spirit of man." Salazar was not quoting; he was just speaking the thoughts of a very great man.

For hours the Prime Minister took me through the complications of the continental situation.

We talked of Germany's war plans—her economic strengths and limitations behind her Army and Navy. "They must have their North African position for their war," he said. We talked of German geopolitics. The World Island. Major General Karl Haushofer had asked to see Salazar several times, but the Prime Minister had never met him. We talked of Hitler. We talked of the Catholic church. We talked of Franco and the volcano in Spain. I

told His Excellency that President Ryti had asked me whether I could obtain a selection of the Prime Minister's most recent speeches and send them to him in Helsinki. Salazar supplied me with such a file so that I could do so. "I envy your visit in Finland," he said.

We talked of why Portugal's Army was in the Azores, and of the guidance which Salazar gives President Getulio Dornelles Vargas, of Brazil, where Salazar is regarded as "the great man of Europe." We talked of the redistribution of gold—his tract, *The Gold Problem*, written three years before England went off gold, remains the most comprehensive analysis.

We talked of dictatorship :

"Only a few of us find it irksome to accept authority," he said. "Certainly I do not question State authority, without which neither social life nor stability would be possible. I know it is a reality and a necessity. The trip we make from childhood on is made in contact with authority, and it can hardly be productive unless it is made in contact with the State authority. State organization, the defence of our public interests, and all the aims of society are dependent on this.

"But when some think of the dictator brand of authority, I believe they are badly confused. When things are very bad, you always hear somebody say, 'What we need is a dictator.' That expresses a bad mingling of ideas. Totalitarianism seems only an extension of control. But there are two different authorities involved. The difference between them is not a difference of degree. It is a difference in fact. The totalitarian authority exists for itself. The democratic authority exists for others.

"It seems strange, and it is certainly very unfortunate, that this difference should be so widely overlooked. There is a tendency to stir the two authorities into one, as though you could mix oil with water.

"If we differentiated more closely between these two authorities we would realize that the difference is not a question of efficiency and political action in Europe and in the world, but is instead a question of man's relationship to himself."

Time and again Salazar would touch on the darkest

aspects of the European situation, and then lighten his conclusions by an encouraging parallel drawn from his immense fund of European history. He spoke of the United States with great familiarity and referred often to the latest news from the capitals of the world.

"We are a marginal importing nation," he pointed out in speaking of Portugal's dependence on America, "and unlike any other country in continental Europe, except Spain, our sea-coast is open to the United States. And most of the things we need are available to us from no other place. In the case of wheat, for example, our maximum production is sufficient for seven or eight months' minimum consumption. We must import the marginal four or five months' supply from the United States.

"This is likewise true of petroleum, for which we are dependent entirely on America. All our industry and most of our transportation, including the distribution of food-stuffs, depend on American oil shipments. Portugal cannot maintain herself without them. It is impossible to exaggerate their importance to the economic and social life of my country.

"We need very little, but what we need is needed very badly. With shipping problems and the tensions of diplomacy in the conduct of war, my country must struggle to live. We have prepared for this struggle as best we can; prepared for it long ago. We have large dollar balances in the United States, which we placed there three years before the war. We have always paid for every transaction immediately from this balance, and we are fully prepared to do so in the future.

"But the restrictions of economic warfare can have wide results, much wider than the shots from the guns. I know the importance of this instrument; I understand the need and the value of blockade. I believe any nation must try to see that supplies do not go to the enemy through subterfuge by neutral nations. But economic warfare is a delicate instrument. Its projectiles can hurt many friends on their path to the enemy. I believe the economic generals must be even wiser and more talented than the military men. The military men at least have no problem in whom and where to shoot. But the economic-warfare guns must go

off in so many directions. Lives and souls are inherent in economics."

I spoke of the cartoon I had seen in the golf house at Sandwich ; how, since my visit to Germany in 1923, I had felt as he had just said so well, "Lives and souls are inherent in economics."

"It is pure illusion," His Excellency said, "to separate social from economic elements, as though the life of any man could be independent of labour and production and a strong, well-balanced economy. For some years past the world has been in a crisis of economic thought. That which is in the crisis and which provokes the crisis is the exhaustion, neglect, and disregard of the rules which govern human life, the breaking-up of the moral structure of civilization ; and the tragedy is that man as man is helpless in this complicated collapse. As time goes on, his state is worse. The terror of the world to-night is the unchecked attack of time."

Salazar could not see any end to the war, unless free men pressed every energy at once. He did not understand America's reliance on time as a harbinger of victory any more than I did. Here, once more, was the thought of urgency. Here again was the thesis that time runs out.

But in the grapple with exhaustion, what tests must be applied ? I asked him this question as I was leaving. Salazar stood in his doorway, saying good-bye. He walked to the entrance in the great hall below. He spoke very slowly as we went down the stairs. Perhaps his voice was a voice of the future :

"In the task of reintegration and re-education, a task in which there is much to save that is being lost and much to build up and innovate, it will be necessary at every step to compare principles and their application, institutions and their results, reforms which run counter to customs and egoisms. Someone must remember what existed and ceased to exist, what was man's aim and what has been our attainment, in order to maintain or modify the status of victory at that time. To this end and for the good of the people, for the safety and future peace of the world, someone then must have good a memory."

So This Is Africa—and Brazil

THE NEXT DAY the Japs bombed Honolulu.

It was Sunday afternoon when someone said the news had come over a radio. But in Lisbon someone was always hearing something on the air. The German, Italian, and Spanish stations came in there strong. And people's imaginations came in even stronger. Every hour on the hour the bar at the Palacio Hotel had a new world scoop. Hitler was everlastingly starting his drive through Turkey. German troops were perpetually in the act of suddenly mobilizing on the borders of Spain. Every main ship in the British Royal Navy had been sunk in some sea, time and time again. Hitler was deathly ill on Mondays and Thursdays. Goering was locked-up on Wednesdays and Fridays. Estoril served a regular menu of startling news—an international Blue Plate Special.

The powerful station from Vichy broke the Pearl Harbour flash first. But no one I knew had heard it directly. I had been at lunch in town at the American legation with Judge Fish, our minister, a group of our Army and Navy officers, and a number of the minister's Portuguese friends. I heard the story only when I got back to Estoril. And, irony of ironies, I heard it from the barber who was cutting my hair.

It was a halting and incoherent recital of nonsensical facts. His English was poor and his memory was worse. Right at the kick-off he lost me completely: "The Americans have thrown the Japanese Army out of Honolulu. The Jap Navy is sunk in Pearl Harbour." If this was a metaphor, it was mixed. If this was news, I had certainly missed out on the early stages. But one thing was sure, the lid was off at last in the Pacific.

As soon as he was through, including a withering dose of his Portuguese tonic, I bounded upstairs to the phone.

I called our legation for something specific. But no one had the picture except in snatches. So I put in a telephone call to the United States. The words thumped back like the kick of a mule, weird words, dreamlike and wild. Hickam Field was on fire; who was to blame? The *Oklahoma* and *Arizona* were blasted to pieces inside the mole. Two thousand Jap fifth columnists with pliers and crow-bars had slashed at the nerve centres of the whole area just before the first attack began. They had swarmed into our airfields, struck at our planes on the ground. A Jap who delivered his milk to the barracks at Hickam came into the field with a covered truck each day for years. But this morning he didn't have milk. Japs with machine-guns swarmed out when he stopped, and riddled P-40s which were assembled in groups. The oil tanks were burning. Wrecks blocked the channel. Knox was with the President. Casualties were high. Casualties were dreadfully high. The phone broke off; the circuit was lost. But words still seemed to thump in my ear: "out of the west at 7 a.m."; "our task force was scouting at sea"; "they cut us up bad and then came back again"; "on their third trip we plastered them flat in the eye"; "Could you believe it? Who would?"

I telephoned Judge Fish and Dr. Salazar.

By Tuesday, Brigadier General Joseph T. McNarney showed up in Lisbon from London. He was soon to be our youngest major-general, soon to be Deputy-Chief of Staff of the United States Army, second only to General Marshall. McNarney, forty-seven, very wise and very able, had been in Moscow with Harriman and Beaverbrook. Now he had been appointed to the Roberts board, and Lisbon was the first leg on his trip to Honolulu.

McNarney came in for the clipper with Brigadier-General Arthur R. Wilson, who was being brought back from England to go to Australia. Either one of these men can personally lick his weight in wildcats. McNarney, who hasn't a soft ounce on him, could run from Estoril to Lisbon and back if he wanted to. Wilson has an arm like Thor; trained through the service, and beautifully quick at working out tough answers, there isn't a better trouble shooter in the Army.

Colonel Gordon B. Saville, our Air Force's great expert on the strategy of air defence, American observer with the R.A.F. throughout the Battle of Britain, crack pilot and combat officer, was the next key man to come down from London to take the plane to the United States.

With him was Watson Watt, fellow of the Royal Society, scientific adviser to the Royal Air Force. Watt is England's outstanding figure in the strange and expanding field of telecommunication. This cherublike man, quiet but with a special twinkle in his eyes, was the genius of the magnetic-ray Radar defence against Nazi bombers. America needed his experience, his marvellous knowledge, as quickly as possible.

The following day, Commander B. L. Austin, authority on fleet and convoy control, aide to Admiral Robert L. Ghormley, our special naval observer in London, reached Lisbon. So did Adolph Forrester, Harriman's top man for machine-tools, bringing with him solid wooden boxes of precious English dies for Connecticut engine factories.

The clipper landed in the bay on Thursday, December 11.

That afternoon I sat alone with Judge Fish in his bedroom at the legation. A photograph inscribed to him by the King in Egypt, his earlier post, and now the post of my Berlin friend, Alexander Kirk, enlivened the dresser. There were American cigarettes on the tabouret by the bed. We each had a deep chair pulled up to the little coffee table by the window. We were listening to the radio. Hitler was speaking from Berlin.

Hitler started to talk at one o'clock, Lisbon time. The strange bursts of his impetuous voice, echoing in the Kroll Opera House, came in torrents from the portable set on the table. We sat there for an hour. By two o'clock, he had still not declared war on the United States. But it sounded to me like the windup. I bet the minister a dollar Hitler would declare war on us by two-fifteen. Two-fifteen came and went. I paid the minister my dollar. Hitler declared war at two twenty-six.

They took us out on the clipper that night. Pan American did the best job of emergency operations I ever saw. We were going a long way—they had to take on an extra crew. We couldn't go the straight way, via the Azores and

Bermuda. Pan American officials ripped the berths out of the ship to save weight ; we were due to sleep on the floor. Handlers threw off the mail, piled it high on the pier. Each of us was allowed only seven pounds of baggage. General Wilson, in mufti, left behind everything but his uniform. And then the general started to give my clothes away to the Portuguese on the dock. " It'll make 'em happy," he said, as I lost shoes to one smiling stevedore, ties to another. And a shirt to Colonel Saville, who had none. We went aboard at three o'clock in the morning.

What was that on the shadowy hill ? It was the Cape Roca lighthouse, the last light of Europe. Launches set out the buoys with guide beacons for our run in the harbour, then stood by, ready to shoot the white flare at the moment of take-off. The door was slammed, the hatches made fast. Running deep in the water, we taxied across the bay, turned slowly into the take-off course to the north. The engines glowed under the fenders of their cowlings, roared a deep blast of American power ; they seemed to answer that guttural voice on the radio, they seemed to say, for all the world to hear, " You do not know the American people ; you do not know this kind of free man. Damn you and yours ! The day will come when you will sicken at the sight of their strong arms, wonder how men can fight and live and die like this race. They fear nothing that walks the earth. Praise God, they do not fear you."

We flew 2250 miles to Bolama, Portuguese West Africa. Late Friday afternoon, following the coast line down the continent of Africa, we were just north of Dakar. Captain Godwyn gave this spot plenty of room, swung in a healthy arc two hundred miles to sea. Our radio was blacked out. We did not know who was who or what was what down below. Messerschmitts could be on those jungle runways.

We turned up the Geba River, flew inland over the dotted trees and winding muddy waters. Mud huts were scattered on the flat hills. Naked brown figures stopped their oxen and their twisted ploughs to gaze at the sky. We dropped lower, to land near the island of Bolama. A giant crocodile basked on the river bank, gazelles ran for cover on the veldt. We touched the river in a long smooth glide ;

brown water pelted the window by my seat, covered the view. We anchored well off shore.

Natives would gas this ship while we had something to eat in the town. Oarsmen, like the blacks in *Cabiria*, rowed out to take us to the dock.

The town stands on a knoll up the road from the landing. Our route up the hill was lined by natives of every age, size, and description. Some wore only bright calico bandannas and loincloths, others had trousers or skirts. Two elders carried their mark of distinction, their badge of affluence—each carried a black umbrella. They smiled and snickered shyly as we tramped along. No one could imagine a better-natured lot than these primitive men and women and children. They were as much interested in seeing us, of course, as we were in seeing them. Speaking close in one another's ears, grinning broadly, and busy in the adventure of these visitors, they formed in behind us in a chattering mass. "Don't look now, but I think we are being followed," McNarney said.

A Portuguese sergeant was in charge of the native constabulary at this outpost. For the record, and there should be a record, his name was Second Sergeant Doro Capelo. Walking along after dinner, I saw a chief with an interesting ceremonial sword, a tribal sword in a leather scabbard, strings of leather tassels, and a long shoulder strap. I bought it from the chief as a present for my boy, put it over my shoulder, and started down the hill to the dock.

Colonel Saville was sitting at a little table in front of the only café, introducing himself to the mystery of an African cup of coffee, when I came up to him. He wanted a sword like that for his son, Teddy. This was just the thing to bring that boy. What wouldn't he have given at twelve for a chief's sword brought by his father straight from Africa! The more the colonel talked, the more he wanted a sword. We started out together to get another. We saw the Portuguese sergeant. He spoke some French. Saville asked him where he could buy one.

The sergeant explained that the store was closed, and such swords were not to be had in the store anyway. The only thing to do was to locate some chief, and of course that was out of the question to-night. The clipper would take-

off in half an hour. It was plain to the Portuguese that Saville was deeply disappointed. We thanked the sergeant, waved good-bye, walked slowly to the dock. We sat down to wait for the boat out to the plane.

Just before the oarsmen came in sight, the sergeant tapped us on the shoulder. We turned and stared at this gentle, smiling man. He was holding a wondrously tooled and magnificently decorated native sword, presenting it to Saville. "Your son can have this," was all he said.

This generous, kindly man; this simple, open soul had gone to his own hut, taken off the wall the only prized possession that he owned, brought it as a gift to a total stranger. He would take nothing for it. Saville tried in every way to pay him. "You will hurt his feelings if you insist any more," a British resident told the colonel.

The meek of the earth! The meek of the earth!

With this as a gift, Saville was so touched he could hardly speak. There was simply nothing he could say, standing there literally at the end of a world on the dock of that buried African outpost.

But the wall of Doro Capelo's hut is not bare. Colonel Saville's son soon sent the Portuguese sergeant the Honour Sword which West Point had given his father.

The oarsmen rowed us out by moonlight to the great, unearthly looking machine anchored upstream. The ripples slapped against the bow of the low skiff. Lights burned through the trim, curtained windows; cast square, waving beams on the brown water near the hull. Mechanics crouched high on the giant wings, as tall as the trees on the shore. One by one we climbed on board. The engines started. We were going to fly the South Atlantic to Brazil to-night.

By ten o'clock we had cast off the anchor and started taxiing upstream, to turn and come down with the current and head into the wind. The load was very heavy. The Geba had two bends that we would have to make in the water before we could get enough speed to lift into the air. It took us a long time to taxi far into the jungle blackness. The great floodlights in the wings glared on the matted trees, lit the churning water.

We turned, paused in the current. Then we started the

rush down the dismal river. The violent body of our charging ship hurled the muddy surface into furious spray as we banked deep in the water at the first treacherous bend ; faster into the next straightway as we tore toward the final curve in the jungle banks. This was a good moment for safety belts. Our great wing tilted on an angle, the tip skimming the water, and then slowly levelled as we made the final try. The plane quivered with its full power, trembled for an instant, and at last shook off the sticky hold of the river on its keel. We were in the air, climbing into the dull haze of the African sky.

"That," said General Wilson, "is first-class flying."

"Forty-two tons of it," said McNarney.

We threw our overcoats over us and slept on the floor.

The haze turned into a light fog as we started across the ocean. We came down low for better wind and flew close above the long, rolling waves. Then, as the night wore on, the fog lifted, and we climbed steadily higher in the clear and quiet heaven. The bright stars made a glorious pattern in the soft, azure light. This was the realm of the Southern Cross. It flickered far from the northern lights that shimmer through the tall windows of the Presidentin Linna.

Lying on the floor of the clipper, the power of its engines vibrating through the metal under me and pounding in my ears, these throbbings seemed to speak in endless revolution : *Time is running out ; time is running out ; time is running out. Time runs out on this world at war. Time rides with the forces of evil.* Was this an echo under the Southern Cross ?

Starvation, despair, the roots of anarchy tug at the need for action. The forces for peace and light and life are present, but they are not organized. Ruthlessness, cleverness, all the shams of pagan force are afoot to tangle the minds of honest men. Some dark spirit mocks the destiny of fathers and sons. The Christian forces cannot win this war slowly. They lose God's victory if they do. Time is the great imponderable now.

The World Is Round

AT DAWN we circled Natal. A squadron of tan Flying Fortresses stood on an immense new airfield in the marshes. U.S. Army Air Corps emblems glistened on the wings. Khaki figures in overalls swarmed around these magnificent ships. They were not on a "Good Will Tour." Far from it. The route we had flown across the South Atlantic is a bomber plane pathway to Egypt.

These bombers fly from American factories to Brazil. Then across the ocean from Natal to Bathurst, the British possession north of Bolama. There, broad landing-fields have been built in the jungle to take their wheels. Or they fly to the haven of America's single outpost on the African continent, the Republic of Liberia, which has had more attention since World War II than in all the combined years since it was founded by freed slaves from the United States nearly a century ago. From Monrovia, via Lagos in the British Crown Colony of Nigeria, and then by way of Léopoldville at the mouth of the Congo, our battle planes reach the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Up the course of the Nile, over country as dry as the bones of a dead buffalo, the Fortresses wing their way to the U.S. bomber delivery point in north Egypt.

As soon as the clipper made dock, a squad of Brazilian soldiers peered at us through the windows. We peered back with the same uneasy helplessness you always feel when a face looks at you from the other side of a window. The door opened, and things began to happen.

These olive-drab demons, silent as sphinxes, each dragged in a portable pump the size of a giant fire extinguisher. The first blast was directly at General McNarney and me. We were being fumigated.

"If that soldier doesn't quit this," said McNarney, "I'm going to stand him on his head." We were smothered in the sticky sweetness of South American insecticide.

The demons danced a double-shuffle into every nook and cranny. They sprayed Wilson's hat, they got into Saville's overcoat. They just went wild with the joy of those pumps while the sun beat down on the clipper's smouldering hull and fried us in our trap.

At the little hotel in Natal we had breakfast with four of the bomber pilots. They would make the Atlantic crossing to-day. These men, one from Richmond, one from Kansas City, and two from Chicago, would fly to the Pyramids. They would be in Libya very soon. Or they would go from Cairo through to Russia. The route from Brazil to Egypt, across Syria and Turkey, over the Caucasus Mountains and up the valley of the river Don is the best way to go from the United States to Moscow.

I had been in Natal several years ago, flying from New York to the Argentine. But Natal, in 1937, was nothing like this. It was a busy place to-day. As though not to be outdone by the Army, a group of U.S. Navy flying boats nestled close to an American destroyer in the inlet where we landed. A German Junkers seaplane, property of the Brazilian commercial line, feathered through the water on pontoons. It drew up near a dilapidated hangar, abandoned by Air France when the French gave up flying the Atlantic. The Italian base was deserted and forlorn. The Littori Line had stopped carrying the mail across from Rome. Surrounded by a wire fence, tractors and scrapers were enlarging Pan American's shore facilities. Wings were fluttering around Natal in a big way.

We started up the coast of Brazil as soon as the clipper was gassed. Our plane headed north-west to Belém, Pará, at the mouth of the Amazon. It was non-stop, a thousand miles. Hour after hour we flew over the endless waste of the Brazilian jungle, over the countless rivers that wound like brown snakes through the solid green mass below. Vapour covered the ground as we sighted the broad stretch of the Amazon. It was sundown when we spotted the river city of Belém.

There is something fascinating about docks at the mouths of great rivers : New Orleans, Alexandria, Montevideo. River boats. The people who ride on them : cautious strangers from inland who seem so at home until they step

ashore. The bulky bales that come down all rivers ; the assortment of tools and household treasures that wait to go upstream.

Once Belém was a great rubber town. It died out ; now it is coming back again. And it will come back much farther. Manaus, a thousand miles up the Amazon, is the collecting point for the Brazilian rubber we are buying hand over fist. It's flaming now. It flamed before, years ago, until cheaper rubber from the Orient turned down the wick. Manaus had street cars before Liverpool could afford them ; an opera house that cost a million dollars. Those were the days of diva Adelina Patti. For a fortune in Brazilian gold, Patti crossed from Paris to sing in Manaus a single night.

However, it seems as though most of the money Belém has made in this second boom has gone into non-stop radios. The pink, white, and blue houses are packed wall to wall. The windows are always open. Most often, the occupants sit with their elbows on the sills, chatting with friends who pass down the street. At each elbow is a radio, going full blast. The noise is simply terrific. And the air that this music floats on is the dripping air that stews and oozes over the equator.

General McNarney, General Wilson, and I walked down the main street. Clammy perspiration drove us into the Grande Hotel, where we made a deal to take a bath. We worked it out to get undressed in the ballroom, glide through the back hall in towels. But we were wasting our time. Ten minutes after we dressed, the perspiration was right back where it started.

We went out to the clipper dock early, took-off at midnight, curled up on the floor again, and went to sleep.

This would be another twelve-hundred-mile stretch.

We flew that night over Brazil ; French, Dutch, and British Guiana ; the northern tip of Venezuela. We landed, back with the British, at Trinidad. It was Sunday. We spent the day flying another fifteen hundred miles, directly north to Bermuda.

And then we started home—started on the last lap over the ocean that had always protected the sanctity of the New World. The ocean that is being flanked by the New Order. How strange it seems to realize this. How hard it

is to get away from thinking in terms of the flatness of the map. But what a bitter distortion the map presents.

We have no opportunity to be "Atlantic-minded." We have no opportunity to "fight in the Pacific." The flat map breeds this tragic over-simplification and the utterly false conjectures which extend from it. The flat surface of the map stops our mind before it starts, drops our imagination dead in its tracks. Worse, it tells us a visual lie. For the world is not flat, and neither are the Nazi plans. The world spins as a globe, and the Nazi plans spin with it.

The World War II front is a battle line from Murmansk to Singapore. The Axis holds both ends of this pole. Their flow of the war points down and up from these ends, toward the pivot in the centre. This pivot is Libya. Their battle line is anchored in Libya. Remembering that the Nazis are conducting a holding operation on the continent of Europe, the lower section of the battle line, from Libya down, is the salient of the Japs coming up from Singapore.

This salient operates as a great pincer movement protecting the German thrust through the ancient lands in the Middle East. And it is aimed at our supply lines. It strikes at the life-line of ships that go around the Cape of Good Hope and into the Red Sea to reach North Africa. In doing so it strikes at our aid to Russia and at our offset to the vital Nazi pivot in Libya.

This offset is Egypt. The core of our whole war is in Egypt, in respect both to supplies and to fundamental strategy. Cairo is the United Nations' war centre. Cairo is our threat to the pivot of the Axis battle line. Look at Cairo and you look at the most important spot in the world.

This is the gigantic manœuvre of the Axis "land system" against the United Nations' "sea system." This is the manœuvre, rooted in all Nazi strategy, of accomplishing the "interior lines of communication." This is the principle of contiguous weight of men and material that requires no sea transportation. The terrain is the immense contiguous area itself: the World Island.

It flanks the oceans. It outflanks the Western Hemisphere.

This is the war of time and space. This is the strategy I found in Berlin. This is the war-flow. It is an encircling

movement on the Western Hemisphere. Irony of ironies, our own great Admiral Mahan, Alfred Thayer Mahan, who died the greatest naval strategist of modern times, saw this danger to the United States, taught this warning of the round world. His warnings to us in *The Influence of Sea Power upon History*, the first of his great sea-power interpretations, mirrored the programme of the Axis manoeuvre. He did so again in *The Interest of America in International Conditions*.

Admiral Mahan died in December 1914. He was accorded the highest honours, arranged by an admiring assistant Secretary of the Navy. This naval pupil sat at the great officer's knee for his earliest teachings, and it was he who represented our Government at the admiral's funeral. Wherever the others may be to-day who walked in the rain behind that bier, the search for his friend need not go far. He lives and labours in the White House.

Yes, the fundamental strategy of the Axis features ships. The basic German conception is to extend and strain our shipping routes as far into the most distant seas as they can force us to reach, to expand our need for bottoms, to increase to fantastic proportions the weight of supply per Allied fighting man, to make us staff and maintain in our own safety as many far-flung bases as possible.

This is Germany's answer to the immense productive capacity of the United States. This is why it is so fallacious for us to feel any reliance when we see tallies and statistics of our own superior productive capacity. This fact, this Nazi plan, should tear at the roots of that natural tendency in our economic calculations which assures Americans all over our land that "of course when we get organized we can out-produce them two to one."

That is true—on a quantitative basis. But it is another of those dreadful fallacies which are emphatic and convincing because they contain truth and yet are utterly untrue in their application. It leads straight to a tragic national *non sequitur*. It mortally hurts us because we believe it.

The stark fact is that the only meaningful estimate of relative productive capacity is not on a quantitative basis at all. It cannot be a *vis-à-vis* comparison of the German-Japanese plants, power, and natural resources checked-off

against the Anglo-American plants. Most of us have seen graphs of such comparisons—illustrations of little Nazi men strung out in a repetition of small block-figures. They are always outnumbered by our little blocks, their plants outnumbered by our plants. All of us have read thousands of words caressing the point ; we can outproduce the Axis two to one. The graphs and the words are right. That's the awful effect of them, for their truth has made our comparison wrong.

Comparison must be based upon the differences in demand and upon the location of the places of use. Representing a negligible number of man-hours of labour and a handful of raw materials, the Nazis as aggressors can send a submarine or a few bombing planes to our distant points, forcing us, as defenders, to call into play equipment representing ten, twenty times the man-hours and resources that Germany has expended. The Nazis do not have to attack us heavily, or at every spot. But we must protect ourselves heavily everywhere. We must produce and maintain vast stores of munitions, build fortresses such as the great bastion at Bermuda, whether the Nazis ever devote a single man-hour or a single pound of raw material to attacking Bermuda or whether they do not.

For, as our production grows, the Axis will spread us farther and farther in sea distances, while the Germans strike at the British Isles and work down the pole through the Near East, the Caucasus, Iran, Iraq, to liaison on land with the ascending Japs.

That is the cold, agonizing outlook.

In the production and manpower needed, we are badly outweighed. And we must remain so unless we display the greatest and most immediate effort we possess, greater and more immediate than anything our free people imagine, greater than we ourselves think possible to-day. Only by accomplishing this shall we win the war. Only by fighting all over the world *at the same time* will we beat and destroy this greatest force for evil in the history of mankind.

In Europe, no man who has children, owns a horse or a chalet or a cobbler's bench, teaches school, tills his soil or works at a lathe, no man who reads or goes to church or looks up at the stars at night wants a German victory. Of

this much the world can be sure. They would like to believe in a German defeat. They would like to believe in liberation. But always, everywhere, every one, the better-informed as well as the man in the street, ask the same identical question: *When?*

"Look at the map," they say. "What can England and America do on the continent? We cannot live much longer on appeals to our hope. We cannot live on emotion or words from distant lands, no matter how important and sincere. We must get on with life, some life, no matter what it is. Our lives are woven into the German influences here in our village. England's and America's problem is worldwide. That we understand. But ours is local. We have to get work and bread tickets. We must get them from the Nazis. We need permits for everything. The Nazis control the permits. Our children must go to school. The Nazis approve each child, or keep him out. Sometimes we cannot do without medicine. The Nazis control this. The Gestapo is everywhere. If our family is to live, we must stay out of jail. The Germans can put us there. We cannot throw off these invaders, surely that the free world must know. We cannot go to the free world. We cannot even go out of our own community. Somehow, some way, the free world must come to us, must march on our land and fly in our sky before we can rise to give our hands, our hearts and our lives for our destiny. But when?"

It is not enough to say, "All in good time." Time runs out. The great resources of the United States, the abundant strength of the Allied cause, cannot rely on success through some ultimate victory. For if it takes too long, it will not be a victory at all. The process of economic, human, and spiritual liquidation, pressing on disillusioned people from Helsinki to Gibraltar and in all other infected areas of the world, will of itself create the defeat of peace. The thoughts, the determination of countless democratic men and women are delayed from our awful task at hand by the over-evaluation of our ultimate strength. The truth is that we have no ultimate strength. A certain cynicism has set in, evident in America and Britain, about the insidious force of the Nazis and Japan. A settled feeling that the longer the time the more surely we will trap this pagan force.

Actually, there is no such trap. Time runs out. Time is on the side of the weird force for evil afoot in Europe and Asia. Time is first on the side of decay, then on the side of the Axis.

Either we hurry, either we do God's task with speed, or there is no end to war. The underpinnings of this modern age, the division of labours and the dependence of man on machines, are sensitive bulwarks. As they disappear in the shadow of paralysis, they do not mend with time. They deteriorate beyond all feasible repair. For they operate only in the condition of assembly and co-ordination. They do not operate on the desire or need of the individual man. Man, the individual, cannot save himself by his own determination, his own desire, in the machine age. He is dependent on the productive system. Without it, he has lost his place, removed as he is to-day from the good earth. The great pressure, then, is his violent demand for soil for himself, his direct action for his food, his clothes, his warmth, his safety. Time presses him into the feverish arms of debasement, mocks all thought of peace, jeers at the "ultimate strength" on which we rely. This is the quicksand under our thinking. *Time, stretched out, is its own barrier to an end to the war.*

There was never more urgency in the history of mankind. An urgency which challenges the great forces of good to organization, to fight this war quickly and well, all over the world at the same time. It challenges the promptness of man's interest in his own safety; it brushes aside all thought of moderation, all thought that somehow the forces against free men will dissolve. No man can be in Europe and not see it. Time runs out. God's time is now.

